John Bull, January 27, 1934

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LV.
1441.

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JOHN BULL

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whiteness
I've ever seen!

What is your secret?

A. Why it's simply extra cleanness. Persil does far more than other soaps can, you know.

Q. Does it? But how?

A. It's because it's good, mild soap made *active* by oxygen. You don't need anything else; the active oxygen takes the soap suds right through the fabric, working out the ingrained dirt that ordinary soaps and powders leave untouched. And it's just the same with colours—I use Persil for everything!

Persil

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

PER 435-345

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Allinson 3 minute Scotch Oats put energy on the breakfast table. They give the family reserves of stamina. Compare value and price and you will always buy Allinson—there are none better. Save the coupons for generous Free Gifts. Write for illustrated Gift Leaflet to Allinson Ltd., (Dept. O.B.), 210 Cambridge Road, E.2.

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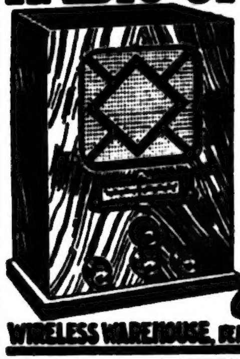

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"TWILIGHT" READICUT RUG WOOLS

CUT INTO LENGTHS READY FOR USE

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FROM 1/- PER LB

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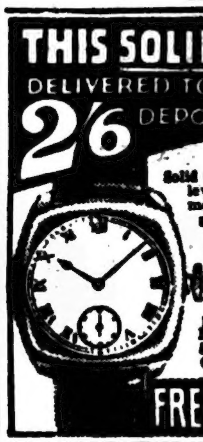
DELIVERED TO YOU FOR 2/6 DEPOSIT



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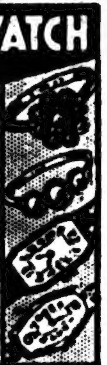

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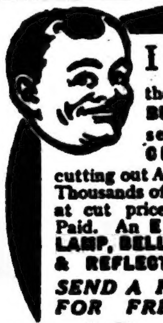

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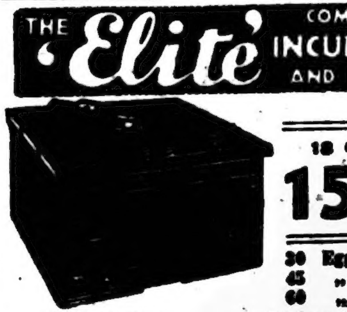

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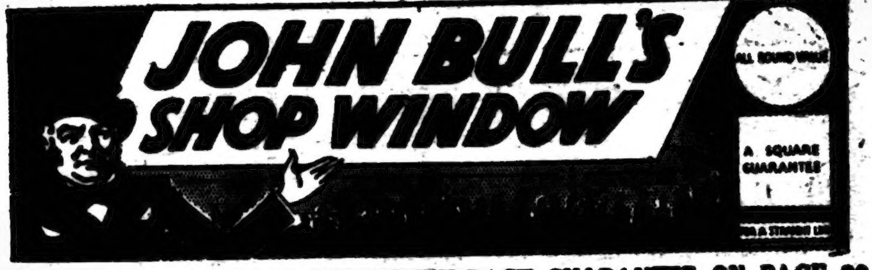

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Modern Short Lengths or usual Long clothes

75 delightful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Robes, Lawn or Winsey Day Gowns, L'cloth, Flan. or Winsey Nighties, Wool Wrapper Vests, Back Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Trunk Sets, Binders, Tuck Napkins, etc., etc.

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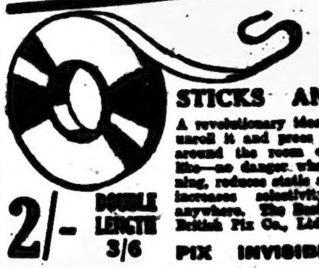

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2/- DOUBLE LENGTH 3/6

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RIGHT THROUGH the YEAR

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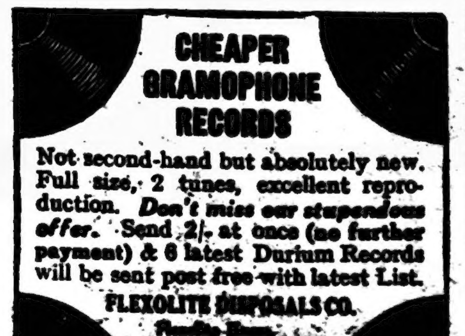

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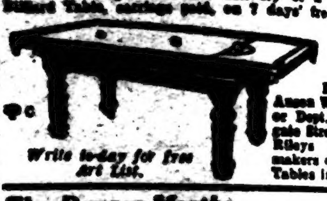

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5/- Only £3·10 A Superb 3-Valve RADIO SET

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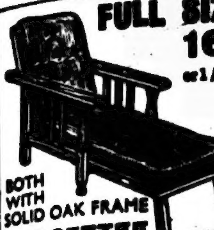

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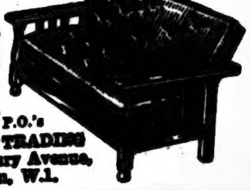

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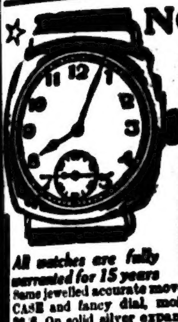

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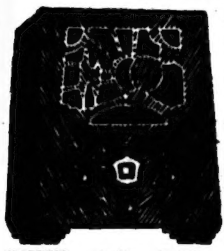
AN AMAZING BARGAIN



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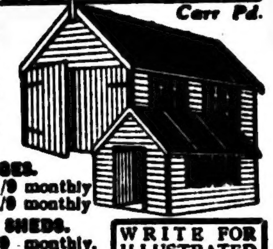

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1 Art Printed Bedspread	
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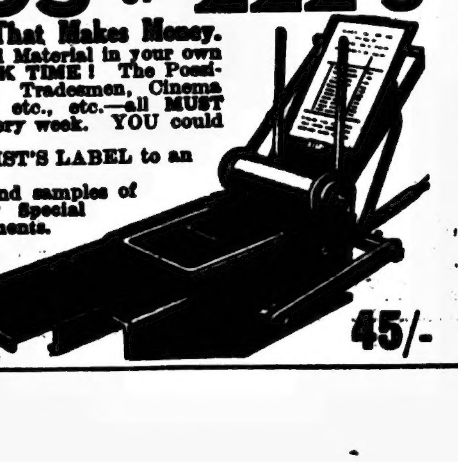
My Machine will print anything from a CHEMIST'S LABEL to an ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

SEND AT ONCE for Full Free Particulars and samples of Actual Work produced and details of my Special Offer of Easy Payment Terms by Small Instalments.



D. A. ADANA (J.52),
17, Church Street, Twickenham.
LONDON Showrooms: Ludgate House, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.
MANCHESTER Showrooms: 60, Oldham Street.

45/-

Thorn's great OPPORTUNITY SALE

Free! Sale BOOK Write No. 46 To-day

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS

2/3 DOWN

only 2/6 DOWN

A NOVICE CAN ERECT

DON'T HESITATE to secure one of these Useful Garden Sheds. They are ideal for Storage, Cycles, Workshops, Potting Sheds, etc. So easy to erect, too! You can screw the sections together in half an hour. Rain-proof and Draught-proof, planed Moulded Weatherboards, roofing felt, glass—all complete—delivered Free or sent carriage paid in England and Wales.

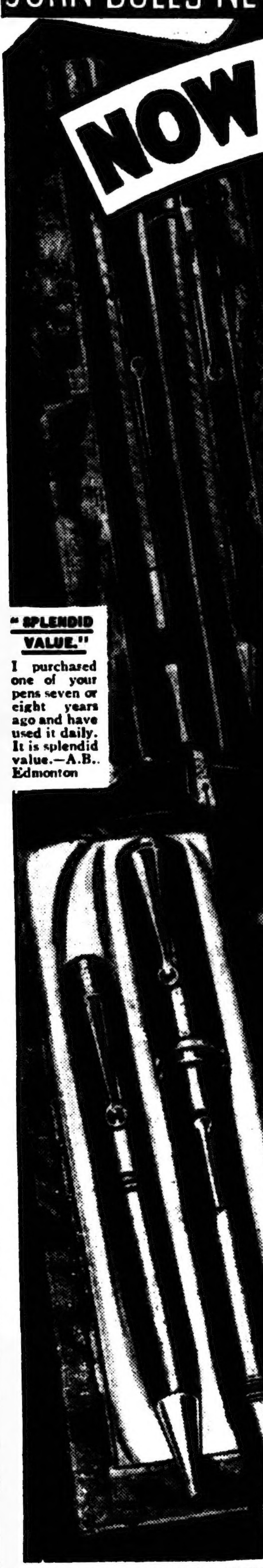
SPAN ROOF TYPE.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Sale Price.	Deposit.	Monthly
4ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£1. 14. 0	or 2/3	3/-
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	2. 1. 0	or 2/6	3/6
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	2. 12. 0	or 4/6	5/3
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	4. 4. 0	or 6/6	7/7

J. THORN & SONS, LTD. (Box 46), Brampton Rd. Bexley Heath, Kent.

JOHN BULL'S NEW YEAR GIFT—*LAST DAYS!*

NOW OR NEVER!



"JOHN BULL'S" Great Gift offer definitely closes on Wednesday next, January 31st. Cash your Gift Voucher while there is still time. ***This announcement will not appear again.*** **Hurry !**

John Bull

New Year Gift Voucher

VALUE 2/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. *Available only until January* 31, 1934.

5/- for 2/6

"SPLENDID VALUE."

I purchased one of your pens seven or eight years ago and have used it daily. It is splendid value.—A.B., Edmonton

FREE 2/6 GIFT VOUCHER

A Free 2/6 Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" Famous 5/- Writing Set. The handsome chasing of the Pen, superb finish, latest self-filling device and 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, all indicate the outstanding quality of this Set. **Two-year written guarantee with each pen.** The "Everpointed" Pencil, fitted with propel-repel-expel movement, matches the pen to perfection.

FREE 5/- GIFT VOUCHER

A Free 5/- Gift Voucher will be accepted as 5/- cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 10/- Writing Set De Luxe. Admire the graceful streamline of the Pen, the inlaid rolled-gold band, the lever self-filling device also of rolled gold. The Pen, which is unbreakable, has a heavy 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. The "Everpointed" Pencil to match, fitted with propel-repel-expel movement, has the same beautiful streamline and is complete with pocket clip and extra leads; this set is enclosed in a sumptuous butterfly-tinted Presentation Case. **Written Five-Year Guarantee accompanies each set.**

John Bull

New Year Gift Voucher

VALUE 5/-

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 5/- in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Writing Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. *Available only until January* 31, 1934.

10/- for 5/-

ALL BRITISH

CASH YOUR GIFT VOUCHER TO-DAY !

John Bull's New Year Gift Coupon.

To "JOHN BULL," Pen Dept. (J.11), 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value **2/6** which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" **5/-** Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for **2/6**, plus **3d.** for postage and insurance, making **2/9** in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value **5/-** which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" **10/-** Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for **5/-**, plus **3d.** for postage and insurance, making **5/3** in all.

CROSS OUT GIFT NOT REQUIRED.

NAME ....

ADDRESS..

....

Fine—medium—broad nib (cross out grades not required). Cross Cheque/P.O. / & Co. / and make payable to "John Bull." 27.1.34.

MILLION POUND FIRE

THINK of all the damage caused by Fire in Great Britain and Ireland during 1933. Imagine it as one enormous bonfire! *The price of such a blaze would be considerably over fourteen million pounds!* According to a report recently published in the *Times*, the cost of major fires last year was approximately £9,234,000. The report adds that it is distinctly moderate to add 60 per cent. in respect of minor fires, so making the enormous total of approximately £14,774,400!

In this costly, stupendous fire is property which once represented happy homes—precious possessions which in thousands of cases were purchased with the savings of a lifetime. All gone in a flash!—and, terrible to relate, very often a dead loss to the owner.

The outstanding feature of JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance Gift is the compensation it provides for damage by Fire. JOHN BULL **is the ONLY paper to offer this priceless boon—the** ONLY **paper to render timely** aid when **precious possessions become** a prey **to the flames; when happy** homes **are reduced to blackened** shells.

Fire is your worst enemy, *and every year it exacts a heavier toll.*

During 1933 JOHN BULL paid no less **than 3,518 cheques for damage** by Fire. **Once every two hours there** is a fire in **the home of a JOHN BULL** reader. **Doesn't this go to show** that you **should register for our** Great Free **Insurance Gift if you have** not already **done so?**

Fire — Storm — Flood — Sickness **—Burglary — Accident—against** all **these risks JOHN BULL** covers you **free. Sign now for safety!**

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) ....

Address ....

....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature ....

Address ....

....

.... Date..............................

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 27/1/34

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....

Reader's Signature.

Age..............................

Address ....

....

....

Name and Address of Newsagent..............................

....

.... Date..............................

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B. 27/1/34

£1,100 and 75 Hampers Won in Crossword Competition No. 243.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following four competitors who share the £900 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £225 will be sent:—

F. J. Cross, St. Simon, St. Annes Road, Tankerton, Kent.
E. T. Groves, 7, Blucher Street, Chesham, Bucks.
G. Parker, [illegible], Rawlinson Street, Barrow-in-Furness.
J. Stoddart, [illegible], Eastbourne Road, Darlington.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, February 6th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 71 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £1 8s. 3d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

In addition to the above awards, the four competitors who share the First Prize and the 71 competitors who share the Runners-up Prize will each receive a Hamper.

Bonus Winners in Crossword No. 241.—Fifty competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of £2 each have been despatched.

Another splendid X-Word with a first Prize of £1,000 together with prizes for runners-up appears on Page 40. Try your skill now!

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY. COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Turkish Towels, 3/11 doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 8/11 doz. Ladies' Apron Overalls, 4/11 doz. Gent's Wool Socks, 4/6 doz. Boys' Sports Hose, 4's to 8's, 4/9 doz. Quarter dozens supplied. Good profits can be made. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 1 Thomas Street, Manchester.

FREE PRICE LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

HOSIERY, Underwear, Drapery, Frocks, etc. Factory prices. 50% profit. No risk. Any quantity. Catal. and partics. free.—London Textiles, Ltd., Broadway Chambers, Hammersmith, W.6.

DRAPERY, Hosiery, Underwear and Boots. Illus. Catlg. for Credit Drapers and Beginners Post Free.—Keenest prices (wholesale only).—M. Morris, 110-113, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

LADIES' Hosiery, U'wear. Buy for resale, 50% profit. No risk. Illus. Cat. free. Beginners instructed. Rayon Silk Co. (J.), 9, Friday St., E.C.4.

A GOLDEN Opportunity for Credit Traders, Shopkeepers and Beginners. Send for free illus. Catlgs. of Household Fashion and Fancy Goods. — Dept. J.B., THE HOUNDSDITCH WAREHOUSE CO., LTD., Houndsditch, E.C.3.

TO ADVERTISE JONES'S WAREHOUSE, 14, BASINGHALL STREET, LEEDS, we will send 3 samples Ladies' Overalls, newest styles and patterns, Women's or Outsize, for 5/-, post paid. Drapery price list free.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

INCOME ASSURED.—All-round Satisfaction Guaranteed! JOHN NOBLE'S WANT ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS. Choose the Club that puts QUALITY FIRST! Members always satisfied. Clubs easy and simple to form. COMMISSIONS PAID PROMPTLY ON EVERY CLUB. Write for FREE IDEAL Club Catalogue —nearly 400 pages—to JOHN NOBLE, LTD. (Dept. A7), MANCHESTER.

MORE MONEY for Live Agents! Sell 6d. Club Cards and make a substantial income in spare time. Read advt. of John Massey & Sons, Ltd., on page 3.

EXTRA MONEY for you by taking up "The hobby that pays." No outlay or experience needed. Send the Worldwide Wholesale Warehouses coupon on page 2 for free partics.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS—THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, London, Birmingham, Manchester. Largest National training and employment Organisation for Motor Drivers. Call (9-7) or write for details of training. — B.S.M., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus. 80,000 successful pupils.

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist.—Write partics. Home Study Course, 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

100 VACANCIES.
100 (one hundred) vacancies occur for men aged 19-21 as Customs and Excise Officers. Commencing pay £3 6s., rising to £10 15s. per week. No experience required. Open Entrance exams., March 20th.—For full details apply, B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 29, Oxford St., W.1.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commences £4 per week. Age 17-23. Excellent prospects.—Free details of entrance Exam., B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 31, Oxford St., W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE.—For details of openings, age limits, salaries, entrance exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex)—aged 15 upwards), write for free Handbook to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

IMMEDIATE EMPLOYMENT offered in the Army to men between 18 and 25. Good pay, Free food, clothing, housing. Plenty of sport. Holidays on full pay.—Apply any Recruiting Office or Drill Hall.

THE POLICE FORCE offers attractive careers to keen young men, aged 17-26. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—Full details on application to B.T.I. (Dep. 602), 29, Oxford St., W.1.

THE MACHINE that Makes Money is advertised by D. A. Adana on page 3. It will appeal to all enterprising men.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free.—Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

PRINTING (cheaply). Catalogues, Duplicate Books, Magazines, all Commercial Stationery. Samples 2d. Meads, General Printers (60), Sandy.

PRINTING, Billheads, Handbills, Cards from 2/6 1,000. Samples free.—Stanley Osborne & Co., Millbrook Street, Gloucester.

PRINTING. — Cheapest, best. Billheads, Memos, Posters, Everything. Samples Free.—Box J.B. WALKERGATE PRESS, BEVERLEY.

BARGAIN SALES.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 4/6, for Socks, etc. Colours from 2/3. Mixtures from 2/11 lb., post free. Patts. Wools, Serges, Tweeds. Egerton Burnetts W.B. W'house, Wellington, Som.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate : 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.
Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address : The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — West Riding WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Becks British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1.

CHINA direct at factory prices. Teacups and Saucers, 3/- doz. Plates, 1/7. Full-size 21-piece Teaset, 3/6. Cld. catalogue free. — DIRECT POTTERY CO., BURSLEM, STAFFS.

CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons, Hats, Novelties, etc. Dance organisers, send for free bargain list. —"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

WALLPAPERS from Mills from 2½d. roll. New designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

BABY'S
BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-.
73 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms.)—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

AMAZING FREE GIFT to all applicants. Nothing to buy. Absolutely free, just to introduce our bargain list, superior Self-filling Fountain Pen. Send name and address and 4d. stamps for post and packing to Wm. Penn (Gift Dep., J.B.1), 623, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

A SOLID GOLD WATCH for 2/6 down! This extraordinary offer is made by Messrs. Cuthbertson in the "Shop Window" ad. on p. 2.

Are you a Martyr to Asthma or Bronchitis?

Martyrdom is the only word for your suffering—the paroxysms of coughing, feelings of suffocation, tightness across the chest and frantic struggles for breath. Adopt the same remedy used by *Mrs. S., of Brighton, who writes* :—"I have been a martyr to Asthma for thirteen years and previous to using Potter's Asthma Cure could not go to bed, being obliged to sit up in a chair. Now I go to bed comfortably."

Now able to get proper rest.

A.P.W. of Blackheath writes :—"I have been a sufferer from Asthma for nine years and am finding great relief from Potter's Asthma Cure. It helps me to breathe more freely and is most soothing. I feel most grateful for the rest it enables me to get. I have no hesitation in recommending it to any fellow sufferer."

D. Y. Y. of Northampton writes :—"I had three slight attacks at the beginning of this year, but 'Potter's' soon stopped them, and needless to say I always keep a tin by me. No longer do I dread the night, nor fear that an attack will keep me from my work. When I think of the pounds I have spent on treatment in the past, and above all how terribly handicapped I have been by Asthma, how I wish I had tried Potter's Asthma Cure years ago. I am indeed thankful."

Potter's Asthma Cure is just as good for Catarrh, Hay Fever, Croup, Whooping Cough and other similar troubles. All sufferers from these complaints are well advised to keep Potter's Asthma Cure in the home. You will then be prepared to combat all future attacks.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

TO OUTDOOR WORKERS
If you are subject to Asthma, Bronchitis, Lung or Chest Troubles, and your occupation compels you to be out of doors, you are strongly recommended to smoke Potter's Asthma Smoking Mixture or Cigarettes which will give you instant relief.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances. Hats., Balloons, Mickey House Novs., Mus. Inst., etc.—List J.B. 1470 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

BRITISH non-combine WALLPAPER from 2½d. Latest designs now ready.—Write for free book. Eclipse Wallpaper, Shield Rd., Newcastle-Tyne.

Y WEAR artificial silk hose when you can buy beautiful PURE SILK, British made, fully fashion hose at 3 prs. 5/10; 2 prs. 3/11. Sample pair, 2/-, all shades and black. Post 2d. Huge Stock must be cleared!—Manufacturers' Distributing Centre, Bolsover, Derbyshire.

SILVER PLATE Your Old Brass or Copper at home at a low cost. Easy and fascinating Hobby.—Send P.O. 1/- to SILVERDALE PRODUCTS, 3, SEDLESCOMBE RD. SOUTH, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.

THAT GARDEN SHED you want can be yours for a small amount down. See offer foot of p. 3.

1/- SECURES an 18-ct. Plated Dress Hunter Watch. Also a limited amount only Ladies' dainty 18-ct. Plated Bracelet Watches, same terms as Pocket Watches. See ad. on p. 3.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1934 CATALOGUE AND GARDENING GUIDE, 152 pages, 257 illustrations, free to all readers if this paper is mentioned.—Dobbie & Co., Ltd., King's Seedsmen, Edinburgh.

WIRELESS & MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, Radiograms, 64 pages how to make, 3d. Motors, 6/6; Repairs, Accordions, Violins.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, BANJOS, GUITARS, OCARINAS. Wonderful 1934 catalogue, 44 pages, free.—Terms, OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B.5, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS 4d. each! Here's your chance to get six latest Durium Records for the price you usually pay for one Record. Each record two tunes. Don't miss the offer on p. 2.

THE PIX invisible aerial reduces static interference and increases selectivity. See illus. advt. on page 2.

READERS' attention is drawn to the TELSEN RADIO advt. on p. 12.

SEND NOW for beautifully illustrated Art Leaflet of PETO-SCOTT guaranteed Radio. See advt. on p. 29.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEAS direct from the Blenders at Wholesale Prices, large or small quantities, loose or packeted. Agents wanted for packet teas. Samps. free.—Poulters, Dane Place, Bow, London, E.3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! The Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads; no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (482M), 80, Chancery Lane London, W.C.2.

AGED PEOPLE find Allenburys Diet grateful and comforting. Send 3d. stamps for 1-lb. trial sample.—Allen & Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.4), 37, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

WHOOPING-COUGH.—Vapo Cresolene allays irritation, quickly relieves cough and breathing difficulty.—Free booklet No. 29H from Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.3.

VARICOSE VEINS, ULCERS, BAD LEGS and all Skin complaints permanently cured as if by magic by "Varenecose" Ointment in record time WITHOUT LEAVING A SCAR. Stops that Awful pain and itching for good at first application. Sent under written No Cure-No Pay Guarantee. Send for 3/- trial size or call or write TO-DAY for generous FREE SAMPLE, Booklet and Medical Press Opinions. — LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL CO., LTD. (Dept. N.P.), 12, Mortimer Street, London, W.1.

ALL the dispensing at Boots is controlled by qualified chemists working to standards which are Boots' standards—stricter than the law demands. Next time the doctor gives you a prescription, get it made up at BOOTS. Turn to p. 16.

FILL IN THE COUPON in the advt. on p. 39 for free trial supply of the 3-in-1 "Panawah" Treatment for Rheumatism, with explanatory booklet. Enclose necessary stamps for postage.

A FREE SUPPLY of "MAN-ZAN" is offered to sufferers from Hæmorrhoids in the advt. on p. 31.

READERS' attention is drawn to the "Nostroline" advt. on p. 42.

EVERY READER should fill in the coupon in the "Phyllosan" advt. on p. 31 for free explanatory copy of a book entitled "The Most Wonderful Substance in our World."

CONSTIPATION cured. Enjoy health and happiness by accepting the special offer on p. 42. Use the coupon.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, etc., BOUGHT. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10s. or £1 per month. Open a Credit Account with SMARTWEAR. No deposit, no references required. Write for SALE Catalogue, also Gentlemen's Catalogue, to Dept. W.G., SMARTWEAR, Ltd., 263-271, Regent Street, London, W.1.

READERS who write to Dept. 8c, J. S. Fry & Sons, Ltd., Somerdale, Bristol will receive by return a free list of Gifts offered in connection with FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA. Send for this Free Gift List now. A p.c. will do. The offer appears in the advt. on p. 28.

DON'T OVERLOOK PAGE 25. The reasons given in the DU MAURIER CIGARETTE advt. are sufficiently convincing for readers to give this popular priced cigarette a trial. They are obtainable at most tobacconists. Turn now to p. 25.

FREE illus. Booklet of Gifts in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Cocoa.—Write, Dept. 5-N.C., Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York. See p. 26.

USE BRITISH COAL.—Fill in the coupon on p. 35 for free copy of an interesting booklet entitled "How to Use Coal Wisely in Your Home."

A SAMPLE of Kolynos Denture Powder will be sent FREE to readers who write to the address in the advt. on p. 29.

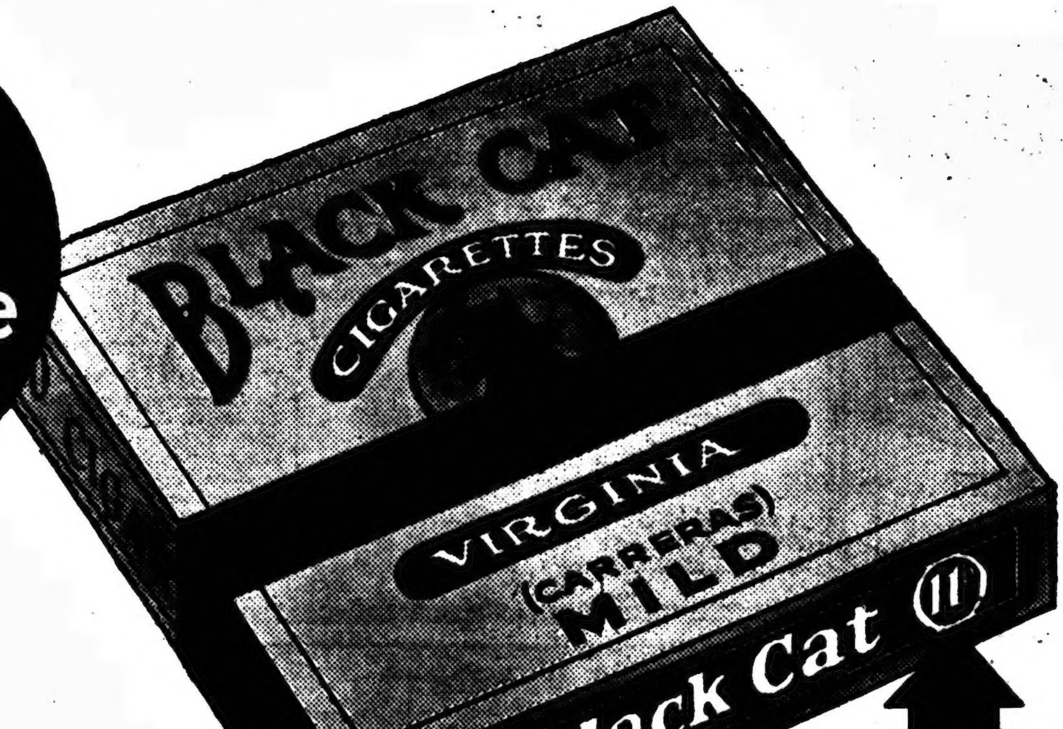
FREE.—A choice of any 3 of the following "Harlene" Gifts—(1) Hair Grower; (2) Cremex Shampoo; (3) Uzon Brilliantine; (4) Wave Setting Lotion; (5) Camomile Golden Hair Wash; and (6) Astol for Grey Hair. Send coupon in advt. on the Back Cover with 4d. stamp for postage, for free samples and manual of instructions.

11d for twenty

is the price of BLACK CAT (RED BAND) CIGARETTES. The price is marked on the SIDE★ and each packet contains a cigarette card of Lawson Wood's famous 'Gran'pop' drawings.

You may be sure Size·weight·quality UNCHANGED!

Black Cat as always is full value for money


BLACK CAT
CIGARETTES
VIRGINIA
(CARRERAS)
MILD
Black Cat
11
20
Black Cat

★ **PRICES**
INDICATED ON EACH PACKET
10 for 5½d.
20 for 11d.
50 for 2/3½
100 for 4/7

BLACK CAT GREEN BAND *(EXTRA LARGE)*
10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-

LENGTH INCREASED — MORE TOBACCO — IMPROVED QUALITY.

In a new designed packet, each one foil-packed and containing a card of Lawson Wood's famous 'Gran'pop' drawings

B.C.13

Without Fear or Favour

"John Bull," 27/1/34.

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY

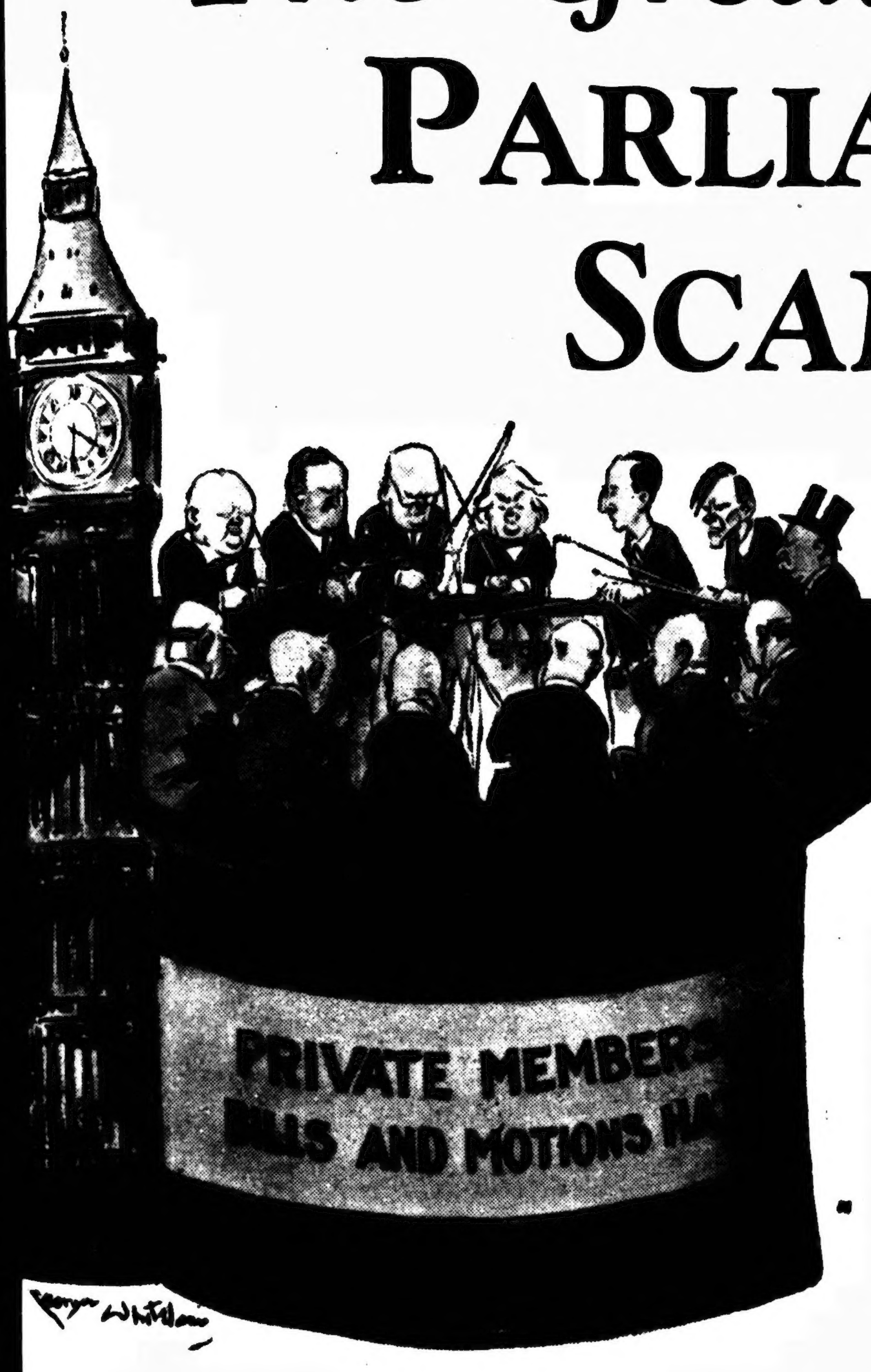
For week ending Saturday, January 27, 1934. Twopence
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Telegrams: Heroically, London

The Great PARLIAMENT SCANDAL



Their right to give us good laws should not be a lottery—the luck of a "draw" from a hat.

NEW YEAR'S DAY for politicians is January 29. That is the date when the House of Commons assembles again from moors and lochs, from French spas and Italian island resorts to open the nation's business.

For the rest of the country the New Year a month old. Business and labour will long ve settled themselves into the collar against other year's uphill pull for existence and pro- ss. And a lot of bright new resolutions will be her tempered or sadly tarnished.

But since for our lawgivers the day for reso- ions is January 29, we would like to present m with one.

We would like every M.P. to ask himself how g he is going to tolerate the strangling rules procedure which the present Government has fully extended and applied to capture all his e, and nullify all his individual effort.

We would like all M.P.s to resolve, before any- ng else, to set their own House in order.

IRST and foremost they must compel radical alterations in the existing machinery for Private Members' Bills and Motions. As most our readers are aware, these are the two chief des of expression open to the men and women y elect to Westminster.

Without these two privileges an M.P. is merely itic or a "Yes man," a decorator of benches, a stroller through division lobbies. To Private Members' Bills and Motions can be credited about nine-tenths of the wisest, the most progressive and humane legislation on the Statute Book.

But how many of our readers are aware that these opportunities for wise and just improvements in legislation are drawn "out of a hat," that these privileges are now the subject of a lottery held twice yearly by a Parliament which has always set its face strictly against any other kind of lottery—a gamble moreover where even the winners are nowadays being "diddled" out of their gains!

Once every session any M.P. desiring to bring forward a Bill or to table a motion calling attention to some matter, writes his name on a slip of paper, which is deposited in a box. On a certain day the Speaker in full session draws about a score of names from the box.

M.P.s up to about the twelfth name drawn have the right to a second-reading debate on their Bills or to table their Motions. The others of the gallant six hundred are unlucky. There are members who have been trying for years to get a place in the draw without success.

And whatever the subject of the prospective Bills—whether they are urgently serious and important or merely trifling and valueless—they all depend on the luck of the box. Sometimes the useless Bills have all the luck.

But those who have drawn places 1 to 12 in the Westminster Cesarewitch have only a theoretical right after all.

They must bring up their Bills in the order in which their names are drawn from the box and on the date allotted, which is always a Friday—early closing day for the House of Commons.

If something happens on that day to prevent the member arising in his place, his chance is gone until he has luck again in another draw—which may be never!

There was a case like that a few weeks ago. Sir Assheton Pownall, M.P., who had his first luck in the ballot for fifteen years was to have brought forward a Bill to prohibit the sale of firearms to children, a piece of legislation for which **John Bull** especially pleaded many months ago, and for which recent happenings in the country have shown ample need.

And what happened? The Government kept the whole House up all the previous Thursday night and up to 1.30 p.m. on Friday to fight through its Newfoundland Bill, and then adjourned the House until Monday. Sir Assheton Pownall's Bill then never had a chance to be heard.

Another Bill which "went west" that day was Sir John Wardlaw Milne's to restrict the power of husbands and wives to make cruel wills, the necessity for which has also been urged by **John Bull**.

However, presumably because they anticipated a great public outcry—the Government did an almost unprecedented thing. They allowed both Bills to be squeezed through in the last few minutes before the House rose for Christmas.

But that was an act of magnanimity which future "unlucky" ballot winners may not hope to see repeated.

IN the lifetime of the present Government, Private Members have seen most of their ancient power and privileges curtailed or lopped off one by one. They have seen legislation by Whitehall by means of statutory orders and other devices become an accomplished fact. They have seen control over National finance disappearing quietly but quickly out of their hands.

And, now, in this matter of Private Members' Bills and Motions—about the only direction in which the ordinary M.P. can display any creative initiative—they are finding themselves hamstrung also.

Is it any wonder that half the number of M.P.s are habitually absent from sittings of the House, where, with the best intentions in the world, they can do so little.

Before us we have a list of the "lucky" ones in the draw a few weeks ago. There are twenty-three of them. And they have got the rest of the Fridays before Easter to bring their Bills forward. There can only be two Bills each Friday. What hopes have more than half of these?

No. 8 on the list is a Private Member's Bill to compel all mineowners to insure against accidents to their workmen. **John Bull** is especially interested in this measure; there is an army of crippled and penniless miners to support the need for it.

WE hope that when No. 8's turn comes round that there will not be a repetition of "unforeseen contingencies" which will rob it of the time and attention of the House.

But is it commensurate with the dignity of the Mother of Parliaments that such measures as these—that any measure indeed—should depend on a draw "from the hat."

Long ago it was demanded that there should be a committee composed of all parties and presided over impartially to allot time for Bills in the order of their urgent public importance.

It is within the power of all M.P.s who wish to justify their existence and work for their country's good to bring about such an alteration in the present system.

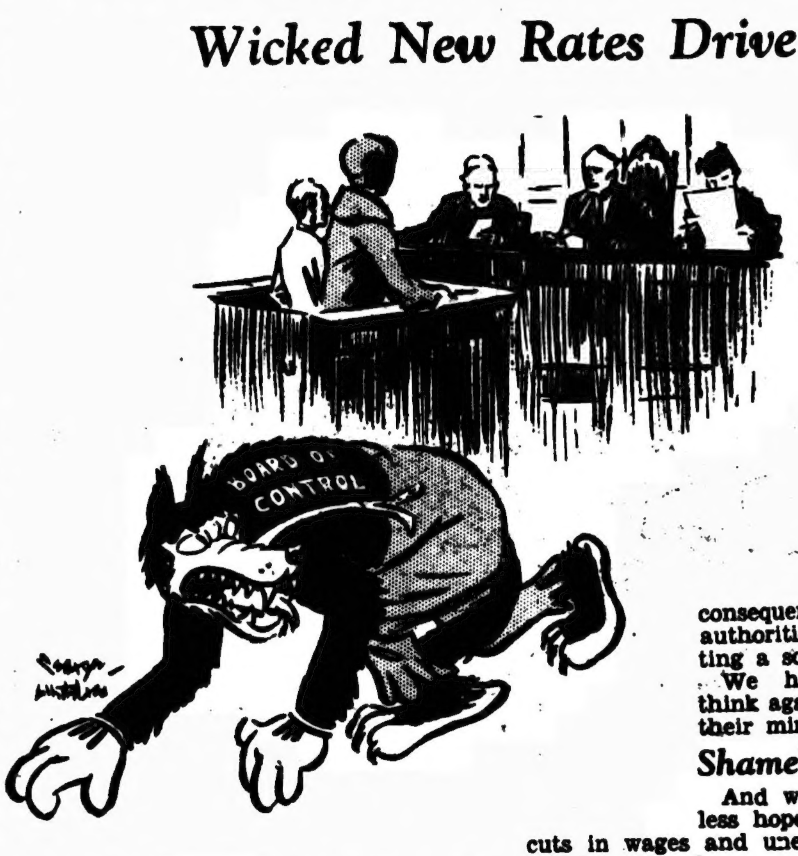
Let them make it their New Year resolution for 1934.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Mrs. Jordan Wins the First Round

Five Years' Wait at Hospital

Wicked New Rates Drive



Empty - mouthed, the big bad lunacy wolf slunk out of court. For once a persecuted mother was a match for him

MRS. JORDAN, of Burlington Road, Southampton, has won the first round of her fight against the enemies who wish to take away her twelve-year-old son, Henry, and place him in a home for mental defectives two hundred miles away from her.

She appeared the other day before the Southampton magistrates on a charge of not sending her son to school for six days.

The reason why she had not was that she feared the authorities would seize him and send him away, possibly for life, to an asylum under the Board of Lunacy Control.

Persecuted mother

The magistrates, after hearing the poor mother's statement, adjourned the hearing of the case indefinitely and emphatically refused to countenance a demand for an order that young Henry Jordan should be sent into captivity.

Our readers will join us in congratulating them. Their decision is a sequel to the remarkable story of persecution revealed in JOHN BULL a fortnight ago.

Driven to suicide

We told then how Henry Jordan's father was sent to prison again and again, was certified as a criminal lunatic and then committed suicide.

The fact that his condition was due to a shrapnel bullet in the brain and that he was insane only because of that war wound counted nothing with the authorities, whose blunderings unquestionably caused the man's tragic death.

Fresh victim

We showed how, six years later, officialdom turned its attention to the dead soldier's son.

The authorities declared that young Henry must also be mentally defective.

As Henry had been medically proved to be a normal healthy child, we intervened and told the dreadful story.

Amazing prosecution

But the authorities were quick to retaliate. Within a few hours of our exposure they decided to prosecute his mother for failing to have him educated *for six days*. This was persecution carried to the extreme limit.

The more so as during those six days the mother kept him from school the local officials began browbeating her, threatening her with all kinds of penalties.

Mother's brave fight

Anyhow, Mrs. Jordan went to Southampton police court and fought valiantly for her son's freedom.

An extraordinary case was presented by the authorities. They said it had nothing to do with the lunacy laws and that the place where they intended to send Henry was not a lunacy institution, but a "residential special school." Never has there been a worse example of camouflage.

Artful manoeuvre

The authorities in this amazing prosecution sought to have a simple summons for six days' non-attendance at school made into an application to have the child forcibly imprisoned under the lunacy laws!

The manœuvre failed hopelessly, we are glad to say. Apparently the intelligent magistrates of Southampton were aware of the terrible truth behind this persecution of a war hero's family.

The wolf slinks out

The big, bad lunacy wolf was driven out of court.

But already we have information that the persecution is far from ended, that the wolf will soon return to the attack.

If it does, it may expect still worse punishment. The case of little Henry Jordan is likely to become historic in the annals of our terrible lunacy system.

Harsh rates campaign

We fear the latest official brain-wave will land many decent, law-abiding citizens in jail; to many more it will cause endless worry and difficulty.

For tens of thousands of small householders will receive threats from the local councils that unless they pay their rates within a week they will be hauled into the police court. Those rates are for the period ending next March, but the official Shylocks are not going to wait till then.

Extortion

We know what this extortionate demand will mean to the already harassed householder.

His pockets emptied by the inevitable New Year expenses, still struggling maybe to pay his income-tax, he must now scrape and scheme to pay charges that he was entitled to expect would not become due for a month or so.

We can tell him that he has to blame, not the local council, but the Minister of Health.

No leniency

For Sir Hilton Young has told councils not to allow leniency to ratepayers. He says they should not wait until the end of March before issuing summonses, but that the money must be collected at once!

We think that Sir Hilton's thrifty brain must have forgotten something—forgotten the rosy tales about returning prosperity that his fellow-Ministers have been weaving lately.

Facing both ways

We have been told, with perfect truth, that the country's finances are infinitely better off, that trade has improved and unemployment has decreased.

But we deny the right of the Government to bawl one moment that Britain is on the high road to recovery, and in the next suggest that Britain will be in the ditch unless our pockets are immediately rifled to the last farthing.

We warn the Government that this unnecessary and merciless rate drive will add to the taxpayer's costs; for to keep a man in jail is an extremely expensive business, while it costs nothing to allow him time to pay his debts.

A crime

We cannot find the slightest excuse for prosecuting a man who, though anxious to pay his rates, cannot do so at once in a lump sum.

We say that if he is sent to prison—with the possibility of losing his job in consequence—then the authorities are committing a social crime.

We hope they will think again—and change their minds.

Shameless blarney

And we fear there is less hope now that the cuts in wages and unemployment pay will be restored.

Though the Government hinted that this might be done in June, its speakers have been told to deny the statement.

And they have been warned not to talk too much about the expected Budget surplus.

Surrender to arms

We know you will guess the reason. The Admiralty fire-eaters want twice as many destroyers next year than this, twice as many submarines, and thousands more men.

The Air Ministry also wants more machines and more men.

They look like getting their way, but one day the public will get its way—and that will be decidedly bad for the Government.

Poverty or prosperity?

We shall be interested, also, to hear the reply of the mighty ones to the demand of our 300,000 Civil Servants for better pay.

We know that a great many civil officials are abominably underpaid, and it's time they got a better deal.

But what *will* Ministers say? They can't bawl prosperity one moment and poverty the next.

Semi-slavery

And what possible explanation can there be of the official efforts to encourage cheap labour?

We know of unemployed men in East Suffolk who have to work for thirty-six hours to get a relief ticket for groceries worth 5s. Some have to walk ten miles, after doing their four days' work, in order to get that ticket!

We'd like to make the responsible officials change places with those unfortunates.

Humanity and hell

Now consider the plight of a young Staffordshire man. Though the sole support of his out-of-work father and brother, he was allowed no rebate on his income-tax.

When his father died he took over the house—since he wanted to get married—and he has to pay rent arrears of £15. Yet the income-tax mandarins would give him no time to pay their demands, and he had to go to court before he could get permission.

Such cases almost make us ashamed of humanity.

Shocking hospital delay

Nor can we find any excuse for the Manchester hospital which, it is said, kept a woman waiting five years befo it found her a bed.

Then it was decided that "an open tion was absolutely necessary to sa her life"—but she died during th operation.

We know there are few hospitals su ciently well-off to have all the beds th require. But we refuse to believe a hospital need keep a patient waiting f five years!

Patients must wait!

And though we have the greatest a miration for our hospitals as a whol we say again that many out-patie departments are grossly mismanaged.

We must protest, once more, at th scandal of making patients wait f hours—often in badly ventilated hall before receiving attention.

We see that our protests have j been publicly echoed in Worcestershi a woman speaker has told of a patien having to wait all day without seeing doctor and then being told to retur next morning.

Simple reforms

One or two great hospitals have mad better arrangements; we are convinc every hospital could do the same.

By doing so they would make the work easier, for to sit for hours on hard wooden seat in dreary surroun ings must make any sick person f worse.

The reforms we have been urging f years are simple. The cost need b little, the benefits would be great.

SOS

We are reminded of another old co plaint of ours by the theft from a car o a swab believed to contain diphtheria germs. One doesn't need much imagination to visualise the tragedies that might cause.

We say again that people who leav dangerous drugs or germ cultures i unattended cars should be severely dealt with.

Encouraging death

Last week, also, there were two mor deaths from the sleep-inducing drug of the barbituric group—making six i a fortnight.

Despite our repeated demands f proper restrictions, these drugs are st sold over the chemist's counter withou enquiry.

Will officialdom wait until the death roll numbers thousands?

Highway robbery

We want to know, too, how much th postage-stamp machines now fixed t pillar boxes filch from the public.

They are constantly going wrong an a customer must go to much trouble t get his money back. It is said that so of these boxes, after a week-end, co tain twice as much money as they hel in stamps.

There seems a chance here for a li M.P. to ask a pertinent question a Westminster.

Great round-up

Whitehall is making a general round up of doubtful motor insurance co panies, following our exposure of th scandal.

But holders of policies in cheap-ra companies should not wait for develo ments. If they have no means o making sure that their company is a sound one they should write to us f advice.

Porcupine's bristles

We are receiving many enquiries fro shareholders in the defunct concern o Porcupine Midfield Gold Mines. The are being invited to join a scheme t recoup their losses, put forward by Pe gelly and Co., of Quadrant House, Pa Mall, London.

No details are given; nor does the hea of this firm appear to be either a cha tered or incorporated accountant, an readers should on no account forwar money to the firm.

The Parents' Most Pressing Problem

discussed by
Commander KENWORTHY

"Boy Wanted"—and this is the result; applicants for a vacancy in Birmingham waiting to be interviewed

OUR 100,000 IDLE YOUNG

THERE are now 100,000 young people between the ages of fourteen and eighteen without jobs in this country.

This is a terrible fact facing the nation, and is alarming not only for parents ut for social workers, the clergy, the olice authorities, and, of course, the overnment.

In order to get our facts clear, before e can see what should be the remedies, e must go back to the years immediately llowing the Armistice, in 1918, when here was a sharp rise in the birth-rate. his always happens after a war. The eturning soldiers marry, and, by a kind dispensation of Nature, the birth-rate ses.

During the last ten years, however, here has been a sharp fall in the birth-te, the effects of which will be felt increasingly about four years from now. That is to say, in e year 1937 there will be half a million fewer ys and girls leaving school; and by 1948 there ll be one million fewer youthful job-seekers.

But the children who were born just after the rmistice have been leaving school during the reat Slump, from which we are still suffering.

That is one reason for the difficulty of finding ork for young people to-day. Another is the ange in the method of engaging labour adopted so many employers.

During the post-war boom there was a great ange over to mass-production machinery. It id employers to engage young people and train em in process work, and this specially applied the girls. But the machinery over-produced, ctories have been closed down in consequence, d capital has flowed into other industries.

These other industries such as the trades con-ected with catering, furnishing, amusements, otor-cars and motor transport, to take a few tstanding examples, are not so suitable for the nployment of large numbers of very young eople.

Blind alleys

ADDED to these factors is the decay of the apprenticeship system. When conditions were such that parents could bind their sons aving school as apprentices, the lads got just the ght discipline and after-school training which ey needed to make them skilled workers. They arnt habits of industry early.

But what happens now? Many of the occupa-ons that young people enter turn out to be blind leys. They work at a simple job for two or three ars and then, at their most impressionable and dangerous" age, they are sacked, and their aces taken by another batch of youngsters.

Now, sixteen to nineteen are the critical years any young person's life. All sorts of evils result om young people who have learnt a little in-ependence through being in industry and earn-g their own money, and are therefore not so menable to the control of their parents, hanging out the streets, and getting into mischief.

The problem is so serious that a terrible sponsibility will rest on the shoulders of any overnment which neglects it. It is regrettable at no vigorous policy for dealing with the young nemployed has yet been announced for this untry.

What are we going to do about it? The usual medy proposed is to raise the school-leaving e.

Merely to keep the children another year or o years at school will not solve the problem. e should, of course, have to enlarge the present hools and also increase the staffs of teachers. Then, when the child population falls in four or five years' time, we should be able to reduce the size of the classes, which are too large now for really efficient teaching, and we should have better and less crowded schools.

But there is the trouble with poor households. Parents look, naturally enough, to their younger members to help with the family budget. Many parents cannot afford to maintain their children for one or two years longer without direct assistance from the State.

Young people who fall out of employment, and cannot pick up fresh jobs, should be given vocational training as a condition for receiving unemployment pay.

This is a far-reaching proposal, but it would undoubtedly raise the stamina and increase the earning capacity of large sections of the young population of this country.

During these periods of vocational training, those parents who need it should be granted a maintenance allowance, to pay for the board and lodging of the young people under instruction. This, at first sight, would mean an extra charge to the State; actually it will mean a saving. For older workers would then have to be kept in employment who otherwise would go on to the insurance funds, at a considerably higher cost.

I make so bold as to state that our much-boasted universal education is largely a failure. It is too bookish, too theoretical.

C3 training

WE turn out every year hundreds of thousands of young people with just enough book learning to enable them to become second-rate office workers. We have taught them the rudiments of book learning, but we have not taught them to use their hands except for writing, or their heads except for answering examination questions.

Far better rely on the present secondary school system, with more free places, for the children who can obviously benefit from extra years in the classroom, but provide for the others real practical vocational training for the next year, or better still, two years.

Teach them handcrafts and the rudiments of practical things, like the use of electrical machinery, the petrol engine and the other modern equipment which plays such a tremendous part in present-day life.

Let this vocational training be as much as possible in the open air and combine with it a good deal of camp life. This does not mean militarism. Indeed, military drill is better calculated than anything else to destroy initiative and that very spirit of independence and enterprise which should be one of our greatest national assets.

And we shall have to shorten the hours of labour sooner or later. *This is inescapable.* It is part of the price we must pay for the increasing use of machinery.

The wonderful inventions of our age have added to the wealth of the nation; but they have rendered surplus a large section of the population —that is to say, if the old long hours are worked.

A thirty-hour week!

WHAT is the sense of working children seventy-four hours a week in factories, as they often are at present, if another hundred thousand are unable to obtain jobs? Why work young girls in shops for ten hours at a stretch when their sisters are wandering about idle, and exposed to all the temptations of our great modern cities?

Let us follow the example of the United States of America, which now has a thirty-hour week in a great range of industries.

Shortening the hours of labour does not necessarily mean a lessening of output. If a law were passed making it illegal to employ anyone under the age of eighteen for more than thirty hours a week and making it compulsory for six or eight hours a week to be spent in vocational training, the whole nation would benefit immensely. We should add to our total wealth by raising the quality and the stamina of the younger generation. And there would be more jobs going.

Is it not absurd to keep the veterans of industry working long hours at arduous jobs while vigorous youngsters are idling at the street corners? It would pay this country hands down to enable a hundred thousand old workers to retire on a decent pension and fill their places with a hundred thousand youths and girls now idle.

The timid will object to the cost of these reforms. But what of the loss of character, skill and health, due to the absence of them?

This problem of juvenile unemployment is an immense one. It will have to be tackled in a big way. Will bold statesmanship be forthcoming, or shall we try to muddle through in the old way, with all the disastrous consequences of failure?

SEA SLEUTHS

"Every hour of the day and night they are watching and waiting on the high seas"

FOR years visionaries have dreamed of an international police force which will enable the nations of the world to impose order on each other.

Well, part of that dream is to-day a reality.

Unknown to the majority of people, a six-nations fleet consisting of British, French, German, Belgian, Danish, and Dutch warships is already patrolling and policing the ocean around the shores of these countries—from Iceland in the north down to the English Channel.

Every hour of the night and day these warships are watching and waiting on the high seas. Their guns are always ready to fire on any common enemy that might not listen to any other argument, their wireless instruments tuned to hear a call for aid or to summon any reinforcements they might need.

They tell each other about "suspicious characters" they have noticed on the seas as they pass and repass like policemen on their rounds. Although their crews wear the distinctive uniforms of their own navies, they give each other "Stand by" orders and cheerfully obey them.

A German ship will relieve a British, a French ship a Danish, after crews have been tired by a long vigil. And when they meet in foreign ports, as they often do, these men of six different nationalities talk and form friendships one with the other, as if they were of a race apart.

This international fleet is provided by the countries that are signatory to the North Sea Convention, an agreement designed to see that the rights of different countries in their own territorial waters are duly observed.

When the Scottish herring fleet follows the shoals down the North Sea and makes Yarmouth its base, it is invariably followed by a German light cruiser, which not only sees that one trawler does not take advantage of its fellows by fishing in prohibited British waters, but protects them, too, against any foreign fishing-boats that might try to do the same thing.

To the rescue

When some of the hardy fisherfolk of the Western Isles of Scotland complained that some unknown poacher had torn away their nets, a French warship was among the first to arrive to give them whatever protection it could.

And often, in the territorial waters of the five other countries, a British ship is to be found, as much on duty as if it were patrolling off Portsmouth.

The duties of this police fleet that is ever at war are wholly protective—to arrest miscreant ships as a land policeman would arrest men. In fact, the most of this defence of territorial rights within the three-miles limit has become a war against the fish poachers of Western Europe who, with lights extinguished and distinguishing numbers obliterated, trawl their nets where the honest fisherman fears to go.

Yet the following instance will show that they may become the Red Cross workers of the sea, too, when humanity calls.

One of the foreign warships that sometimes visits the Thames as part of its international duties is the long, lean, grey "pocket" cruiser *Weser*, one of the newest in the German fleet.

On one of its recent visits there was a pale-faced, pain-racked young Frenchman in its sick-bay, surrounded by flowers that seemed strangely out of place in the austere and severe atmosphere of a warship.

"Q boats" again

He was a young fisherman who had had his arm terribly crushed when terrific seas had struck his ship unexpectedly—a French boy taken off a French ship by a German cruiser to be rushed to a British port for help and healing!

And the flowers were the gift of the German commander!

The contribution of the British Navy to this strange fleet consists of eight warships, most of them built as part of our emergency war programme, and with excellent war records standing to their credit.

The two biggest are *Harebell* and *Godetia*, ex-cruisers which have acted as both convoys and "mystery Q boats," and which share three 4-in. and numerous other guns between them.

Then there are the "chasers" with a 4-in. gun apiece as their main armament, *Spey* and *Dart*, and in addition the four gunboats *Cherwell*, *Boyne*, *Colne* and *Doon*, all carrying twelve-pounder guns.

Like the foreign boats that belong to this international force, they are wrongly described as "fishery protection boats," which can be understood in such comparatively law-abiding days as these when, apart from the rum-runners of the Prohibition days in America and Finland, fish-poachers are pretty well the on law-breakers on the high seas.

Our fishery protection boats, how ever, are owned by the vario county councils whose boundar end at the sea. These bodies mak by-laws and regulations for th territorial waters off their coasts, ap point what are known as Sea Fishe Committees to see that they are kep and purchase and maintain what ever fishery protection boats a necessary.

In addition, there are the f steam and two motor cruisers own by the Fishery Board of Scotla where the care of territorial wat in this way is not the job of cou authorities.

These boats maintain an unceas vigilance all round the coast. A when the need arises they can call these "policemen" of the inte national fleet to arrest and, if neces sary, pursue and open fire on offe ders who refuse to submit.

H.M.S. *Cherwell* recently made arrest off Hastings. And she w brought into the matter in a strang and even amusing way.

During misty weather this coa has been frequented by a shado shape, never seen by anyone in th district in the full light of day, whic local fishermen believe to be French trawler, and which they ca for want of something more defini "the Pirate Poacher."

Hardy poachers

One thing that can be said favour of the master and crew "the Pirate Poacher" is that th have a courage that is really am ing. Nothing seems to deter the Gales and storms may rage and se other craft flying for port, but th ghost ship is never driven in.

And mist and fog, conditions gen rally feared by seafaring men, just the conditions the men of th mysterious ship enjoy. It may ma their work dangerous, but it makes easier for them to avoid detection.

So hard-hit were Hastings a other fishermen in the vicinity th they made up their minds that eith the local authority should call the assistance of a ship of the inte national navy or they should ta action on their own.

So they bought a fast motor-b known as the *Charles Arvcoll*,

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A MOTHER'S HEROISM

MOTHER-LOVE is one of the strongest and most beautiful emotions of life, often lifting women to transcendent heights and making every woman a heroine when occasion demands.

The fine deeds it inspires often go unsung because there is nothing romantic or picturesque about the circumstances surrounding them. But a woman who makes sacrifices for her child expects no reward.

From Liverpool comes a story of just such heroism as this.

A working mother whose household duties took her into the garden for a moment returned to find her baby daughter terror-stricken, with flames leaping up her clothing.

With her bare hands and arms she crushed the child to her, heedless of the agony entailed, and with her burnt blistered hands choked down the bi flames, and pulled the smoulde material off her baby.

* * *

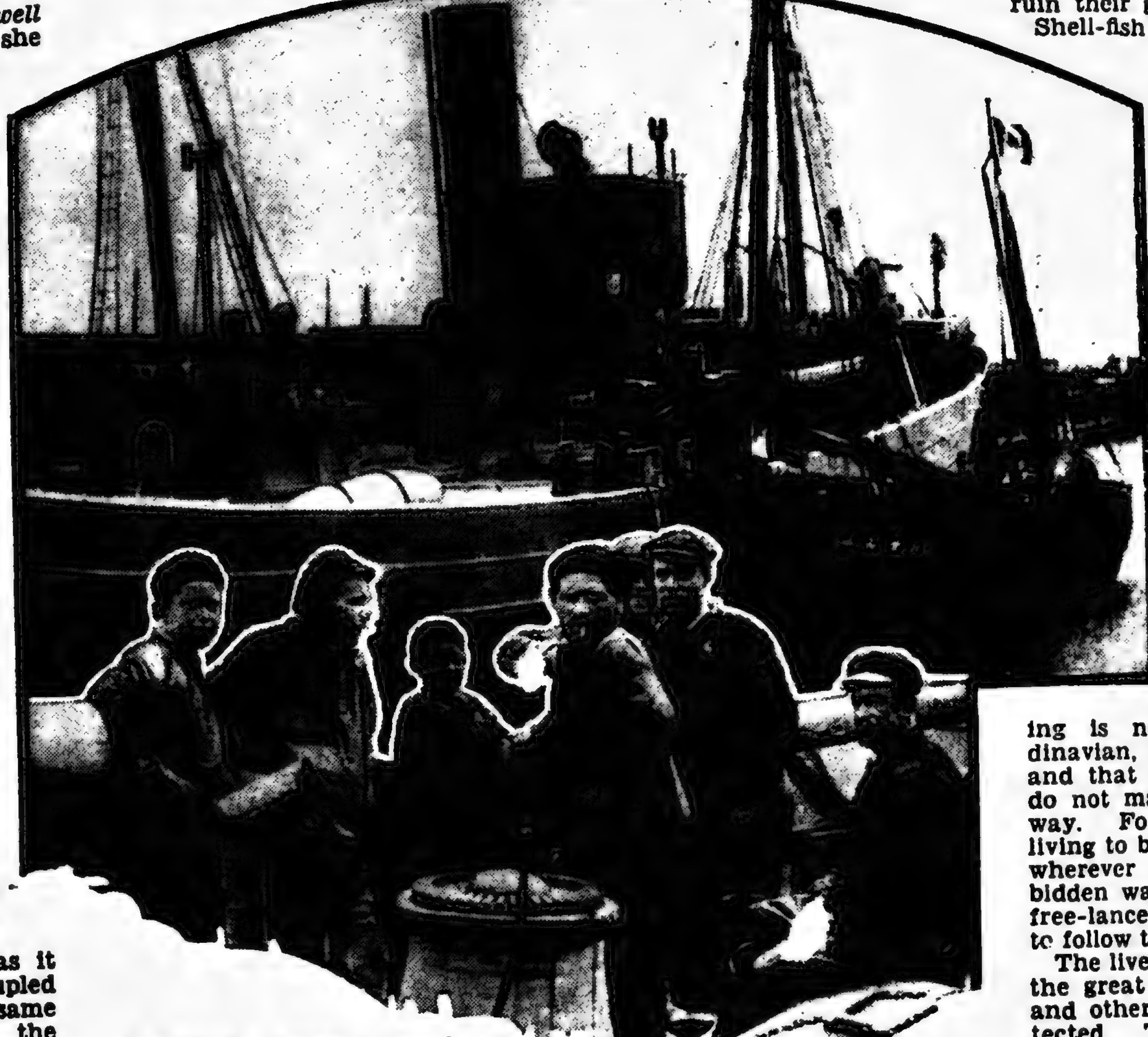
Her one aim and object had been save her baby, and in doing so she suffered far more injury than the chil

For a month she lost the use of hands as a result of her self-sacri Household duties were beyond her. extra expense entailed naturally heavily.

We were glad when we knew that simple precaution of signing such a as you may find on page 4 entitled to the full benefit we provide for juries by fire, because when brave p receive help under our great free i ance offer, as they so often do, we r it as an added privilege.

S of SIX NATIONS

—Each for All against the Ocean Poachers



A French "pirate poacher" lying alongside her captor, "Cherwell," at Lowestoft, and, below, the captive boat's crew

nounced their intention of boarding the strange boat when next she wled illegally in the vicinity.

To the question "But aren't you are that you can't take any legal tion in the matter?" they replied, the language of hardy fisher folk: Who wants to take legal action? 're going to hand out justice on e spot."

It was then that H.M.S. *Cherwell* s called on. Within three days she d acted.

The mist that concealed a ench trawler busily at work thin the three-miles limit o concealed *Cherwell* as she ept up the coast under the idance of coastguard offi- ls who were watching from e shore.

The first thing the French ipper noticed was the war- ip bearing down on him, r signals spelling out "Hold I fire," and her company ergetically clearing the ns at her fore for action.

She hauled in her trawl and ed to get away. She writhed d twisted, trying speed and utical acrobatics in turn, t always there was the perior speed of *Cherwell*, d on top of that there were e guns as well, now open- outhed and ready.

The skipper gave in, and e usual process was fol- wed. He was taken off the ptured boat and a naval ficer substituted for him. d with a naval guard ounted on board, the poacher s towed to port, to be pt there until a heavy e was paid and, what was orse, till all the gear was rrendered for immediate struction.

Not "the Pirate Poacher," as it ppened. But this arrest, coupled th another at almost the same ot, served as a warning to the ost ship, which will probably go in honest fishing in future.

And these were small incidents in e career of *Cherwell*. Only a few eks before she had to handle enty poachers—all French—at ce.

This was within the three-miles it off the North Foreland. Four the faster poachers deliberately pt getting in the way of the British rship to give the slower ones a ance of getting away, and, when chances of escape seemed small, tried to ram her, compelling utenant-Commander Hudson to full speed astern to avoid a col- on.

Red beards!

But the battle was won by law and ler, without the use of guns.

One trawler, caught after an hty miles chase off the coast of otland, was fishing with her lights scured so that she couldn't be ognised, and had her registration mber obliterated as well. But her w had gone beyond these usual ources of the fish poachers and guised themselves with red beards well—probably because they thought they would be remembered by their faces.

It may seem ludicrous that such a big international force should be almost solely concerned with fishing offences. But the facts show how important it is that this illegal poaching, which is a daily occurrence, should be stopped.

The coast of Ardnamurchan, in the Western Isles, has been raked clean of fish by raiding boats. Pirates from France and other countries have been found as far away from their bases as County Donegal.

So bad has the situation become in the Irish Sea that the waters have been banded into zones, and the trawlers in the different zones keep fishery protection boats informed of every "stranger" within their particular belt.

The Irish Free State, in fact, has been so incensed by the evil—with which its only protection boat, the one-gun *Muirchu*, is unable to cope—that it plans something stronger. One suggestion is cutters armed with machine-guns and manned by Civic Guards.

Then there is the poverty these poachers inflict on the honest fisherman.

The poaching of foreign trawlers along the whole Cornish coast is so bad that in some places the local fishermen are facing dire poverty.

Right from Mevagissey to St. Ives they set out for their modest hauls—happy if they can get only 15s. worth of fish per man for a day's hazardous work—to find that poacher trawlers have dragged their nets within the three-miles limit, and there is little there for them. And when they get to port they find the poached fish already there, and sold at so low a price that their own catches are unsaleable.

It is one reason why Cornishmen are not taking up fishing as much as they used to—and it would be a big blow at Britain's maritime might if the men of the West Country, the Navy's most prolific recruiting ground, should give up their sea calling.

To this part of the coast there actually comes a whole poaching fleet, it is believed from Brittany.

They not only drop their pots within the three-miles limit for crabs, lobsters and crayfish, but have been known to empty the pots of the local fishermen, who fish outside territorial waters only. Not content with this, they have been known to ruin their gear as well.

Shell-fish caught illegally by the poachers, and that stolen from local pots as well, are often taken into St. Ives and other local ports by the fishing pirates.

The other day, however, there came into force an order that will make this barefaced aspect of the matter more difficult. A licence will be required for landing certain specified fish in this country unless the vessel has British Empire registration.

Off the Inverness coast of Scotland poachers actually destroyed the nets of local trawlers, doing damage, so far as one boat alone was concerned, amounting to £350.

It would be foolish to pretend that poaching is not going on off Scandinavian, German and other coasts, and that certain British fishermen do not make a living in the same way. For while there is a fatter living to be got by following the fish wherever they go, even into forbidden waters, there will always be free-lance fishermen of all countries to follow them.

The lives of honest fisher folk and the great fishing industries of this and other countries must be protected. There is £15,000,000 of capital locked up in our own industry alone. It consumes more than 3,500,000 tons of British coal a year and pays no less than £3,000,000 a year in freight to our hard-hit railways.

A welcome sign

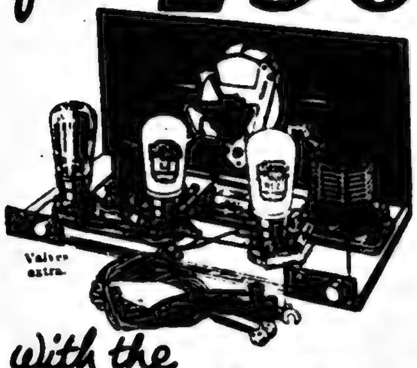
The smuggling round our shores, even as carried on to-day, is a far smaller evil from the national point of view than fish poaching. Therefore this poaching needs sterner measures of repression.

That is why no one need bemoan the cost of the eight British warships that co-operate with the ships of five other European Powers in keeping territorial waters sacred.

In addition to the flag of their own country, these sleuths of the sea share a pennant in common, a blue and yellow affair with those two colours patterned on in lozenges.

May it long fly over the police fleet of six nations—a sign that Europe is at peace, and that the only war being waged at sea is one against marauders who menace the livelihood of the honest, law-abiding fisherman.

Build your own 3 valve radio set for 29/6


Valves extra.

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Easy to build—Simple to operate—and by far the cheapest set to buy—that's the Telsen "323." It is the most amazing value in radio history. You don't have to know anything about radio to build it. All you do is follow the stage-by-stage instructions inside every Kit—and it's built! Get a Telsen "323" Kit from your radio dealer to-morrow.

GET "THE MODERN RADIO ENGINEER"—3d.
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TELSEN ELECTRIC CO. LTD., ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

Warded off INFLUENZA..

"LAST Saturday I had a temperature and all the symptoms of influenza. I ached all over. On a friend's advice I decided to try your Musterole Brand Ointment. I applied the ointment before going to bed Saturday night and put on a second application Sunday. Monday morning the cold was completely broken up, and in a day or so was entirely gone."
—A.R.C., Burlington Gardens, Chiswick.

If you feel feverish and ache all over, rub on this clean, white ointment, and feel the pain easing . . . going . . . gone, as the tingling, soothing warmth penetrates deep down, draws out the inflammation, stops the pain. Thousands have used this famous ointment for years because it brings such quick relief. Ask any user. They will tell you how effective it is for relieving those 'flu pains, breaking up congestion and drawing out inflammation. Your favourite chemist has Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. Get a jar today.

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MUSTARD OINTMENT
MADE IN ENGLAND
THOS. CHRISTY & CO. (Sole Distributors),
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Rest assured. .

. . . there is nothing like 'OVALTINE'

for Sound Natural Sleep

FOR ensuring sound, natural, energy-renewing sleep there is definitely nothing to equal 'Ovaltine.' This fact is proved by the experience of countless thousands of persons, and is confirmed by world-wide testimony. Although imitations are made to *look* like 'Ovaltine' there are extremely important differences. For example:—

'Ovaltine'—unlike imitations—does not contain Household Sugar to give it bulk and to cheapen the cost. Imitations contain large percentages of household sugar. Sugar is cheap, and can be added in the home if desired.

'Ovaltine'—unlike imitations—does not contain a large percentage of Cocoa—or Chocolate which consists of sugar and cocoa). It is an original product made from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs—with a cocoa flavouring.

'Ovaltine'—unlike imitations—does not contain Starch. Starch is present in cocoa. The exclusive and scientific 'Ovaltine' processes of manufacture ensure the entire absence of starch—an undesirable feature in a food beverage.

Remember these facts. Remember also that the proprietors of 'Ovaltine' have a world-wide reputation as specialists in the science of nutrition. For all these reasons 'Ovaltine' stands in a class by itself. Reject substitutes—there is nothing "just as good."

'Ovaltine' sells on merit alone.
No gifts or coupons—just 100 per cent. Quality and Value.

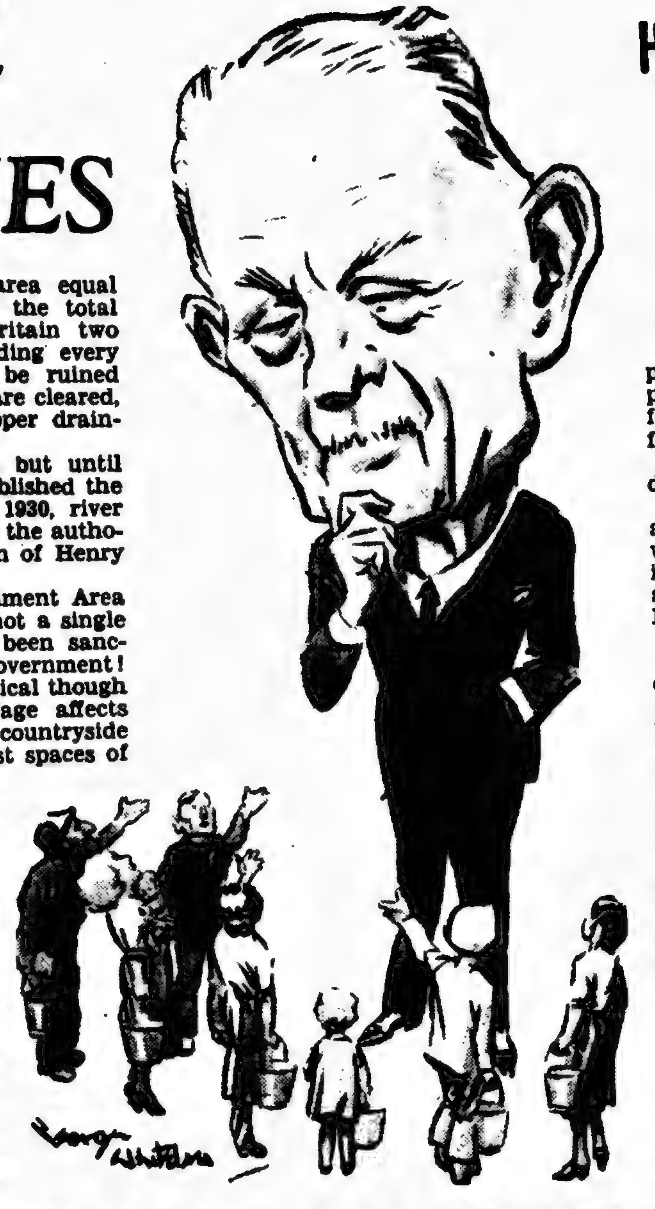
Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3.

P901

The World's *best* Night-cap

WET FEET and DRY TONGUES

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to LORD DESBOROUGH



DEAR LORD DESBOROUGH,—You are Father Thames. You live on it, at Taplow. You are the head of the Thames Conservancy Board. You have swum in the hames. You have rowed on it. You ave punted on it. Great athlete, splen- d gentleman, holder of a proud title hich, because your two magnificent ons were killed in the war, now has no eir, you are as helpless as any of us, hen it comes to saying that "The hames should be our servant and not ur master."

It flows from the Cotswold Hills in loucestershire to the sea, over a course 0 miles long. It is the liquid history England.

And yet, although during nine days flooding, only about a year ago, the hames Valley had to deal with 2,000,000 tons of water, many thou- nds of Londoners are now asked to careful about their taps because ater is short.

Floods one year. Droughts the next. How silly! Yet as an "economy" the National" Government, in spite of our protest, cut down a land drainage heme you hope for by £13,000! So r feet are wet—and our tongues are y.

Why should the people who have to al with the flooding have nothing to with the water-supply?

Rain comes down from heaven and God's free gift to Man. Yet, within mile of some great northern lake, hich has been bought by a city miles ay, farmers go short of water. The ke does not belong to them. Somebody se has bought it.

So it is carried far away through pes, while the people on whom the in has fallen are short of water.

How silly!

It wants a National Plan. A man like u, but a much younger man—for you e nearly eighty—will one day face to the fact that 2,500,000 acres of good agricultural land, an area equal to more than one-fourth of the total arable acreage in Great Britain two years ago, is ruined by flooding every year, and will continue to be ruined until river beds and courses are cleared, banks strengthened, and proper drainage schemes carried through.

You would not believe it, but until the Labour Government established the Catchment Area Boards in 1930, river drainage was in the hands of the authorities established in the reign of Henry VIII, nearly 400 years ago!

Even now, with the Catchment Area Boards waiting to be used, not a single large drainage scheme has been sanctioned by the "National" Government!

Yet, at the same time, farcical though it may seem, water shortage affects almost the whole English countryside and rules out of full use vast spaces of the finest land. There is scarcely a village anywhere where all the houses have an adequate water-supply. Scattered, too, about the country are thousands and thousands of isolated cottages which, apart from a well which often dries up, have no water of any kind.

Now, my lord, you are head of the body which is supposed to conserve the water of the Thames. It is not conserved. One year—the present is an example—some of the weirs are dry, as the news pictures show. Another year the Thames bursts its bounds and people are drowned in Westminster, and their homes are ruined. Then people send for the fire brigade—and do nothing!

At one end, this problem is one which concerns every water-tap in the land. At the other end, it concerns every farmer.

A scheme for dealing with the flooding and drainage of the Thames would cost £9,000,000. The Trent wants £8,000,000. The Great Ouse wants £6,000,000 spent on it, and the Yorkshire Ouse another £4,000,000. Altogether, the country wants £31,000,000 spent on the prevention of floods and the improvement of river drainage.

This would find work for over 30,000 people for some years, and bring into proper cultivation 2,500,000 acres of useful agricultural land, which now suffers from flooding every winter,

Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink.

Birmingham brings water from Wales and does its job well. Manchester brings water from the Lake District and does its job splendidly. Different cities deal adequately with their own water-supply. But there is no national scheme.

* * *

The water-supply symbolises the entire economic system. Water comes down from the skies. It is meant to replenish the earth and to make fruitful the soil.

But while Nature plans a supply, it leaves a great deal for Man, who is part of Nature, to do for himself. He must find where water is needed and take it from the places where there is too much.

It is the same with fish and it is the same with wheat There is abundance on one side and scarcity on the other—of everything. Yet we all deal haphazardly with tiny details of the problem

You, my lord, have dealt as well with your part of it as you could be expected to do. But all over the country various people are doing their several little bits, and there is no co-ordination and there is no plan.

That is why there are Workless. That is why there is Waste. That is why there is Want.

Why, I know a farmer in Sussex whose wells are dry, while all the time, in the next village, two authorities are quarrelling over which one has the right to sell him water!

This sort of thing will go on until the Government does its job. Man cannot live by water alone but by everything that proceedeth out of the bounty of God.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

e DIRECTORS,
oyds Bank

GENTLEMEN,—I'm sorry you are still inking of making further reductions staff salaries, and I'm amazed that u should declare the matter to be of concern to the public

Any wage-cut is a matter of vital blic interest—particularly when it's necessary.

JOHN BULL.

. W. H. CARLILE,
roner for Doncaster

DEAR SIR,—Of course, it's unwise for a ctor to prescribe for patients without eing them!

"In this case it has not turned out ght," a doctor admitted at the inquest a little girl.

No, and I'm certain it "doesn't turn t right" in dozens of other cases.

JOHN BULL.

LBERT CRAVEN,
ttingham

CRAVEN,—Your surname suits you, ough I hope never to hear again of a aven so cowardly fiendish.

You put a kitten in an oven and left to die from burns and shock. And u were merely find a guinea!

Your age is seventeen, so there is still ne for you to acquire some sense of ecency.

Do so, before it is too late!

JOHN BULL.

. STANLEY GUY RODD,
elmsford

SWANKER,—Our future may be in the r, but I'd rather you kept on the ound.

For you flew so low over the housetops at an officer thought you were "dodging chimney-pots" just to show off, and you flew round and round to repeat the feat.

Very smart—but the magistrates were smarter still when they find you £25.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. T. WILKINSON,
Dorchester Bankruptcy Court

DEAR MR. REGISTRAR,—Your tirade against "blood-sucking moneylenders" earns my full support, for a man before you had paid £380 on loans amounting to only £150, and yet was said to be owing another £228!

And I'm sure you will agree with me that those "blood-suckers" ought to be brought before a different kind of court.

JOHN BULL.

JAMES GRAVES,
Bircotes, Notts

SNEAK,—On three occasions you obtained soap at the pithead baths and gave the name of another man, so that it was charged up to him and deducted from his wages.

As a miner you ought to know that even these few coppers could be ill-spared. And the very pettiness of the thefts show the pettiness of your mind.

JOHN BULL.

Judge Sir ARTEMUS WARD,
Conway County Court

YOUR HONOUR,—A waiter was before you as judgment debtor because he had no job. And he had no job because he had no dress suit.

Quick to help, you "found a gentleman who had just such a suit to give away."

And the young man found a judge not only wise but charitable.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. H. E. WATTS-WATERS,
Hull Police Surgeon

DEAR DOCTOR,—Your profession is always to the fore in practical works of mercy, but your exceptional bravery calls for public recognition.

Under the tottering wall of a dockside warehouse, in danger of sharing the horrible deaths of the men who had been entombed, you amputated the shattered ankle of a man who was trapped by a fallen beam.

Hull is honoured in its police surgeon.

JOHN BULL.

Lord TRENCHARD,
Commissioner of Metropolitan Police

DEAR CHIEF,—Though there was much public anxiety about the case in which police officers were said to have terrorised five Mitcham schoolboys, you decline to make your decision known.

I think you are making a grave mistake. You can't reassure the public unless you are frank; besides, we have a right to know what steps you intend to take.

JOHN BULL.

The STUDENTS,
Liverpool University

GENTLEMEN,—Out of respect for the local water shortage, you suspended the annual custom of throwing bags of soot and other dirty missiles, thus saving the water that would have to be used in cleaning students, buildings and pavements.

A little thing, maybe, but every little helps.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. R. ELLERINGTON,
Chief Constable, St. Helens

DEAR CHIEF,—I agree that policemen should not be passed over for promotion just because they can't pass examinations; they should be promoted, not because they are good students, but because they are good policemen.

I don't see why a public school education should be necessary to catch burglars or arrest "drunks."

And I could name statesmen and big business chiefs who failed at every examination they took! JOHN BULL.

Mr. PETER KEHN,
Birkdale, Lancashire

PETER,—You were arrested at Southport after getting drunk on your week's wages. Yet when the police visited your home they found your children ill with measles and your wife without food or money

Perhaps you were drowning your sorrows.

But that's the act of a weak fool. Where's your manhood gone?

JOHN BULL.

THE COUNCILLORS,
Matlock, Derbyshire

GENTLEMEN,—I'm glad to see that, at the price of £3,000, you have bought for the public the "Lover's Walks"—eighteen acres of richly wooded land with seclusions befitting its name

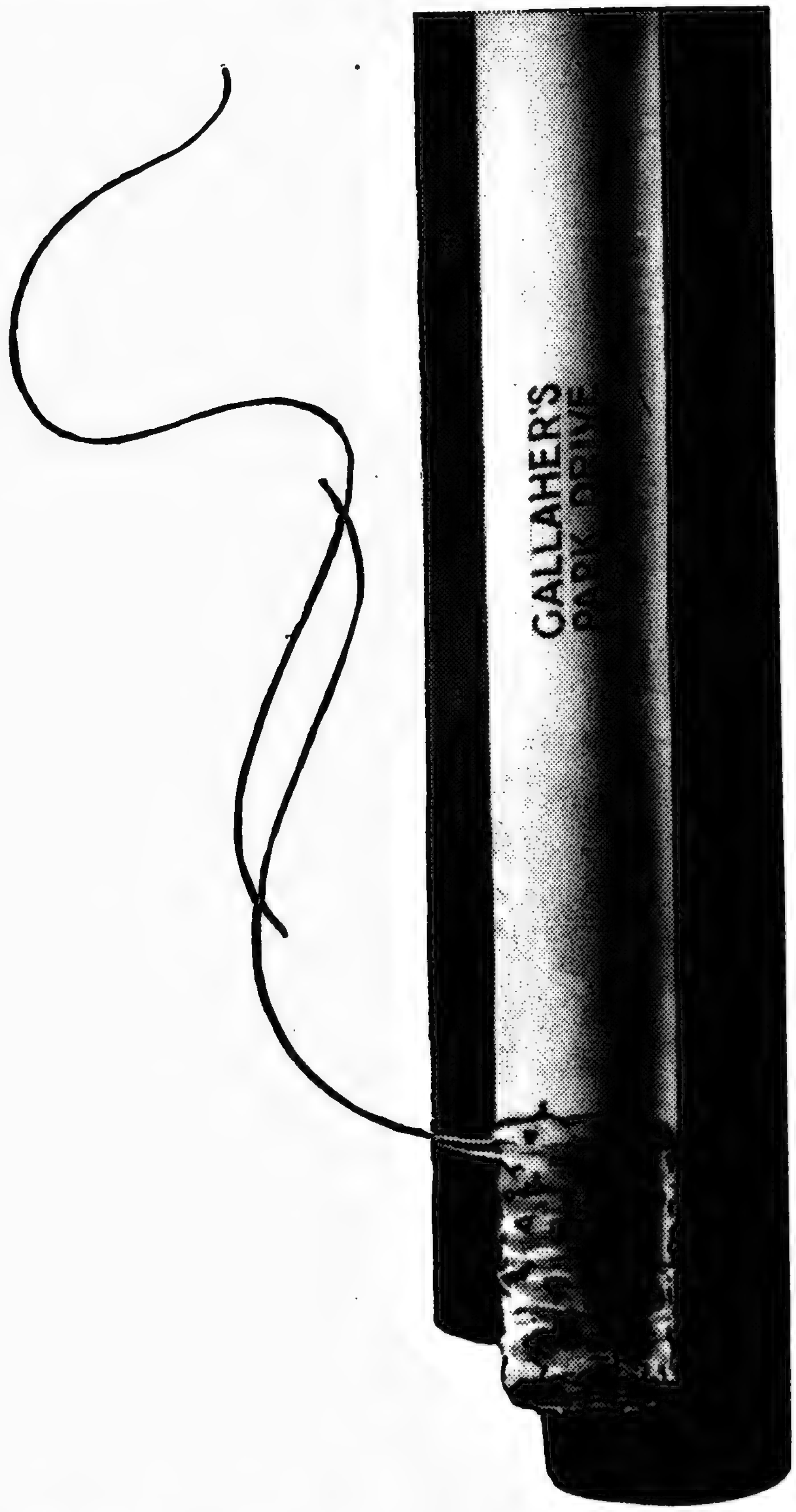
Only Mrs. Grundy will disapprove—and she doesn't matter. JOHN BULL.

Councillor ERNEST MARKLEW,
Grimsby

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—When the Minister of Health visited your town, he left behind not only his good wishes but his hotel bill, which the Corporation is expected to pay.

In view of the difficulty many citizens have to pay their rates, you think this "a scandalous thing." I think so, too.

JOHN BULL.


GALLAHER'S
PARK DRIVE

PLAIN OR
CORK TIP

PARK DRIVE

10 FOR 4D

THE LEADING
QUALITY
4D CIGARETTE

Neither BLACK SHIRT *nor* RED!

by A. G. Gardiner

"Wherever wrong is afoot, Lord Rothermere is there to whoop it on"

THE Play Boy of Fleet Street is "at it" again. He has gone over, horse, foot and artillery, to the Dictators, and his banner, which used to bear the invocation "Hats off to ce!" now proclaims "Hurrah for Black Shirts!"

gland, it seems, is on her last legs. liament is a washout, all the Parties dead as mutton, government has col- ed, and the "senile leaders" at tminster have brought us to the k of final ruin.

here is just one last desperate chance alvation left to us. It is to sweep y all the paraphernalia of constitu- al government, and, with uplifted ds, shout with one voice "Heil ley!"

hus Lord Rothermere.

doubt ex-Comrade Mosley is flat- d by the capture of so distinguished ecruit, and the investiture of Lord ermere with the Black Shirt should n occasion worthy of the monu- tal setting of the Albert Hall.

Waning influence

may be, of course, that on second ghts Sir Oswald may fight a little of the Play Boy of Fleet Street. may feel that Lord Rothermere is an asset, but an encumbrance. tever influence he ever had was due e fact that he could set the biggest bination of newspapers in the try chanting the same slogans and same gibberish.

t this influence is sadly on the . The *Daily Mail* is no longer the noise in Fleet Street that it once It has been outstripped by at two morning newspapers.

here is another reason why any ical adventurer might be wary of ng Lord Rothermere in his camp. genius for backing the wrong horse is only equalled by his ingenuity in fleeing to cover.

I have seen him perform the feat between one edition and another of his newspapers. When Mr. Baldwin made his memorable plunge into Protection in November, 1923, Lord Rothermere's *Evening News*, in its lunch edition, announced:

"An article by Lord Rothermere, 'My Plea for Tariffs,' will appear in next Sunday's *Sunday Pictorial*."

What happened in the next hour or two I can only guess. But I think I could guess right. In any case, in the 6.30 edition of the *Evening News* the same day the notice was altered thus:—

"An article by Lord Rothermere, 'Should Free Trade Have Another Chance?' will appear in next Sunday's *Sunday Pictorial*."

His whole political career is of a piece with this episode.

Loud though he is in print, Lord Rothermere will do anything rather than face an audience. He has been in the House of Lords for twenty years, and, I think I am right in saying, has never yet opened his mouth in that Chamber.

Wherever wrong is afoot, he is there to whoop it on. It was he who cried "Hats off to France!" when Poincaré started that infamous invasion of the Ruhr which, more than anything else, destroyed the hopes of European peace and finally placed Hitler and the Nazis in power. It is he who, now that France has reached a saner mind, urges her to build 20,000 aeroplanes.

How that menace to Germany consorts with his new idolatry of Hitler it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to explain. But such incoherences give him no distress. Sufficient for the hour is the stunt thereof.

In the morning he cries "Hurrah for Hitler!" and in the evening "Hats off to France!" He will back neither in the interests of peace; he will back both in the interests of war. He sees Europe as a stage set for a dog-fight, and for the moment he seems indifferent as to which dog wins so long as the fight comes off.

I have taken this glance at Lord Rothermere's past record to show the sort of title he has to the regard of any sane body of the public. His plea for a Black Shirt dictatorship in this country is based on the assertion that Parliamentary government has broken down. It is "without popularity at home and without prestige abroad." It has not built enough aeroplanes for him, and he thinks that Dictator Mosley will put that right.

Impudent travesty

And we are betraying India and Ceylon, and while other nations are grappling heroically with the world crisis our Government is only "drifting and dawdling." Germany and Italy, under Hitler and Mussolini, we are told, are witnessing "a gigantic revival of national strength and spirit" while this country is foundering under the weight and incompetence of its Parliamentary government.

I do not know much about the mentality of the readers of the *Daily Mail*. I have never supposed it was high, but I cannot believe that it is so low as to accept such an impudent travesty of the facts.

Judged by whatever test you like to apply, this country is weathering the world storm better than any country in Europe, and better than any country in the world. Our financial stability is so unrivalled that we are not merely first: there is, among the Great Powers, no second whose position can be mentioned in the same breath.

This is not a matter of controversy. It is a matter of fact, which a glance at the market price of the funds of the different countries will show.

Trade is bad because world trade is being strangled by an insane nationalism; but we are still easily the greatest exporters of manufactures in the world.

Unemployment is still high; but it is far lower than in Hitler's Germany or Roosevelt's America, and there is no other country where the unemployed are so well cared for, where wages have been so little interfered with or where the standard of life of the people has been maintained at so high a level.

No tyranny!

Above all, there is no country where—in a time when the elementary liberties of men have been trampled under foot over the whole face of Europe east of the Rhine—the individual freedom of thought and action has been preserved so unwaveringly as here. Our Press is free, our speech is free, our vote is free. We do not live in terror of the concentration camps for an incautious word as they do in Hitler's Germany, or of the island prison as they do in Mussolini's Italy, or of banishment to the timber forests as they do in Stalin's Russia.

Is it the lack of these blessings that explains Lord Rothermere's "Hurrah for the Black Shirts"?—I think it must be, for there is no other. But if so, it only shows how remote he is from understanding the minds of his fellow-countrymen. We all have our grievances, against this Government in particular and all governments in general; but about the principle of Parliamentary government this country has only one mind.

We would as soon suffer the Prince of Darkness to keep his seat at Westminster as a Hitler, a Mussolini, or a Stalin. That is why the nation is so contemptuous of its Mosleys and Rothermeres and the simpletons in black shirts who follow their lead. It has as little fear of a Black Shirt tyranny as of a Red Shirt tyranny. The Play Boy of Fleet Street must try again.

"JOHN BULL'S"
urprise for You
See Centre Supplement

Not from the B.B.C.—Major B. R. French, in his new role as—

Scotland Yard's Uncle

YOU must have heard of Major French,
For I've been chosen by Lord Trenchard
for the high employment
Of welfare expert at the Yard,
Where I shall soon be working hard
For ev'ryone's enjoyment.

My duty will be to increase
The happiness of our police,
To make of ev'ry Bobby
A gay, light-hearted lad, who'll trill
Glad songs when on his beat and will
Esteem his work a hobby!

Gloom will be dead ere I am through,
And Scotland Yard will echo to
The sound of laughter hearty;
Rich jollity will reign each day,
And trifles, such as cuts in pay,
Won't mar the joyous party!

I can only trust that the appointment of a Major to the new position of Welfare Officer at Scotland Yard will not lead to further loose talk about the "militarisation" of the Metropolitan Police.

Actually, my functions will be less those of a H.Q. martinet than those of a B.B.C. Uncle. I will, in fact, be the P.C.'s Uncle.

My duty will be to do everything possible to destroy the Gilbertian tradition that a policeman's life is not a happy one. But what precisely "everything possible" will consist of I cannot, for the moment, say.

Organised games will naturally play a part in any scheme of welfare work. But this does not necessarily mean that screams of hysterical delight will be heard coming from section houses, indicating that a jolly game of musical chairs is in progress.

The general comfort of members of the Force, especially of young policemen living in barracks, will require attention. But it is gratuitous to assume that the knitting of comforters and bed-socks will be among the duties of the welfare officer.

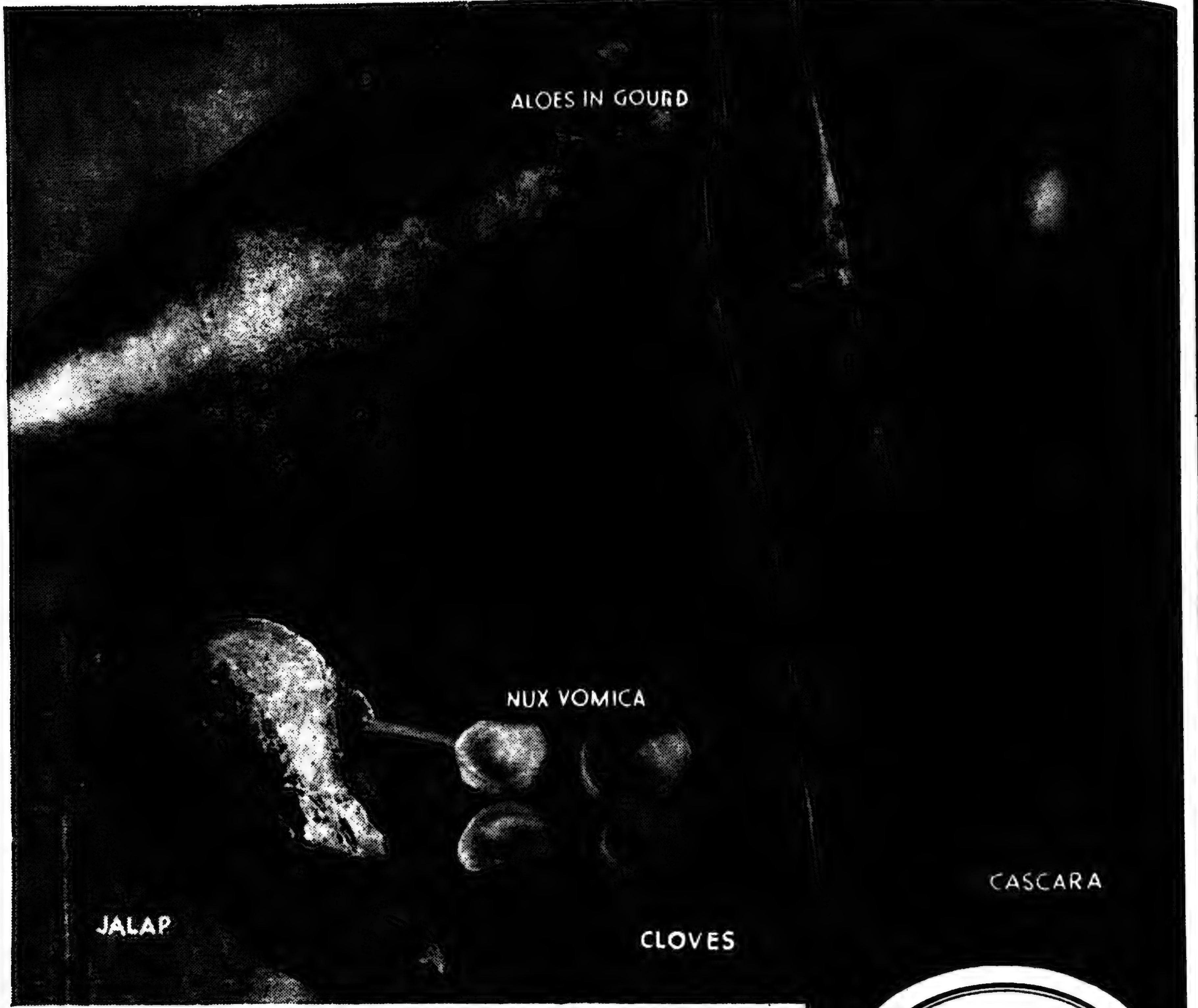
My appointment, coming so soon after the decision to create a police college for the training of genstables has given rise to a report that I will be chiefly engaged in attending to the needs of these hot-house cops—seeing that they are provided with suitable valets and so forth—but those who invented this yarn are the victims of their own keen sense of rumour.

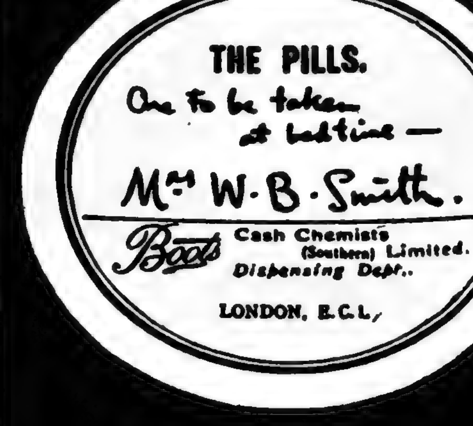
The true aim of welfare work should be to combine delight with decorum. If this is done we should bring into being a race of bonny Bobbies, whose hours of innocent merriment, spent at parlour games, will send them forth braced with a new strength to grapple with motoring criminals who park a car in the wrong place and careless persons who park a hand in the wrong pocket.

I cannot promise ices will be handed round on trays,
Or "gin and it," provided free, on sultry summer days;
Nor can I undertake to while away a winter's night
By telling bedtime stories for the constables' delight,
Or doing tricks with oranges, or making funny faces—
My "nephews" and their "uncle" must retain their proper places!

Although I have the kindest heart, I'd count it as a sin
If I allowed benignity to menace discipline.
My aim should rather be to couple culture with clean fun:
A glee club, for example, does no harm to anyone,
While readings from the classics would instil a sense of beauty,
And bring a new enchantment to constabulary duty.

In course of time, 'tis possible that I'll extend my work;
To make the Yard a sweeter place no labour will I shirk.
Since those engaged in certain trades and those with whom they deal
Oft meet in friendly intercourse, true welfare work, I feel,
May one day bring about, if modern methods we adopt,
A better understanding between coppers and the copped!





THE PILLS.

One to be taken
at bedtime —

Mrs W. B. Smith.

Boots Cash Chemists (Southern) Limited.
Dispensing Dept..
LONDON, E.C.1.

"ONE to be taken at bed-time"—a simple direction for a simple pill. Now consider some of its origins—the aloes packed in an African gourd, the 'Sacred Bark' (Cascara Sagrada) of a Californian tree, cloves from the Spice Islands, Jalap Root from Mexico . . . That simple pill is now a complicated romance. But science controls its making. All the raw materials used in Boots dispensaries are subject to laboratory control working to standards which are Boots standards, stricter than the law demands. And at any Boots branch your prescription receives the same speedy, accurate attention that a Harley Street specialist would expect. Next time your doctor gives you a prescription—

GET IT MADE UP AT The Boots Chemists

THERE ARE OVER 1000 BOOTS BRANCHES THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd. Nottingham.

Adorable Dorice, the SHAM HEIRESS

Girl who Weds for a Living

THE girl who "woos for a living." This colourful description has been constantly applied of late to a clever and beautiful woman who has perpetrated a series of amazing rauds in all parts of the country.

With a variety of aliases, a magniicent wardrobe, and a most unusual harm of manner, she has actually gone hrough several marriage ceremonies to urther her criminal ends.

Most of her victims are men who—oth old and young—have been comletely ruined by her.

A born actress of great resource, she as played innumerable rôles in her ime, among them being those of a oman evangelist, a Salvation Army eader, a millionaire's daughter, a titled elfare worker, and a young widow with money to burn"!

In the underworld, and in police ircles, her fame is now so great that he is known as "Adorable Dorice."

"First-class client"

Quite recently she arrived at a outh Coast hotel, where she registered n the name of Lilian Butcher-Roberts, iving her permanent address as Mayair, London, W.

For a few days she lived there in quiet nd restrained fashion.

But her chauffeured car, lavish orders, uxurious habits, and the constant hanging into expensive clothes soon stablished her as being one of the most mportant and distinguished guests at he hotel.

Before a week had passed the hotel age-boys were taking to her room arcels which arrived almost hourly. Dresses, jewellery, hats—even small rticles of furniture—were among the aluable store she amassed during her tay.

Yet not the slightest suspicion was roused anywhere, for all with whom she ame into contact believed her story hat she was the heiress of a famous American millionaire, and was shortly eturning to America after a vacation in urope.

The day came when she left to "catch he boat." Her departure from the hotel as carried out with great dignity. Her otel bill, which was formidable, was aid, and members of the hotel staff ere given a handsome gratuity. Her hauffeur drove her—with her cumberome luggage—away to the harbour.

At least, the hotel management were d to believe that she had given instructions to go to the harbour, and regarded her as a "first-class client departed."

Actually, Miss Lilian Butcher-Roberts drove to the railway station and took a first-class ticket to London!

Amazing events happened almost as soon as she had gone. Accounts arrived from all parts, detectives from the local police station began making protracted enquiries, and some astounding disclosures were, one by one, revealed.

Dorice had called upon one local person, well known in the ecclesiastical world, and had unfolded to him that she was the missionary daughter of one of his old parishioners. The latter, who was deceased, had been held in great esteem in the town, and so intimate were the details which his supposed daughter was able to relate about him, that her story was readily accepted as being true.

She had, of course, in her inimitable fashion, made preliminary enquiries to become acquainted with the departed parishioner's career in order that her story would ring absolutely true.

Invited frequently to the house of her intended victim, who believed that she had been left a considerable sum of money by his old friend, she was able, when the opportunity presented itself, to ransack the place from top to bottom.

She charmed him

When the "Adorable Dorice" had disappeared it was found that she had taken several valuable share certificates, numerous articles of value, a number of municipal securities and amongst various other things, a cheque book and a quantity of Treasury notes!

This is only one of her varied exploits. Only a year before, in the same town, she had stayed at the house of an elderly lady, a Quakeress, who likewise had believed that Dorice was a heiress. Here she fooled a male acquaintance of the lady.

This man, captivated by her charms, proposed marriage to her. She even went so far as to induce him to arrange for the banns to be put up and, having obtained over £200 from him through the medium of a story that her allowance from America was temporarily held up, one day left him in the lurch, as she has left so many other men.

Varied indeed are her exploits. At Portsmouth, for example, she established herself as the winner of a big crossword puzzle.

Her success seemed to amuse her, and the people who fell under her spell believed her when she said that she had so much money of her own that she was giving the crossword prize to charity.

By the time Portsmouth had seen the last of her she had obtained goods of all kinds by fraud, and had caught at least one elderly man for a very considerable sum of money.

History repeats itself where the "Adorable" Dorice" is concerned. And Portsmouth had also seen her before!

Avowing herself a confirmed spiritualist, she some time ago attended numerous important séances there and in course of time made the acquaintance of an elderly man.

Posing as the widow of a young Army officer, who had died in India, she wheedled her way into his affections and, in the end, arranged to marry him.

His worldly goods . .

Before the ceremony was due to take place, however, she had performed another of her usual disappearing tricks. Incidentally, she took with her most of the property of her elderly bridegroom-to-be

Sometimes she poses as a mannequin, and has obtained many dupes in this guise.

Her victims are legion. One is a man who met her at a Christian Scientist gathering. To him she professed herself to be a confirmed religious worker and, gradually winning his confidence, relieved him of everything he possessed after inducing him to propose to her.

One of her exploits seems almost too incredible to be believed.

Wearing widow's weeds, and looking remarkably winsome, she arrived in a provincial town and made straight for the local Salvation Army headquarters.

Seeking an interview with the adjutant, she unfolded her favoured story about the heiress she was supposed to be, and offered to support the Army's operations in every possible way

She established herself in a modern villa, furnished it elaborately on credit, and for weeks paraded the town in uniform as one of the "Army's" most devout members.

Then, just as suddenly as she had come, she disappeared.

She left tremendous debts everywhere. And her worst dupe was a young and trusting Army officer, whom she had induced—with her charming and engaging manner—to propose to her!

She told him that she was an heiress with colossal financial interests.

One day her "allowance" was delayed. She asked her lover to oblige her with £50.

Lover paid up

Soon after this, it appeared that one of her rich young cousins had got himself into trouble and stood in fear of being jailed if she did not send him a large sum of money at once.

The trusting lover came once again to the rescue—in fact, by the time "Adorable Dorice" had disappeared she had obtained every penny this disillusioned dupe had possessed.

Often this clever adventuress turns her criminal talents to the exploitation of elderly ladies.

She makes preliminary enquiries about their careers and friends, and then "stages" a meeting with them at some religious or charitable or other function.

Forcing herself upon them for some days she eventually pretends that she is some distant relative of their family and obtains money from them by one or another of her fantastic stories.

Endless are her aliases. Among those by which she has been recently known are "Mildred Butcher," "Doreen Mildred Groves," "Dorice Baker," "Doris Brooks," "Gladys Hamilton," "Adeline Carlton," and "Audrey Telworth."

With victims here, there, and everywhere, we hope the "Adorable Dorice" will soon find prison warders her only likely victims! It would certainly not be the first time she has tried to captivate even them!

The Human Machine

A GREAT HERO

IF you are up against it, if you're depressed and dispirited, if you feel that you've come to the end of your tether, pull yourself together for a moment and listen to the story of Henry Stockdale, who lives in Barton-on-Humber.

Known to his countless friends as "Johnny," he has been bedridden for over 21 years, crippled with rheumatic fever, unable to walk, unable even to sit up in bed; and before that he had lost his left arm in an accident at a cement works where he used to be employed.

For more than 20 years Johnny has lain in his little bedroom. For more than 20 years he has never once been downstairs But that doesn't worry him. "I'm the busiest man alive," he says. "I couldn't possibly lie here and do nothing, could I?"

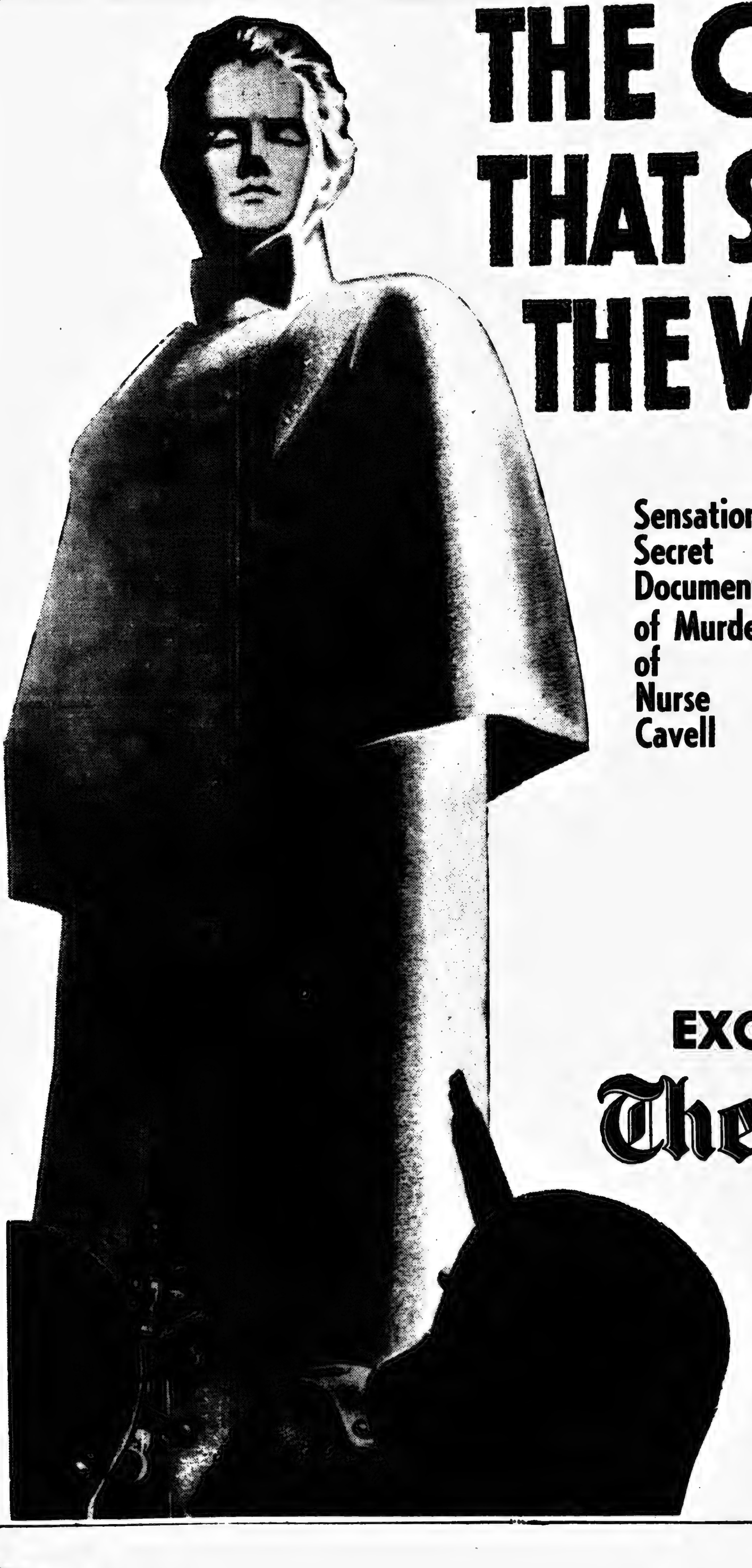
From his bedroom he started the Barton Brotherhood Movement—a social organisation whose sole aim is to do good; and in 13 years it has raised £1,700 for charity. Johnny has arranged all its weekly meetings, though he has never been able to attend one of them.

During the war he taught theoretical musketry to the soldiers stationed at Barton—and all from his bedside! He often had as many as 20 men round his bed taking lessons from him!

He has organised treats for the old folk—arranging outings, catering, concerts, everything.

Johnny has a spirit that does not know the meaning of the word "defeat." That's why misfortunes that would have broken most people have only stimulated him to greater effort.

No one can defeat you except yourself. Never forget that. The human spirit is the most resilient thing in the world—if you will only have faith in yourself.



THE CRIME THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

Sensational Secret Documents of Murder of Nurse Cavell

AFTER 18 years of sinister silence the world is at last to know the *whole astounding truth* about the murder of Nurse Cavell—shot to death at dawn on October 12th, 1915, for loving her country.

The sensational secret dossier of the trial and execution—documents long hidden away—are now in the possession of "The People." They will reveal the startling facts of the trial which was behind closed doors, they will tell of the manner of her dying—when the world shuddered with horror.

It is history—stark, terrible, true. This incredible human document about this gentle, noble martyr—moving beyond belief—will touch your very heart strings.

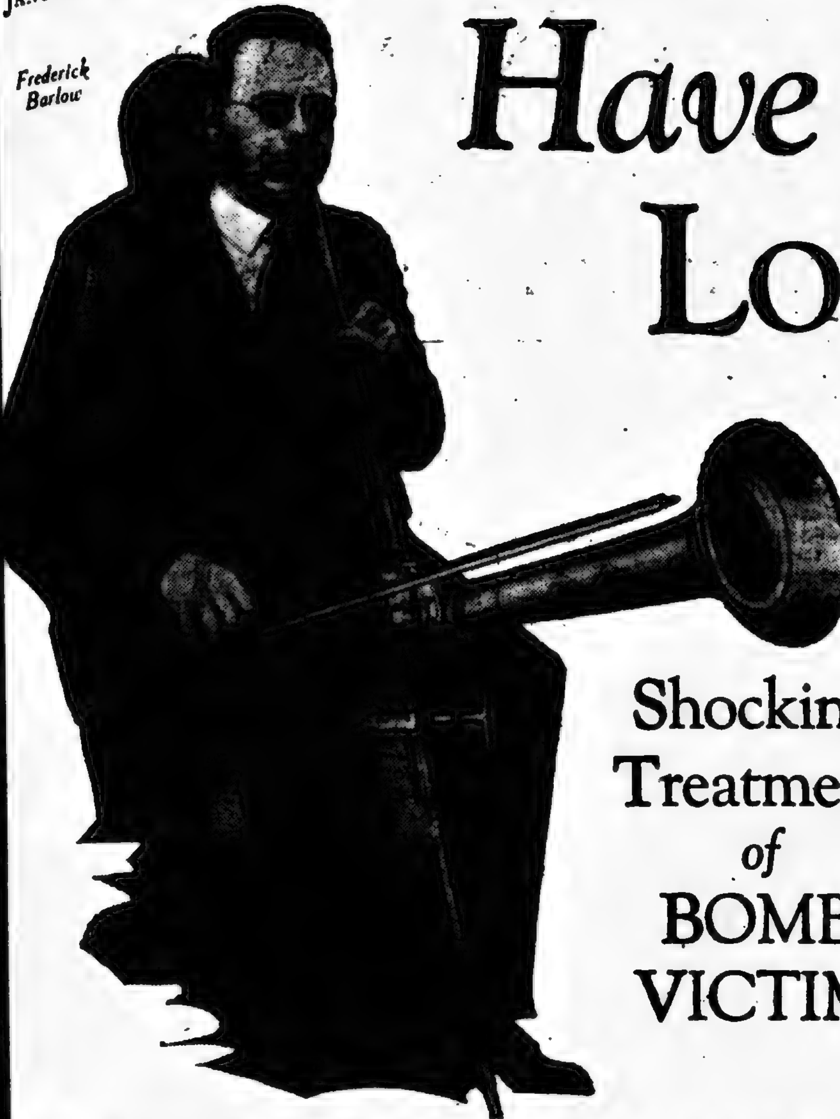
The first instalment appears *exclusively in "The People" on Sunday.* The demand will be such that unless you reserve your copy now your newsagent will be sold out.

EXCLUSIVE IN

The People

NEXT SUNDAY

Have a Heart, LORD HAILSHAM!



Shocking Treatment *of* BOMB VICTIM

HUMANITY is a quality not admitted through the doors of a Government department. Whitehall moves in strict accordance with machine-made rules, and ficials are not permitted any official ompassion.

So it frequently happens—as the eaders of JOHN BULL know only too ell—that intolerable hardship is imosed on an individual when a case which is unusual" comes for conderation before a Ministry of the overnment.

Unless you have a grievance "accordg to precedent" your chances of fair nd humane treatment by officialdom re infinitely remote.

There is a young man in Birmingham ho can testify to the truth of this. is name is Frederick Barlow; his age twenty-eight, and he lives at The arade: that hill of small shops and ouses which runs down behind the fine wn hall of the Midland capital.

If ever there was a man who had a st quarrel with Fate, then surely that an is young Barlow.

Maimed, blinded

Through no fault of his own he is artially maimed—one hand is a semibliterated stump of fingers—and he is tally blind in his right eye and can nly see a pale glimmer of light with his ft eye

For him the fair opportunities of life o not exist. He is separated from his llows by his disabilities. The avenues employment and occupation are osed to him.

And he has in justice a claim against Government department for adequate mpensation, and yet can get *nothing.*

His tragic story began in 1919, when e was a boy of thirteen, a promising upil at a county school. He was living en with his father—an ex-soldier of dmirable record—who, at that time, as warden of the Kingsbury Rifle anges, near Tamworth, Staffordshire, hich are owned by the War Office.

During the war there had been a mbing school at the ranges, and terwards they were used for the struction of quantities of bombs of rious kinds.

One day in August, 1919, young Barlow was walking across the ranges to meet his father when he saw at his feet a bright strip of brass. Just as any other schoolboy would have done, he stooped to pick up the shining metal, and as he took it in his hand there was an explosion.

His left hand was almost blown away; his face was mutilated by a score of wounds, and both eyes were blinded by flying fragments of the metal.

The innocent-looking piece of brass which Frederick Barlow grasped in his childish curiosity had been the detonator of an unusual type of Russian-made bomb.

In desperate pain and danger the boy was carried to hospital, and there for months doctors and nurses fought for his life.

They gained success in that first battle, but it left the young patient bereft of all sight and with the disfigurement of a shattered hand.

For two years the boy was stone blind.

His parents poured out their savings in surgical treatment for him.

For long periods he was a patient at the Queen's Hospital, Birmingham. He underwent eight operations in the space of six years for the extraction of tiny pieces of metal from his useless eyes. He came under the care of a famous optical surgeon who practises in Birmingham, and, gradually under treatment and with infinite pains, a glimmer of sight was regained for his left eye.

With the aid of special spectacles Frederick Barlow could see another person as a misty, ill-defined figure at a distance of two yards.

Hopeless fight

As the dim light came back life began again for Frederick Barlow.

But what was to be done for the boy? He was now strong physically but with a maimed hand, and with only a particle of sight in one eye he could not possibly compete in the everyday fight for existence with other young men,

Once again his parents came to his assistance. With money which his mother provided, he was set up in a small petrol-filling station on the outskirts of Birmingham.

Unfortunately that venture was a failure. Frederick Barlow, with his bare glimmer of sight, and the devastating headaches that are his constant affliction, could not deal with clients, and he could not afford to pay for assistance.

It must be borne in mind that during all these years, right up until 1933, Mr. and Mrs. Barlow were in fairly comfortable middle-class circumstances and were supporting their maimed son.

On leaving his post as range warden —after twenty-one years as a soldier and another ten in the employ of the War Office—Mr. R. J. Barlow, the father, was engaged as a hotel manager. While money was coming in to the parents, the son was assisted.

Recently Mr. Barlow fell out of employment, and could no longer provide for the son.

Because of this, application was made, many years after the accident, to the War Office for compensation to Frederick Barlow for injury on the Kingsbury Rifle Ranges, Tamworth, on August 4, 1919—a range which was War Department property and to which the boy had access as one of the children of the Range Warden.

Particulars were called for by the War Office. In return, the full history of the case was sent, with a dossier, which made ghastly reading, from the Queen's Hospital, Birmingham, and the evidence of the specialists who had treated the patient.

War Office's "No"

Due and formal consideration was given to the claim. Then the War Office made a pronouncement to the effect that it was regretted that the Department could grant no relief or aid owing to the fact that the claim was made *too long after the accident occurred.*

Another avenue was explored. Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, one of the Members of Parliament for Birmingham, was approached, and he took up the case.

His approach to the War Office yielded no more success than the other. A similar reply was sent; the claim was put in too long after the accident to be entertained.

Of course, the great point, which was overlooked by the War Office, was this—the delay in making the claim for compensation was simply due to the fact that while the parents of Frederick Barlow were earning their own living and had money to spare, they did not wish for any assistance for the son.

Our appeal

They struggled on to save the country money Now, when the money is urgently needed, it is refused.

Quite obviously, if the claim had been entered immediately following the accident, the War Office must have given adequate compensation for a boy's ruined life.

That is why we strongly commend the case of Frederick Barlow, son of the late Warden of the Kingsbury Rifle Ranges, as one deserving of the most sympathetic consideration by Lord Hailsham, the Secretary of State for War.

Money must be found in some way to relieve the distress of this tragic young man and his noble parents.

Lord Hailsham

"John Bull's" Great Offer to its Readers

IT is the pleasure of but a few to journey round this wonderful globe of ours, to see the world as it is to-day and visit its 2,000,000,000 inhabitants in their respective environments.

That is why this week's issue of JOHN BULL is of special interest to everyone.. For, in the special supplement in the centre pages of this issue JOHN BULL *offers the world* to you and every one of its readers. It invites you to accept the greatest book of its kind ever compiled—a work that portrays the world and its daily life as it actually is to-day.

Although this beautiful £1 1s. pictorial masterpiece of over 600 large pages is incomparably the greatest ever issued by JOHN BULL, it is offered to every reader on remarkable Presentation terms that make it practically a Free Gift. All that you send for the Ordinary Edition is 2s., and for the De Luxe Edition 3s., plus, in each case, 1s. to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc. This is inclusive of all delivery charges to your door.

Every one of the marvellous pictures of this astounding volume (and there are over 1,000 of them, all reproduced in rich photogravure from actual photographs) is a story in itself.

What revelations of human endeavour and achievement, what humour and tragedy here pass before your eyes! One moment you get an amusing glimpse of the tattooed moustaches of the women of Ainu in Northern Japan, and the next you are gazing with awe at the terrifying tornadoes of South America.

And so you go, with this great book, all over the world, on the most enchanting and instructive voyage of discovery ever opened up pictorially to man.

JOHN BULL not only wishes every reader to receive a copy at once, but urges them to do so. For this is a work they simply must not miss—a masterpiece specially planned by JOHN BULL to bring into the homes of its readers a fascinating pictorial record of the world and its doings that would otherwise never come within their reach.

Turn now to the special supplement. *The Story of the World in Pictures*—a mighty work lavishly illustrated by over 1,000 unforgettable photographs—is yours for the asking.

TRAINS WITHOUT WHEELS

Trains which can leave the track and career along the road—trains blown along by air at more than 100 m.p.h.—trains that hang from an overhead rail—monster trains that run without wheels—these are not grotesque imaginings, but ghost trains of the coming railway revolution. They already exist.

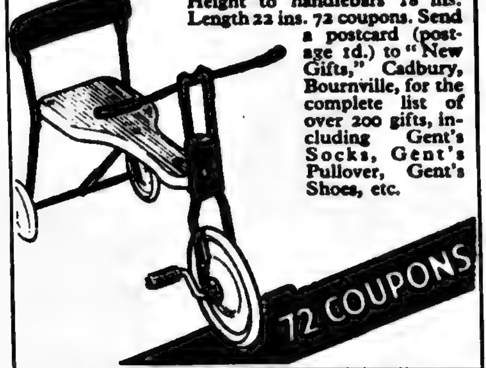
These world-wide experiments in transport are described by H. Kingsley Long, with remarkable illustrations, in a fascinating article in *The Passing Show*, out on Friday, January 26.

FREE GIFTS for everybody

FOR COUPONS FROM BOURNVILLE COCOA

IT'S STRONG . . . IT'S SAFE

It's surprising how quickly little people can master this Pedal Car. It's strong and it's *safe*. It has a metal frame with back rest and a wooden seat. The handlebars are enamelled and have rubber grips. The wheels are rubber tyred. Height to handlebars 18 ins. Length 22 ins. 72 coupons. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 gifts, including Gent's Socks, Gent's Pullover, Gent's Shoes, etc.



The HIT of the Season!

All the latest song and dance hits on Edison Bell "Winner" Gramophone records! One 10 in. record for 15 Bournville coupons. Ask Cadburys for the latest list of records when you send your postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete booklet showing over 200 Gifts, including Tennis Rackets, Ties, Art. Silk Stockings, etc., etc.

HOW DELICIOUSLY CREAMY!

Of course you can taste the cream in Cadburys Milk Chocolate! There's a glass and a half of rich, full-cream dairy milk in every ½ lb. block. Send 13 Bournville Cocoa coupons and you will receive a ½ lb. block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate and a ½ lb. block of Cadburys Nut Milk Chocolate. A postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, brings the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Table Forks, Aluminium Saucepans, Art. Silk Stockings, etc., etc.

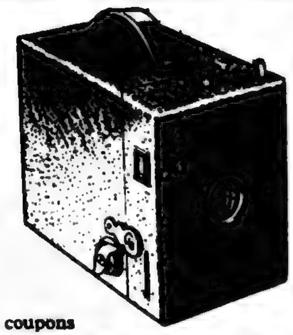
CADBURYS
DAIRY MILK
CHOCOLATE

13 COUPONS

DO YOU PLAY DETECTIVES ?

Hands up! You've caught your man—caught him in the bright beam of your Electric Torch. "Detectives" is a great game. 14 coupons from Bournville Cocoa will bring you this fine British-made Electric Torch, complete with battery and bulb all ready to flash on. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts including the latest Gramophone Records, etc., etc.

A Camera for the Summer



Start saving your coupons now and get a good camera for next summer. This "Hawk-Eye" Camera is yours for 91 coupons. It has a time and instantaneous shutter, two view finders and a portrait attachment. It takes brilliant pictures on Kodak film, size 3¼ x 2¼. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 gifts, including Ladies' and Gent's Pyjamas, Art. Silk Stockings, Gloves, etc., etc.

91 COUPONS

IT'S SMART!

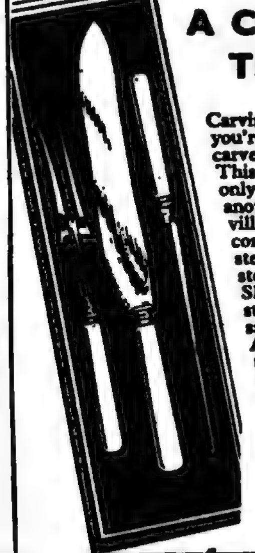
A fully-cut and well-fashioned shirt, with two collars to match, for only 58 Bournville Cocoa coupons! This is a fine quality cotton shirt in attractive blue or brown stripes. Collar sizes 13½ to 17. State whether you prefer broad or fine stripe, and give size and colour when sending coupons. A postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, brings the complete list of over 200 gifts, including Art. Silk Stockings, Ladies' and Gents' Pyjamas, etc., etc.

Here is another practical Bournville Cocoa gift—a "Valet" razor set. This set consists of an up-to-date model "Valet" safety razor complete with strop and blade. It will be sent to you in return for 27 Bournville Cocoa coupons. A postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, brings a copy of the New Gift Book, containing over 200 fine gifts, including toys and games, wearing apparel, household utensils, etc.

27 COUPONS

VALET
"Shave Sir?"

A CUT OFF THE JOINT!

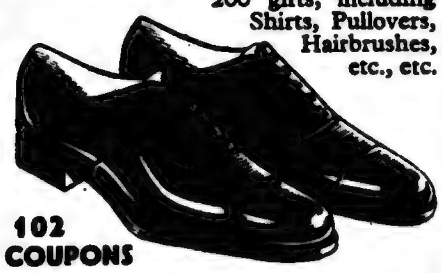


Carving the joint is easy when you're using such fine meat carvers as those shown here. This carving-set is yours for only 79 coupons. It's another of those fine Bournville Cocoa gifts! The set contains a steel, a stainless steel knife, and a forged steel fork—all made in Sheffield, where the best steel comes from. Start saving your coupons now! A postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, brings the complete list of over 200 gifts, including Dinner Services, Household Scales, etc.

79 COUPONS

MEN'S LEATHER SHOES

Would you like a pair of well-cut leather shoes? They are available in all sizes, and you can soon be wearing a pair if you save up the Bournville Cocoa coupons. 102 coupons are required for a pair of black shoes. Or if you prefer brown, send 105 coupons. A postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, brings the complete list of over 200 gifts, including Shirts, Pullovers, Hairbrushes, etc., etc.



102 COUPONS

Build this Clockwork Car YOURSELF

You build this clockwork car yourself. You are the engineer. You fix the wheels, you fix the body, you fix the clockwork motor. It's all so simple, but when built it's a perfect mechanical toy. And only 32 coupons! Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Gent's Shoes, Gent's twill Sports Shirts, etc.

UBILDA SALOON
32 COUPONS

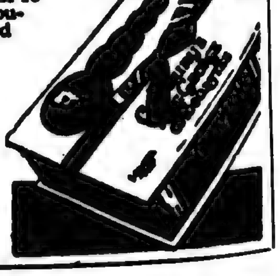
Off you go!

Ask father what he thinks of the specification of this Scooter. Soundly constructed of metal throughout: Rubber tyred disc wheels: Corrugated footplate: Front detachable for easy carriage: Height 28 ins. Length 23½ ins. 40 coupons and off you go on it! Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Toy Mangle, Set of Child's Writing Materials, etc., etc.

40 COUPONS

EVERYBODY WILL SAY YES PLEASE!

Nobody is likely to say "No, thanks," when you hand round this ½-lb. box of Cadburys famous King George Chocolates. There are delicious and surprising varieties to be found in this handsome box of assorted chocolates. And you can obtain this fine gift for 18 Bournville Cocoa coupons. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Flannel Trousers, Ladies' Raincoats, Art. Silk Stockings, etc., etc.



18 COUPONS

BOURNVILLE COCOA

NOW 5½D. PER ¼ LB. TIN

MADE BY CADBURY IN THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

Weekly Informations from Major-General SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Beauty Clubs TRAP *for* WOMEN

THE boom in beauty culture has afforded an opportunity for the operation of an amazing racket in which hairdressers, unemployed men, and numberless women have been victimised.

One organisation behind this new ramp is known as Maude's Provincial Hairdressing Clubs, with headquarters in London Road, Southampton: the registered proprietor of which is a certain Mr. Wilfrid Fuller-Foord.

An investigation my department has concluded, following complaints received from readers, reveals that the activities of this individual extend to Portsmouth, Southsea, Brighton, Bognor, Bournemouth, Salisbury and Taunton.

The scheme opens with a canvassing campaign, in which women and girls are invited to join a club for the purpose of being introduced to hairdressers trading in their locality from whom they can obtain special terms.

In Weymouth, not so long ago, Fuller-Foord called on an established tradesman, and presenting his card, arranged terms upon which this man should do work for club members.

Following this, several men and women were at once engaged to secure some scores of clients for permanent waves.

But, strange to say, only twelve customers were sent to the hairdresser whose good name was used.

Then came the surprising discovery that Fuller-Foord was diverting clients to a rival establishment which he had secretly opened in a street less than half a mile distant!

Premium—no fees!

Meanwhile, he advertised for a manager for this branch of his precious "club," and secured a Southampton man, who paid a premium of £50 for the privilege.

To-day the Weymouth hairdresser is endeavouring to enforce payment for his services in performing twelve permanent waves on club members, and Fuller-Foord's manager, his wages in arrears, is unemployed and seeking to recover his £50.

I find these are only two of many disillusioned dupes.

Another is a man who runs a well-organised hairdressing business with two branches in Southampton.

Fuller-Foord presented a form of contract to this trader, according to which he was to do permanent waving and other hairdressing for club members on special terms.

It was agreed that while he charged ordinary cash prices for the services he rendered, Maude's Provincial Hairdressing Club should receive a commission of 17½ per cent.

Having attended to the requirements of no fewer than eighteen girls and women who were sent to him, this hairdresser has been obliged to wait for his money, and a considerable portion is still not forthcoming.

Women deceived

Other complaints come from women who, having subscribed to membership of Maude's Provincial Hairdressing Clubs, are now demanding that their deposits should be returned.

They have been put off with excuses, though the hairdressers to whom they have been referred cannot undertake the work.

Another Southampton hairdresser with whom Fuller-Foord entered into a similar contract, protests that while he has carried out several commissions, he has failed to secure payments.

A number of his regular customers, who were induced to join, have demanded that their subscriptions should be returned, but so far they have received only promises.

A third hairdresser who attended club clients on the understanding that he would be paid at the end of each week, was asked to furnish a reference for Fuller-Foord.

The latter boasted that he was forming a limited company, a statement which was in due course supported by the submission of a cheque in payment of part of the amount owing.

Although the cheque was at first returned from the bank, it was later re-presented and met, and on the strength of this the trader did permanent waving for additional customers.

But his confidence, thus renewed, was soon shattered when a second cheque definitely was dishonoured.

One of the many people now clamouring for their money is a naval pensioner, a married man with a wife and family, whom Fuller-Foord interviewed at a beauty shop in Marmion Road, Southsea.

This man answered an advertisement which offered a post as collector-manager for Maude's Provincial Hairdressing Clubs.

He was induced to enter into an agreement with Fuller-Foord to work in the capacity mentioned at the Southampton branch. His salary was to be £2 a week plus 1s. in the £ commission plus 2s. each on all orders he secured.

Fuller-Foord relieved the naval pensioner of the hard-won sum of £25 as an alternative to a fidelity bond; but though takings amounting to £6 or £7 weekly were handled by this investor, he was repeatedly paid less than the promised wage, and no commission at all.

One week the ex-naval man's salary was 5s. short. The following week he was 15s. short. At the end of a third week the deficit was 17s.

With other managers engaged upon similar terms, he is now demanding the return of his savings. He has the sympathy of a hairdresser who, in addition to those already named, is owed nearly £40.

The woman is delighted to have her hair waved; the hairdresser is delighted to do it—but Mr. Fuller-Foord is most delighted of all . . .

It is within my knowledge that Fuller-Foord has relieved men he engaged as collector-managers for the various branches of his ill-founded "club" of several hundred pounds.

Yet another victim of this ramp is an ex-police officer named Mr. George Griffiths, of Southampton, who answered an advertisement in a local newspaper some months ago.

He is a married man with seven children, and he was promised a wage of £2 a week plus 1s. in the £ on all fees he collected from new members of Maude's Provincial Hairdressing Clubs.

Still going on

At various times during the weeks he was employed by Fuller-Foord's organisation he was paid sums of 7s. 6d., 12s. 6d. and £1; but he has never received his full wages.

And I learn of other tradesmen who complain that payments are long overdue.

Meanwhile, there are numerous women members of Maude's Provincial Hairdressing Clubs who have paid subscriptions but are now in a quandary because hairdressers collectively have declined to patronise the organisation further.

The whole scheme has proved ill-conceived and disastrous to everyone concerned, and the sooner it is wound up the better.

DISMISSED WARDER MYSTERY

WHAT mystery lies behind the dismissal from Wandsworth Jail of Warder Aubrey Honey, now residing at 302, Trinity Road, London?

Approaching middle-age, with a long record of faithful service behind him, Honey had been looking forward to a day this month, when with thirteen years in jailer's uniform to his credit, he would have become entitled to a moderate pension.

A soldier in his younger days, Honey went to the Boer War with the King's Dragoon Guards, and later served with the South African Forces in the suppression of a native revolt.

* * *

Employed out there when the Great War broke out, he helped to capture the rebel commander De Wet, at Waterburg, in 1914; then he served in German West Africa, and then in Flanders until he was wounded and discharged.

Entering the prison service in 1920, he served his first twelve months or so in a Borstal institution, and was transferred to Wandsworth twelve years ago.

In this latter establishment he maintained an unbroken record of duty until July last year, when he was suddenly removed and awarded "special leave."

He was informed that in consequence of reports having been received from prisoners, he must await further instructions.

* * *

He received no hint as to the precise nature of the allegations made against him until in due course he appeared before a board of enquiry over which the Commissioner of Prisons presided in person.

Honey was then confronted for the first time with copies of certain letters alleged to have been sent to him by the woman friend of a prisoner under sentence in the jail.

The woman who gave evidence admitted that she had never seen Honey, and had never received a single letter from him. But she said she had sent certain communications and a postal order three months previously.

Her story was that she had learned of Warder Honey's name and address in a letter received from a man undergoing his sentence within the jail.

The charges brought against this warder with twelve years' honourable service were based entirely upon the evidence of certain prisoners and their friends.

Poor evidence surely on which to damn a man's character and deprive him of the small pension and gratuity that were his due.

* * *

Sir Henry Jackson, M.P., who has made an appeal on Honey's behalf, has been informed that he was dismissed, not because he had committed an offence, but because he was found guilty of a breach of regulations.

Honey strenuously denies that he has ever received a letter of an improper character. He is entitled, at any rate, to know what that supposed breach of regulations may have been.

Dismissed in his fifty-fifth year. And all on the evidence cited!

GRAFT: "John Bull's'

IS GREAT BRITAIN, *far more than is generally suspected, in the grip of graft?*

Is municipal life being contaminated by various forms of corruption in a way that suggests American racketeering?

These questions are not our questions. They are formulated in letters which have reached us over a long period from readers in all parts of the country.

So evident has it become that certain abuses of office and innumerable irregularities are being practised on a widespread scale, that we recently decided to send a Special Commissioner on an independent tour of investigation.

His enquiries led him as far north as Scotland; to points on the East Coast ranging between Northumberland and Kent; to Somerset in the west, and to many towns on the South Coast.

In all quarters he encountered evidence of municipal scandals of varying gravity, and we give below the first of an exclusive series of articles based upon his actual first-hand investigations of such scandals.

The Amazing Story of the Alderman and £65,000

WHEN I set out on my special commission to investigate municipal scandals in this country to-day I was aware that I should encounter certain difficulties, for complaints from readers which I had already examined revealed a natural tendency on the part of local authorities to hush up any scandal reflecting upon their own administration.

Some cases on which I had been asked to report had already been the subject of local enquiry, and damning facts had come to light only to be speedily smothered and quietly laid to rest again.

Seven years after . .

Small wonder that graft thrives in such an atmosphere: like a fungus, it flourishes best in the dark; and it can be just as noisome.

As far back as 1923 a Royal Commission was set up to enquire into local government problems. It had the widest possible powers and its members were provided with all facilities for probing evils of graft to the bottom.

This Commission sat for seven years.

Several of its distinguished members died during its protracted but impotent existence, and after spending something like £12,000 of the taxpayers' money, it had done nothing beyond producing perhaps a dozen voluminous reports, crammed with interesting statistics, but leading nowhere.

In other words, although established to discover the truth about graft and kindred evils, it finally faded out of existence with one recommendation—that a departmental committee should be set up to deal separately with any allegations directly or indirectly affecting the honesty or impartiality of decent public life!

So, after a further delay, a departmental committee was set up on the lines suggested in 1930. Now, at the beginning of 1934, the public is still completely in the dark.

The committee, I understand, is preparing its report, but the only official announcement made is that it hopes to publish its findings "at an early date."

In plain words, this means that successive Governments have dallied for eleven years with a very vital national problem, concerning which the public is still being kept in ignorance.

Pigeon-holed

Even when the committee's belated report is eventually published there will, of course, be no guarantee that its recommendations will be acted upon.

We have seen many costly Government Commissions and have perused many bulky reports; but these documents, produced at so much expense and with so much labour, have a way of disappearing into pigeon-holes to be forgotten for evermore.

Will the committee's report, I wonder, contain any mention of an astounding scandal which has arisen during the past twelve months in the Isle of Ely?

This was one of the cases which first claimed my attention, because it had been the subject of numerous letters which had reached this office from readers of JOHN BULL, imploring us to intervene in what they considered to be a scandal of far-reaching importance.

Ugly rumours had been current for some time concerning certain local contracts affecting the three towns of Peterborough, March, and Ely. At first these rumours had been discounted locally, but had grown so persistent that there had been a demand for an enquiry.

Hushed up

In December, 1932, an official investigation was actually commenced, but to-day the whole sorry affair is still as far from being thrashed out as ever; and, so far as the general public is concerned, a scandal of surprising magnitude has been effectively hushed up.

What are the facts?

The central figure of the rumours to which I have referred was Alderman H. A. Whittome, then chairman of the Isle of Ely Highways and Bridges Committee, the statutory body responsible for the construction of all local highways, roads, and bridges, over an area embracing five hundred and eighty miles of thoroughfares.

He is a world traveller of wide experience, and his record of public service won him much esteem. He was greatly in demand as a patron of public functions. He is, too, a keen supporter of aviation.

Last summer he travelled six thousand miles by air, and spent seven weeks in America and Canada. His itinerary took him to New York, Baltimore, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Hollywood, Sacramento, Mexico, and, amongst numerous other places, the Grand Canyon.

Columns of printed matter were devoted upon his return to the progress of his tour, and to his impressions of the various cities he visited.

Tied hands

Yet it was alleged against him that there had been considerable scandal with regard to the construction of a road running through three parts of an estate he owned privately.

Now the powers of the investigating committee were naturally very restricted. They could only examine witnesses who were willing to give evidence and had no power to call for books or documents from private concerns whose names arose as enquiries proceeded.

Even so, they made amazing strides and soon discovered some very disquieting facts. So delicate did the situation become, indeed, that, at the first meeting of the Highways and Bridges Committee, a resolution was passed actually banning their chairman, Alderman Whittome, from taking office.

At several subsequent meetings the Alderman had likewise to leave the chair while the grave allegations against him and other officials were being probed.

Though I find that the committee did eventually prepare a report, no one outside the Isle of Ely Council Chamber can gain access to it.

Speculation as to its exact contents has naturally been rife, but there need be no speculation at all about the facts which I am here able to reveal.

A change

As the chairman of the Highways and Bridges Committee at that time, it is clear that Alderman Whittome should never have had any connection, directly or indirectly, with concerns participating in the financial proceeds of contracts given out by the Isle of Ely Council and relating to work carried out for the department of which he was the head.

But what do we find? At Somerset House there is registered a limited liability company called the Whittlesey Gravel Co., Ltd. It came into being in May, 1928, with a nominal capital of £2,000.

Alderman H. A. Whittome was a director of this concern and held the majority of its shares.

In February, 1930, there was a remarkable change in the directorate. Alderman Whittome resigned and all his shares were transferred to his son, Kenneth, who, with another son, remained as director.

The date of this change is of interest. Just prior to that time the Isle of Ely County Council had taken over certain land, part of which belonged to Alderman Whittome, for a big road development scheme.

He knew

The Highways and Bridges Committee, with Alderman Whittome as chairman, had naturally to deal with the plans of construction, tenders, and purchase of building materials.

The contract for the supply of all the gravel and cement was given to the Whittlesey Gravel Co., Ltd.

In other words, Alderman Whittome, as chairman of the Highways and Bridges Committee on the one hand, knew that the chief contract for gravel had gone to the

s' Nation-Wide Exposure

The Cathedral at Peterborough—one of the three towns in which ugly rumours have been current

H. A. Whittome, magistrate, lderman, farmer, builder and hairman of the Highways nd Bridges Committee for he Isle of Ely County Council

by Our Special Investigator

company of which he was an original director and biggest shareholder, and which was now being run by his two sons.

Nor is that all. The gravel and other materials supplied in these circumstances were being used by council workmen, all under the direction of the Highways and Bridges Committee, on the construction of a road running through property which belonged personally to Alderman Whittome.

Correct

Could anything be more open to criticism?

This much, however, must be made clear. The Alderman always refrained from attending those meetings at which tenders for material were accepted.

But while he thus observed a scrupulous regard for correct legal procedure, the whole position is one that everyone will agree should never be possible if municipal administration is to remain above suspicion.

But my revelations do not end there.

Part of the road to which I have referred, and upon which work had been started, was not included in the original schedule, and had not, indeed, been taken over by the local authority.

The only sanction given for this came from Alderman Whittome and the late county surveyor, Mr. T. W. Perkins, in a series of letters they took upon themselves to write without the approval or knowledge of the Council.

In other words, they acted entirely upon their own authority, and it is not surprising that they were severely criticised for so doing.

When the enquiry was proceeding several council employees were questioned about certain undesirable occurrences that were stated to have taken place with Mr. Whittome's consent.

Some at first demurred, for though desirous of helping an investigation, they were naturally afraid that their own positions might be jeopardised by their evidence. Not until they had been promised that, whatever transpired, they would not be penalised in any way, did they speak out freely, and some amazing facts emerged.

Presented by—?

It is significant that soon afterwards it was decided that stringent revision was necessary "in regard to the weighing out of materials bought by or belonging to the council," and "that much more attention should in future be paid to the manner in which materials were dealt with after tenders had been accepted by the council."

This means in plain words that in the Highways and Bridges Department quotations for the purchase of material had been actually revised after being passed by the council.

It also implies that there was such a lack of weighing machines at the various depots and pits for materials required in road construction that there was no real check on how much was taken.

Such a state of affairs was, of course, intolerable.

Another scandal involves certain officials of the Highways and Bridges Committee, including three divisional surveyors, who had been in the habit of accepting monetary presents from a company supplying materials to the council.

Dismissed workers

That company, in this instance, too, was the Whittlesey Gravel Co., Ltd. And the officials who took the gratuities were employed under him in his capacity as chairman of the Highways and Bridges Committee!

All that has so far happened in the way of official action is that a number of minor employees have been dismissed, while the divisional surveyors concerned have simply been censured.

Surely the whole of the facts should have been thrashed out in public before an impartial tribunal, the leader of which should have been a lawyer with powers to call for every document he wanted and to secure the attendance of every witness he deemed it advisable to cross-examine?

That the various contracts under discussion proved a very profitable source of revenue to the Whittlesey Gravel Co., Ltd., will be apparent when I say that *it was subsequently revealed during the enquiry that it received no less than £65,000 in payment for materials supplied to the Council for work recommended by that Committee.*

When these facts came before the notice of the local authorities one section of opinion strongly held that the whole matter should be thoroughly investigated and dealt with; the other, taking into consideration the Alderman's past public services, took the view that it would be better to consider the unsavoury episode as being closed.

The alternative

In the end, a compromise was reached, involving the complete reorganisation of the Highways and Bridges Committee, and the removal of Mr. Whittome from any future service as chairman.

"The matter is much more urgent than our friendship with Mr. Whittome," one councillor, a lawyer, has had the courage to say. "It is a question of clean or corrupt local government."

An attempt has been made to urge the Minister of Transport to hold a public enquiry, but, unfortunately, the Act under which a Minister is empowered to intervene in such cases has been found too limited in its scope.

Recently, the local authorities adopted the unpublished report of their private investigations committee "as read."

So, with a few speeches, intimating that a very sorry episode in their municipal life had come to an end, the Council contented itself with a pious expression of hope that it would not have to refer to the scandal again.

The public therefore knows nothing officially of the evils which have been going on in their midst and, instead of all suspicion being swept away, as it might have been had a full enquiry been held, rumours are more rife than ever.

Legacy of distrust

Meanwhile, in closing the matter with a vague and meaningless resolution, the authorities have laid themselves open to stringent criticism.

"It will go down to history," one official declares, "as the most preposterous and ridiculous ever adopted by a Council . . . in the estimation of people outside it will lower the prestige and dignity of the Council. . . . I am sorry to have to say that in one camp there is a kind of jubilation, and in the other a feeling of bewilderment as to what clean public life should be."

This legacy of distrust and unrest has been handed down to new officials, who, however determined they may be to ensure that there shall be no repetition of such evils in future, can hardly be expected to probe back into the affairs of their predecessors.

It seems, therefore, that this case is effectively buried, and I have no hesitation in describing it as one of the worst examples of municipal scandal John Bull has ever had to record.

Next week I shall deal with a municipal scandal of a somewhat different nature, affecting a famous holiday resort.

"The weather can't hurt me"

These treacherous chilly mornings nothing can take the place of a hot *cooked* cereal for breakfast, the most important meal of the day.

Let a dish of delicious hot Quaker Oats fortify you against chills and ills.

Cold breakfast foods and warm milk will not keep out cold and put health and energy in, like freshly cooked Quaker Oats — served hot.

Most economical, too—the large packet of Quaker Oats costing only 8½d. gives 40 nourishing helpings.

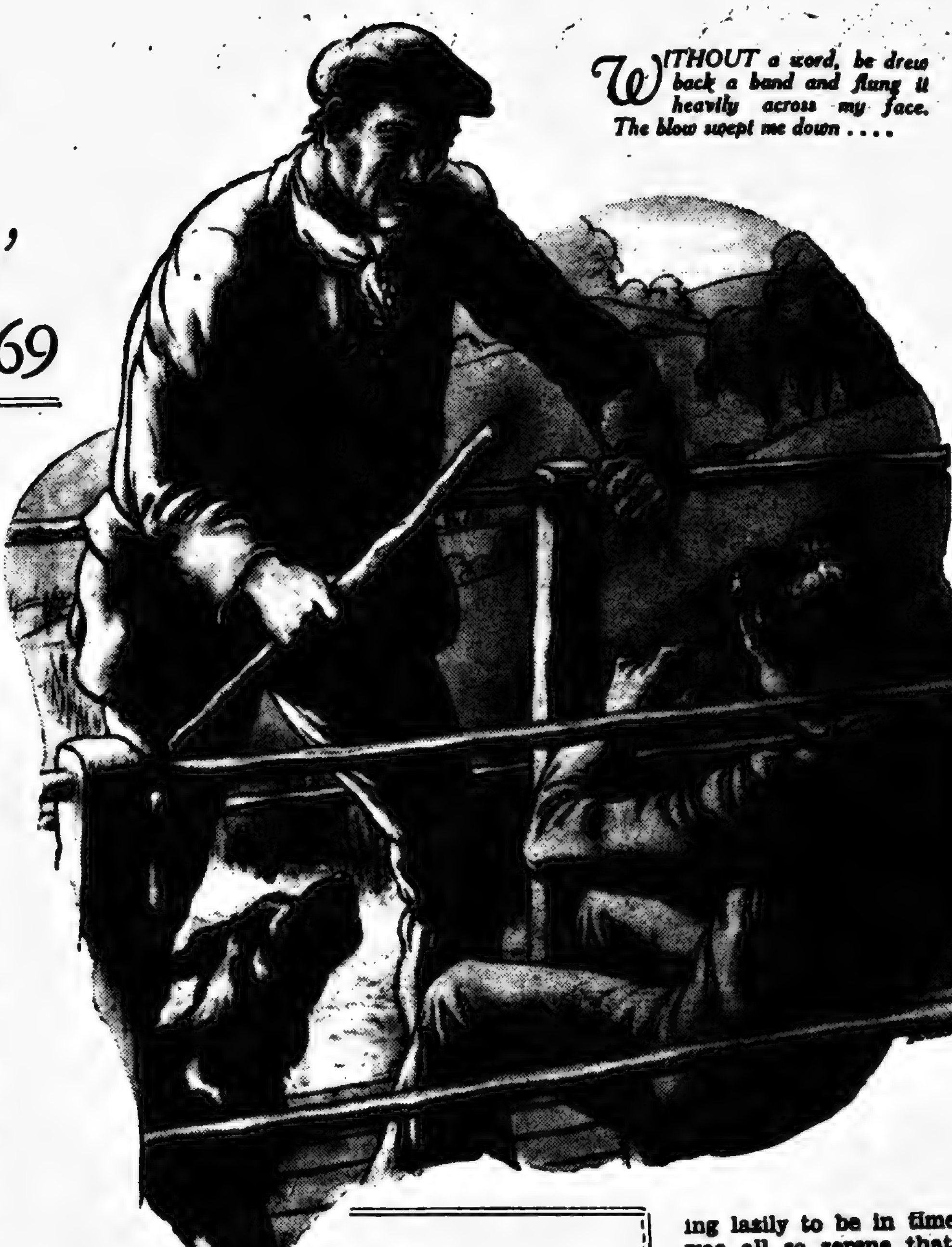
Quick Quaker, especially made for quick cooking, is the no-trouble breakfast—ready in 3 or 4 minutes.

Housewives everywhere know—there's nothing so good so cheap—nothing so cheap so good as a hot Quaker Oats breakfast.

Quick Quaker

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick Quaker
MADE IN CANADA
Quaker Oats Ltd., London 156

"JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories—69



WITHOUT a word, he drew back a hand and flung it heavily across my face. The blow swept me down . . . .

The DOG that RAN AWAY

IT all happened—not many years ago—when I was a youth of sixteen; when I had been only a few days in this little village which is now my home.

My father, after a period of service in India, had finished with soldiering and had brought mother home to this village, to live in a pleasant, roomy cottage with its pleasant, roomier garden.

I, who in my parents' absence abroad had lived with my uncle in the town thirty miles away, was now to rejoin them and spend the rest of the summer with them before starting out on my first job.

It was in the height of summer when Faun and I first saw the village and the cottage; father and mother had met us at the station in their bright new baby car. . . .

Then followed a joyous week in perfect weather; every day my father and I—sometimes mother, too—would set out to explore this lovely countryside.

And Faun came everywhere with us, enjoying every minute of it. (Faun was the dog my uncle had given me two years before; she was—well, black-haired and something like a retriever and a very great pal of mine.)

MY father was full of yarns of the countries in which he had seen service, and they overflowed into my willing ears as we tramped along together.

Yet you could see that he had always been longing to get back here; he'd suddenly stop dead, now and then, and stand with his feet wide apart and take in huge gulps of air as if it were something precious that might escape if he did not make the most of it!

We had long and interesting talks, too, he and I, discussing my future and planning all sorts of adventures together. . . .

But early in the second week of our reunion my father had to pay a short visit to London, and so it was that after tea-time on the first day of his absence I decided to set out alone with Faun to explore in a new direction.

We had walked nearly two miles before we discovered the valley. . . .

These downlands were always full of delightful surprises, but none that I had yet experienced was so wonderful as this; the valley was all that a valley should be—completely enclosed by low hills, so that in it you had the feeling of being alone in a kingdom of your own—especially if you were sixteen.

There was corn, golden-green, and fresh meadows and trees hunched together, and, away beyond, the glint of water. In the very centre of the valley was a lone elm.

We had stopped at the top of the hill and looked at it all. I found a path thin-winding down towards the elm, and we followed it.

The descent was somehow exhilarating, and, suddenly, I found myself running, tearing down the path that cut through corn and meadow, Faun racing alongside, then in front, now wheeling to dodge back behind me and to scamper on ahead again.

I was gasping for breath by the time I had reached the elm, and my heart was beating wildly—for the track had proved to be much longer than it had appeared to be up there.

I sprawled on my back under the tree and drew in deep breaths and stared up at the sky.

There were a few languid clouds drifting lazily to be in time for sunset. It was all so serene that I felt rebuked for my heaving chest.

I got up and looked around, and Faun squirmed to her feet, too, and flopped out her tongue and grinned.

"Isn't it wonderful?" I remember asking her. Was there wonder in a tail's wag?

Soon we moved away from the elm to find the stream we'd seen glinting up there—there it was, and an iron bridge with handrails across it.

Faun smelled the clear water and tempted her forepaws into the stream's edge while I leant over the bridge and watched the minnows flickering underneath and the reflections of the straggling willows. A few tired leaves had fallen on to the water and were borne gently along; you could watch their placid progress till they reached the bend in the stream.

IT was such a fascinating stream that we stayed there for almost an hour, and the sun set and dusk began to come.

It was very still there.

Until the man came.

He was not fifty yards away when I first noticed him. He was walking strangely, drunkenly. He *was* drunk, I could see as he reeled closer, and his face was somehow both vicious and vacant-looking. He carried a heavy ash stick under one arm.

As he came abreast I pressed close to the bridge's rail. Yet the man stumbled into me, misbalanced and fell full length.

Horribly frightened, I managed to say "Oh! Sorry!" But I couldn't move.

He hadn't seemed to see me till I spoke.

He was a long time getting to his feet, and he steadied himself with a hand on the rail and thrust his face close to mine.

His eyes were very red.

Then, suddenly, without a word, he drew back a hand and flung it heavily across my face. The blow swept me

(Continued on page 26)

Look at your fingers ... and think of your throat

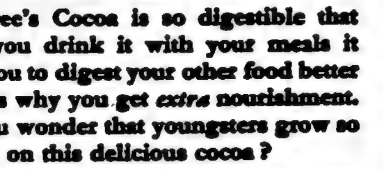
DU MAURIER
DU MAURIER CIGARETTES

Tobacco tar is the culprit — dark brown, hot, intensely irritant. See what it does to your fingers — *and think what it does to your throat.* The filter tip of a du Maurier traps tobacco tar. You taste the fragrance and flavour unblemished. A smoke that is cooler for being purer — smoother, milder and better for being clean.

6 D TEN

The Cigarette with THE FILTER TIP

du MAURIER



CHANGING TO ROWNTREE'S HAS MADE A DIFFERENT CHILD OF CHARLIE

"THOUGHT HE'D NEVER BE STRONG"

says Mrs. WATKINS, Fire Station, Vauxhall, London

"Charlie was underweight—I thought he'd *never* be strong. One day the doctor said—'Digestive trouble is the matter. What do you give him to *drink?*' After that warning I changed him to Rowntree's Cocoa and he's been a different child ever since."

EXTRA NOURISHMENT FOR YOU

Rowntree's Cocoa is so digestible that when you drink it with your meals it helps you to digest your other food better—that's why you get *extra* nourishment. Can you wonder that youngsters grow so healthy on this delicious cocoa?

It's by far the most economical cocoa too—only half a teaspoonful makes each tempting cupful.

FREE GIFTS—Coupons for wide variety of magnificent free gifts in every tin. Write to Rowntree & Co. Ltd., York, for illustrated Booklet No. 5-RC.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

Now 5½d. per ¼-lb. tin

actually helps digestion

FOR DOCTORS ONLY

Dangers of Hydrochloric Acid

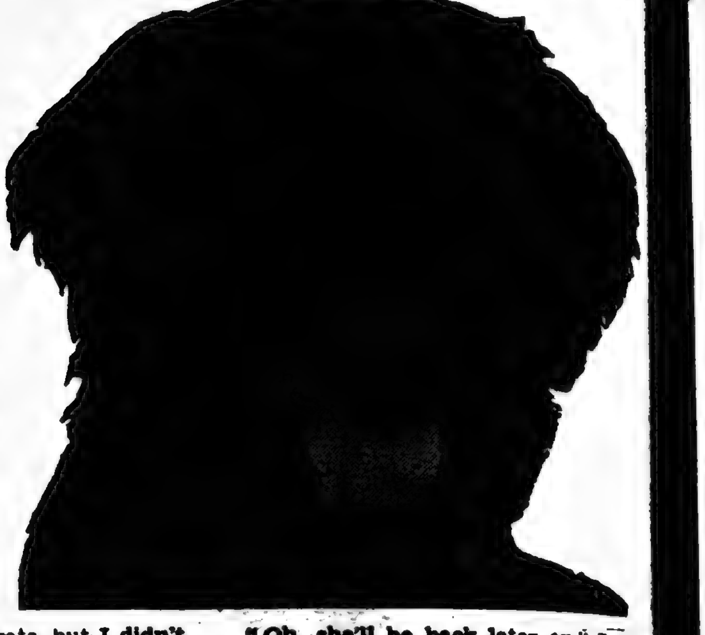
Too much "free" hydrochloric acid is a frequent cause of indigestion. Yet few people realize that certain of the everyday beverages cause an excessive flow of this dangerous acid in the stomach.

When a cup of Rowntree's Cocoa is drunk, it starts at once *helping* the digestion. Scientists have proved that Rowntree's Cocoa actually prevents this danger of over-acidity in the stomach. For this reason, it helps you to digest more thoroughly everything you eat with it—so that you extract *extra* nourishment. **And this cocoa is in itself a valuable and easily digested food.**

CO 3-4506

Continued from page 24

DEATH *in the* VALLEY



down and my head struck the iron framework as I fell.

I lay there too frightened to move. My head ached intolerably.

Then I heard Faun's sharp bark, and I managed to twist round. The man turned, too, and cursed and snatched up his stick and made for her.

Faun stopped barking, hesitated. Then she whimpered, and, as the man was almost on her, sidled and turned and—ran away. The dog had run away!

THE man went away, too, and after a while I got up. My mouth was bleeding and my head throbbed furiously.

Back home now. It was getting darker, chilly; the path out of the valley was never-ending. I heard Faun's pant. She sidled up uncertainly. But I took no notice. The dog had run away!

On the last two miles to the cottage I perfected the explanation I should give my mother for these cut lips—I couldn't tell her the truth; I felt curiously ashamed. Ashamed of Faun too.

* * *

In the morning my lips were swollen and there was still a nasty bump on the back of my head.

After breakfast Faun greeted me as if she had forgotten what had happened last night.

But I evaded her, went to the gate and squeezed out, latched it and walked away quickly.

I heard Faun's scratch at the wooden gate, but I didn't look back.

They told me in the village who the man had been—I described him as well as I could, and they identified him most surely by the ash stick which he always carried.

Of course, I kept my secret and enquired of him in what I imagined was a casual, disinterested tone.

He was a farm labourer, I learned, whose cottage lay just outside the valley, and, since he spent every evening at the inn on the other side, he invariably took the lower valley path at the end of the evening.

And, as often as not, he staggered, drink-sodden, back to his cottage—and never before the inn had closed. A bad lot, that man, they said. . . .

* * *

IT rained that afternoon and I sat in my own room at home and reflected rather bitterly. I was relieved, though, that my father had not yet returned; I felt that he would sense that there was something wrong and it would be difficult to evade his questionings. . . .

Faun was not in the cottage; apparently she had discovered a gap in the garden fence and had wriggled out.

At tea-time mother remarked that she had not seen her since before lunch—what had become of her?

"Oh, she'll be back later on," I said.

But she didn't come back that night, and I went miserably to bed—I had begun to feel afraid for her.

All next morning she was missing. Early in the afternoon I told mother I was going in search of her. Instinctively I walked off at once in the direction of the valley.

FROM the top of the hill I called out, but there was no movement down there or answering sound.

I almost turned back, but something made me go on down the winding path again, through the cornfield and the meadows to the elm and on to the bridge over the stream.

I leaned on the bridge and looked across at the willow clump. And then hurried over.

There was Faun, lying at the edge of the water—Faun's body. She was dead, and there was dry blood matting the hair on her head.

I knew that it was an ash stick that had killed her. . . .

* * *

And to-night there will be a man who takes the lonely valley path, but it will be dark and you will not notice the scar that runs across his throat, the scar which was, not many years ago, an ugly gash from a black dog's teeth.

"Greatest of These——"

His Only Chance

SIX-YEAR-OLD Dickie's father is a cripple, who supported himself by hawking until five years ago, when he broke his leg. He had a pony and cart, but the pony died, and, in any case, he was unable for a long period to get about owing to his bad leg. He can do so now only on a tricycle.

Dickie

Last November, Dickie's mother was in hospital for many weeks, after having given birth in September to her fourth boy, the eldest of whom is nine.

Dickie's dad looked after the children in his wife's absence, "but father is not mother," he said, feeling his incapacity to mother the boys. During this time, his only income amounted to 15s. a week. Consequently his rent fell behind, and now they are in danger of being turned out of the house.

Since his wife's return, he is allowed 25s. 6d. a week "Relief," on which he must keep himself, his wife, who is suffering from under-nourishment, and the four little boys.

A very real way to help this family, whose case is a perfectly genuine one, would be to enable Dickie's father to start on a good hawking round, which needs a small capital for a stock. He would then, in time, become self-supporting again.

This appears to be his only chance, as, handicapped by his deformity, he is not in the running for regular employment in these days, when many of the fit are unemployed. And that is why we ask our readers to send what they can spare earmarked "Dickie," to bring his dad good luck this year.

"Gloria's" father, for whom we appealed in our issue of December 23, in a letter of thanks for help received, says: 'The wife hasn't finished talking about the money and the kindness of the people who subscribed. We feel now that life is worth living after all."

Donations for "Dickie" and those for the fund generally should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of donations are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Homely Wisdom by
Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

THE VOICE

ON Christmas Day, I happened to be in Portugal, and was one of a small company of British people gathered round a wireless receiving set to listen to the message of King George, broadcast from London to the peoples of the British Empire.

Precisely at the hour announced the royal voice came through to us, clear, calm, and of quiet natural tone, every word as plainly enunciated and heard as if the speaker were standing by our side instead of many hundreds of miles away.

It was interesting to watch the reactions of the various members of the group of listeners to what was taking place. The dominant feeling expressed, I think, was one of solemnity mingled with pride at the realisation that we formed part of a multitude of many millions scattered all over the habitable globe, hearkening to the voice of our Sovereign at the same moment.

Here were we in a foreign land enabled by the miracle of the wireless wave to link up with British citizens everywhere in a common act of spiritual allegiance to that centre and symbol of our unity, the crown.

When we all stood for the National Anthem at the close of the King's speech there was not one of us unconscious of being deeply stirred by the occasion and all that the sound of that voice meant to us.

It has fairly frequently fallen to my lot to be away from my own country at Christmastide, but never yet have I lacked the companionship of persons of my own race and nationality. There are pockets of British people to be found in almost every inhabited area to which civilisation has penetrated, and even beyond.

No race, not even the Jews, has spread so far over land and sea as ours. It is our island destiny, and on the whole it has been for good.

It was in no spirit of bluster that Rudyard Kipling wrote:

Fair is our lot . . . O goodly is our heritage!
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth!)
For the Lord our God Most High
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the earth!

No one could doubt it who listened from abroad to the King's voice on Christmas Day. His is the only voice certain of a hearing from someone speaking the same tongue amid arctic snows or tropical heat, from farthest east to remotest west.

But there is another universal voice to which we are all compelled to listen at times. It is that inner voice which some call the voice of conscience and others the voice of God. We can disregard or silence it, but we cannot pretend never to have heard it.

It is a greater marvel than the wireless, for by obeying it men rise to the highest heights of manhood, and by trusting it in hours of darkness fight their way through to light and peace.

We can cheat ourselves into believing what we want to believe when we are selfishly bent on something that can only do harm to ourselves and others; but all the while the still small voice within our hearts continues to utter its warning and protest, and we cannot fail to hear it if we still the noise of our foolish and wicked desires.

When we are true to ourselves and determined to make the best of life we can be sure of hearing that voice in every hour of need. It is quite unmistakable, be appearances what they may; and every man hears it for himself as though it spoke to no other in the wide world. Be faithful in your response to it, and it will never lead you wrong.

The COUNTESS of WARWICK'S own beauty secret!

"I always use the same beauty treatment whether I am in London or in the country—*Pond's* two wonderful creams.

"Pond's Cold Cream I find very soothing and refreshing, and of course it's marvellous for getting all the dust and dirt out of the pores.

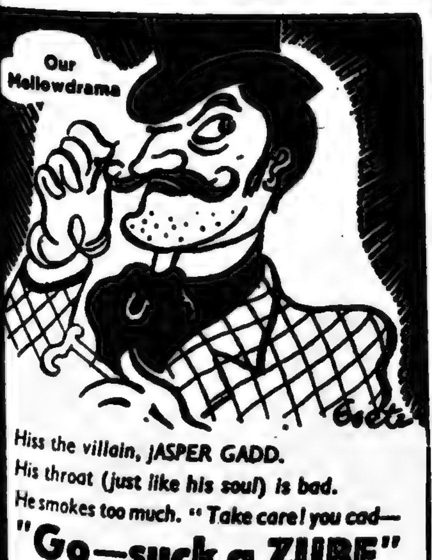
"Pond's Cleansing Tissues are the best way I know of removing superfluous cream. They are so exquisitely soft—and very absorbent. Of course, I always use Pond's Skin Freshener after removing Cold Cream. I find it especially stimulating and refreshing to the skin when I feel—and look!—tired.

"I regard Pond's Vanishing Cream as a sure protection against the ravages of sun, wind and overheated rooms. I apply it all over my face as I find it really keeps my skin from getting dry and coarse, heals roughness and, naturally, holds powder perfectly."

Rose Warwick

GUIDE YOUR SKIN TO BEAUTY WITH **POND'S TWO CREAMS**

PRICES FROM 6D.



Hiss the villain, JASPER GADD.
His throat (just like his soul) is bad.
He smokes too much. "Take care! you cad—
"Go—suck a ZUBE"

ZUBES

2½D. Per ounce

In Flat tins 3d. & 6d.

ZUBES WILL CLEAR YOUR THROAT & CHEST

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

WITHOUT PURGATIVES OR CALOMEL

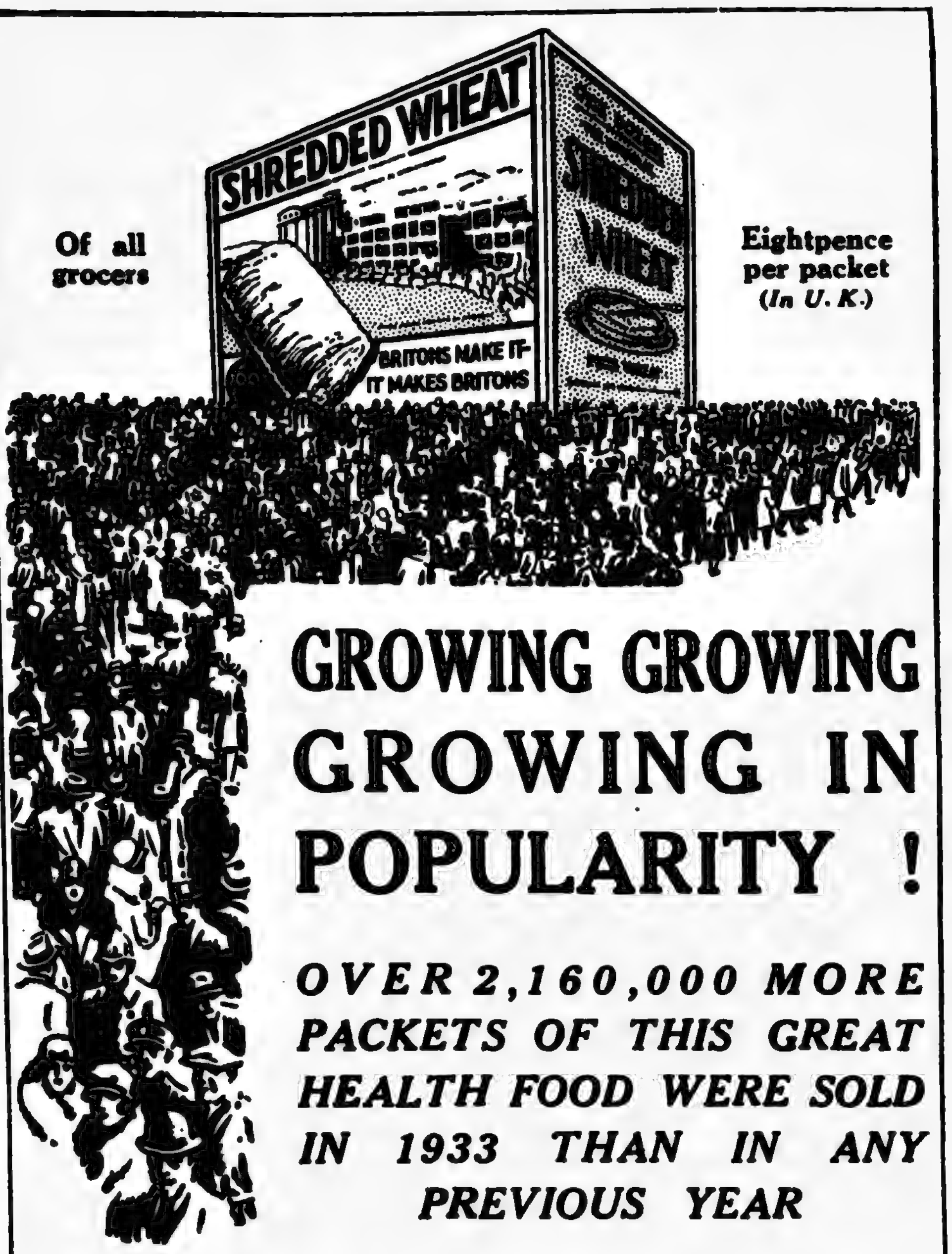
and you'll jump out of bed feeling you could push a bus over

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, liquid paraffin, fizzy drinks, palatable laxatives or harsh purgatives, and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels, and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason why you feel rotten is your liver. It should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel rotten. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those famous, sure-acting CARTERS BRAND LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely. But don't let them give you just any liver pills. Stand out for Carters Pills, the famous sure-health kind. Look for the name Carters on the package. At all Chemists 1/3 and 3/-.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BRITONS MAKE IT- IT MAKES BRITONS

Of all grocers

Eightpence per packet (*In U.K.*)

GROWING GROWING GROWING IN POPULARITY !

OVER 2,160,000 MORE PACKETS OF THIS GREAT HEALTH FOOD WERE SOLD IN 1933 THAN IN ANY PREVIOUS YEAR

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The Shredded Wheat Company therefore asks you and everyone to accept its heartiest thanks for your consistent support, and offers its best wishes for your health and happiness throughout the New Year.

SHREDDED WHEAT

BRITAIN'S BEST BREAKFAST

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO. LTD WELWYN GARDEN CITY HERTS. (Pratt's)

Muriel has hosts of friends
thanks to the
4 FOODS IN 1

I used to be too tired for dancing

or going out to parties

until Doctor suggested the 4 foods in 1

I've had a cup every night ever since

All the men I know say I'm a different girl

FRY'S MALTED MILK
COCOA WITH EGGS
7½D
BRITISH LIQUID MALT EXTRACT
PURE BRITISH MILK
BRITISH FARMHOUSE EGGS
FRY'S FAMOUS COCOA
Net weight ¼ lb
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MM405.13134

Should Relations WORK Together?

. . . ASKS PHILIP INMAN

The jealous sister "sees things" happening behind that door

DIFFICULTIES often arise when relations become associated in business affairs. Here is problem number one. It concerns two brothers.

"Three years ago my brother and I set up in partnership as newsagents and tobacconists, and from the beginning we have been fairly successful. My brother serves in the shop and I do the outside work, collect the papers from the station, supervise deliveries, go round to new houses for fresh customers, and so on. We started on equal terms and drew the same amount out of the business—this averaged about two pounds a week each.

"A year ago my brother married, and ever since he has been drawing far more than I have. I have tried to point out how unfair this is, but when I argue the matter with him he says that he can't keep a home on less, and that I am single and don't need so much.

"I didn't mind a great deal before, but now *I* have become engaged and should like to get married. And yet if I do so and take out the same as my brother, the business will not stand it. What course do you advise me to adopt?"

MY correspondent does not tell me if there is a written agreement between him and his brother.

If there is no such agreement in existence, I advise this young man to insist that his brother shall sit down quietly and face the facts. This is the line he should take—"We started the business together on equal terms, and I am entitled to an equal share of the profits."

First of all, that position must be made absolutely clear. Otherwise the brother might contend that his interest was the greater, arguing that he had put more time or more money into it and bringing forward his increased remuneration as a proof.

When that point has been settled, my correspondent must go on to the next one. "I am going to be married," he can say, "and I shall require the same amount as you are receiving."

This can only be managed in two ways. If, as my correspondent says, the business will not stand it, then his brother must take a little less than he has been in the habit of doing. Or they must devise some means of increasing their trade so that it will support the two of them comfortably.

If that brother will not agree to my correspondent's reasonable demands, there seems nothing left but for them to part company.

Should that step have to be taken, one of those two should agree to pay the other out. If he had not the liquid capital necessary, he could borrow on the premises or the stock and pay it back at the rate of so much a week. He would be able to do this because there would not be the same drain on the concern, and this would give the other a chance to set up in business elsewhere.

My next problem concerns a young man and his father. Here is his letter:

"I am a farmer's son, and I have had a few years of secondary school education. For the last two years I have been working quite happily at home on the farm. But I am anxious to join the police force, and, after making enquiries, I have discovered that I am eligible. What attracts me is the good salary, the chances of promotion, and the pension.

"But when I have mentioned these things to my father, he has flown into a temper, and he says that under no circumstances will he give his consent. He has even gone beyond that. He now tells me that if I join the force he will cut me out of his will and never allow me to come home again.

"If he kept his threat, I should, of course, feel it terribly, as I have a splendid mother and am fond of my home. His only objection seems to be that he would have retired from the farm years ago had he not wanted to keep things going for my brother and myself. What do you think I ought to do?"

MOST people, I think, would sympathise with this young man. After all, he has his own life to live, and if the police force has a genuine attraction for him, it seems a pity that he should not be allowed to follow his inclination. As he points out, the pay is sure, the prospects of promotion are good, and there is a pension at the end. That can't be said of farming.

Again, if that father has some objection to the police force, that is no reason why he should fly into a rage and make what are really stupid threats. His words would carry more weight with his son if he discussed the whole question in a friendly way. But, having said that, let me put one or two questions to my correspondent.

He has mentioned the advantages of joining the police force. Has he thought of the rigorous training and the hardships connected with it? Is he sure that he will not only like the life but be able to stand it? That may be one of the reasons his father is opposed to it. He, of course, knows his son better than I do.

Then, this young fellow does not say that he cannot get on with his father or his brother. On the contrary he tells me that he has been working quite *happily* at home for the last two years. I could understand him wanting to make a change if the work were distasteful.

And there is this further point, he knows farming—he does not know the police force. It would be rather galling if he went against his father's wishes and then in a little time found out he had made a mistake.

This young man makes another significant statement: "His father would have retired from the farm years ago had he not wanted to keep things going for his sons." That suggests that farming has been a paying proposition for him. And, on the face of it, there seems no reason why the son should not have the same success.

These are the pros and cons that this young man must weigh. If he is sure, without any doubt, that the police force is his right niche, then I think he would be justified in going ahead. But let him be *quite sure*.

My third problem concerns a girl and her sister-in-law. It arises in this way.

"I have been married seven years," says this girl, "and for the last two years my husband has been unemployed. Things were getting pretty desperate when my sister-in-law found me a position in the firm where she is employed.

"My obtaining work was a godsend to us, as it enabled us to continue our payments to the building society and so keep intact our little home. My work evidently pleased my employer, for after a few months he promoted me to be his private secretary. This, I fear, rather upset my sister-in-law, and made her jealous, for ever since that time her attitude towards me has changed.

"And that is not the worst. My husband seems to have altered, too, and the other night when I had it out with him, he told me the truth. It appears that my sister-in-law has suggested that I got promotion because I was 'carrying-on' with my boss. There is not a word of truth in it, as I think far too much of my husband and my home.

"Now what am I to do? I can't very well quarrel with my sister-in-law, because I might not have had a job at all but for her, yet I would rather give it up than have my home life ruined."

This girl, in my judgment, is an absolute brick. "I would rather give up my job," she says, "than have my home life ruined." There seems no reason why either of these things should happen.

Of course, if her husband should be lucky enough to find a position, that would be different. But until then, she might without any question keep up her present employment. But that, of course, depends upon her husband. He must be made to see quite clearly that there is no truth in the allegations.

"How can this be done?" asks my correspondent. "I can't very well drag my sister-in-law into the matter after she found me the job."

BUT why not? Gratitude does not demand that she should suffer in silence. The only thing to do with lies is to nail them down at once. And in fairness to herself, my correspondent should take this course.

Let her call a family conference consisting of her husband, her sister-in-law, and herself. It may lead to a little unpleasantness. But it seems the only possible way to settle the differences.

Face to face with the facts, the sister-in-law would have either to substantiate her charges or withdraw them.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Philip Inman, JOHN BULL'S "Human-ist," will gladly help you with your difficulties. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted on this page.

BANISHING STOMACH ILLS for over 20 years

The Stomach Remedy that does ALL the makers claim

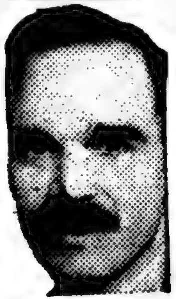
Doctors, nurses and countless thousands of former stomach sufferers would tell you that if there is one remedy you can rely upon to banish digestive troubles it is 'Bisurated' Magnesia.

It is the stomach remedy that does ALL the makers claim—from relieving flatulence and stomach pain to protecting an inflamed and ulcerated stomach until healing is complete and all danger past.

With such a trusty remedy to be had it is folly to put up with the intolerable agony of indigestion, for one dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia is usually sufficient to stop an acute attack of stomach pain in a few minutes. Simply take a teaspoonful of the powder, or 2 to 4 tablets, in a little water. The moment this soothing draught reaches the tortured stomach it begins to sweeten the sour, fermenting, undigested food. From an excessively acid state the contents of the stomach become as bland and soothing as milk to the sensitive stomach lining.

The pain quickly lessens and presently disappears. By following up the treatment after each meal, your harassed stomach will lose its tenderness, it will grow strong again until you can eat whatever you wish, and enjoy every meal without fear of wind and pain to follow.

GASTRITIS ENDED AFTER 29 YEARS


From a recent photo of Mr. Martin.

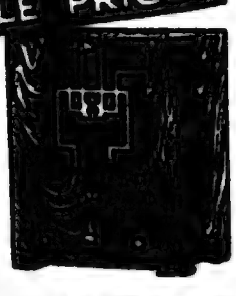
Mr. H. P. Martin, Corn & Seed Stores, High St., Kelvedon, Essex, writes:—"I have suffered with gastritis for the last 29 years and have had two operations and been in 5 hospitals . . . Seeing your advertisement for 'Bisurated' Magnesia I bought a bottle and am pleased to tell you I got free from pain almost at once. I can now eat my food without fear of pain and am better in health than I have been since I was 20 years of age." This is one of countless cases in which 'Bisurated' Magnesia has proved its curative power.

When you buy 'Bisurated' Magnesia you are not speculating on an uncertainty, you are investing in a remedy which has been curing stomach troubles for over 20 years. Get a 1/3 bottle from the nearest chemist to-day and try it—the result will be a revelation to you.

Made in the Pharmaceutical Laboratories at Braydon Road, London, N.16. Manufacturers of Fine Pharmaceuticals for over 20 years.

Proprietors: BISMAG LTD.

5/- DOWN BRINGS YOU RADIO AT WHOLESALE PRICES



IDEAL FOR NEW WAVELENGTHS

PETO-SCOTT STRAIGHT BATTERY 3 has revolutionised Radio Prices. Tone, Volume and Range equal sets at double the price. SINGLE DIAL CONTROL. NEW TWO-CIRCUIT TUNING. SCREENED COILS. B.R.M. VALVES. Absolutely complete with Batteries, Accumulator and superb B.A. Speaker.

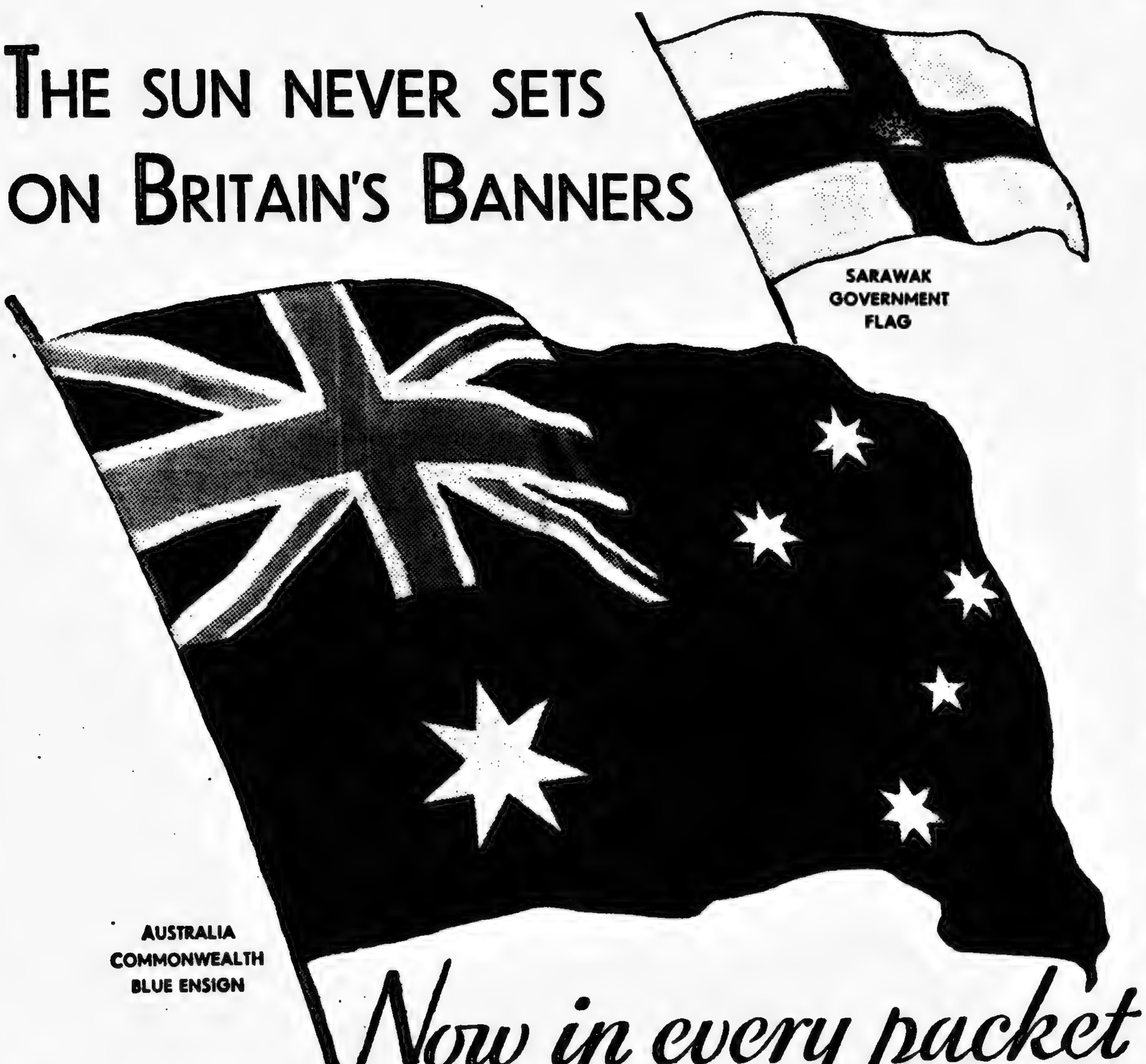
For only **5/-** with order.

Balance 6/- monthly. Cash Price £4 19s. 6d. With moving-coil speaker 20/- extra.

Send NOW for beautifully Illustrated Art Leaflet of PETO-SCOTT guaranteed Radio. TEN models—Battery, All Electric, Console and Radio-gramo.

PETO-SCOTT CO. LTD. (*Est. 1919.*) 77, (B.J.) CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON BRITAIN'S BANNERS



Now in every packet of Kensitas . . .

FLAGS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Yes, in every packet of Kensitas . . . so mild, so satisfying . . . you'll find beautiful silk flags in full colour. The complete series consists of 48 historic banners of the British Empire, and you'll enjoy collecting them. You'll find many uses for them, too. Their infinite variety of colour offers unlimited possibilities of design and decoration . . . for table centres, smart cushion covers, tea cosies, nightdress cases and manv other things.

And of course you'll enjoy smoking Kensitas. Made of 100% choice Virginia tobaccos, and only the ripe tender centre leaves—Kensitas are mild, they taste better, they satisfy. And every Kensitas has the benefit of the famous and exclusive Kensitas Private Process for removing certain impurities naturally present in every tobacco leaf. That's why Kensitas are always mild . . . and how they satisfy!

Kensitas

THEY'RE MILD . . . AND HOW THEY SATISFY

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

FALSE TEETH

NEED AS MUCH CARE AS NATURAL TEETH TO KEEP THEM

CLEAN AND HYGIENIC

Immersion in an antiseptic solution is not enough. A sprinkle of Kolynos Denture Powder, a brisk brush and a good rinse ensures absolute cleanliness and the complete removal of all stains, without damaging or weakening either gold or vulcanite plate. Of all Chemists.

FREE Send name and address for sample to Kolynos, Chenies St., London, W.C.1. (Dept. D.P. 22).

KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER

Dog's COAT LOOSE

—a victim of winter sluggishness

WHEN your dog leaves hairs on visitors' clothes, don't try to explain it away by saying "he is changing his coat." Most people know by now that a dog who sheds his coat irregularly is very much out of condition due to neglect. When your dog's coat is loose and ragged, it means that he is getting so little exercise that food impurities have weakened his blood and his coat is starved of nourishment.

All he needs is Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which remove every impurity from his bloodstream, and so help him to grow firm, healthy coat.

By purifying the blood, Bob Martin's Condition Powders prevent (and quickly cure) all blood disorders such as **dull or loose coat, listlessness, sulky temper, loss of appetite, continual scratching, eczema and swellings between the toes.** Start now to give your dog Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

1/- boxes of 21 powders; 6d. *packets of 9—everywhere.* L.W.A

BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

Keep dogs fit—ALWAYS

Approved Treatment for

"FLU"

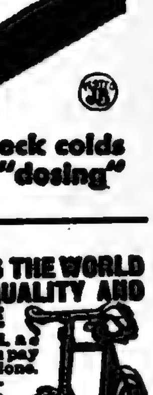
When "flu" is about, take no chances. Get plenty of fresh air and exercise, eat wholesome food, and drink milk and orange juice to keep up your vitality. If you catch a cold, treat it at the very first sign.

Take a laxative if needed and a hot bath and go to bed. Rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub vigorously on throat and chest and cover with warm flannel.

As a preventive, sniff a little well up the nostrils several times a day.

VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

Check colds without "dosing"



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5/2 per month (which is less than 2½d. a day) buys this magnificent cycle. You pay more than that in 'bus & tram fares alone. The Graves "FLIGHT" Model is the finest value the world can offer:—Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Set of Accessories. Lady's or Gent's, Carriage Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 now, and 14 monthly payments of 5/2. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue of Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', & Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, &c. Post free

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

5/2 NOW

SAVING the TINIEST BABIES

Stephanie weighed 2½ pounds then and they fed her with a fountain-pen feeder

A THRILL of more than ordinary excitement runs through the hospital in which babies are born every day.

Twins? Triplets? Something more exciting, obviously, than either of those. The news goes round even quicker than when a lusty youngster filled his lungs with air for the first time as the strokes of midnight died away on a December 31, thus giving the institution the credit of producing the first baby of the New Year.

This time it is the biggest news of all from a maternity hospital's point of view. *The smallest baby has been born.*

The smallest baby, certainly, in the history of the institution. The matron knows that before the scales are brought. It may be that it will prove the smallest in the history of the town—of the country, even.

With what devotion do doctors and nurses alike strive to make the world comfortable for this newest arrival! With what tenacity do they hold on to this frail little life.

From six to fifteen weeks of constant day and night attention is necessary when such a baby—weighing anything from a pound up to three pounds—is born! And every hospital lucky to have such an arrival—and they certainly do not consider themselves unlucky—sees that he gets it.

A DIFFERENT course of treatment has to be devised for each baby suited to its particular needs. And sometimes the doctors and nurses have to resort to methods never tried before.

Feeding is a ticklish matter, to begin with. There have been times when the child has been fed through the skin, by the gentle application of the best olive oil to its body.

At other times brandy mixed with whey, or cream, or glucose, or other things, has been dropped spot by spot on to its tiny tongue. And rarely do these smallest of all babies have their carefully prescribed dietaries served through anything bigger than a fountain-pen filler, graduating to a doll's feeding-bottle when they become big enough.

Then there is the question of warmth.

The incubator is not the solution of the problem in every case. Sometimes the tiniest babies are set to live in miniature canvas tents, in which the heat is automatically controlled at the temperature prescribed as necessary. Often they are wrapped in cottonwool, which may, or may not, be soaked in olive oil.

Yes, many have been reared in incubators, as if they were chickens. Others, yet again, are kept beneath electrically heated blankets as light as thistledown, in which copper wires, electrically charged, mingle with the feathery material from which the blankets are made.

On some beams of radiant heat are concentrated. Often the doctor prescribes a mixture of this warming agent—just the mixture that he adjudges necessary

At St. George's Hospital, London, they reared one such baby that needed a regular 98.4 degrees over a long period by keeping it for weeks before a roaring fire, with electrically heated blankets over its tiny limbs and radiant beams playing gently on a face little bigger than half a crown.

One of the strangest methods ever resorted to, tried at a hospital at Offaly, in the Irish Free State, proved very effective

Just the right temperature was the one at which the third shelf down of a laundry cupboard was always kept. And so the laundry linen was kicked off every shelf to make room for his Majesty the Baby.

HE weighed 17½ oz. when they put him there. His meals were measured in drops. The stoker was called into the general plan of campaign to ensure that the temperature, as recorded on the thermometer by his crib, never rose or fell beneath the right figure.

For twelve weeks he monopolised this very important shelf in this way. And then, when he weighed 5 lb. 10½ oz., and had a determination to hang on to dear life like the biggest of them all, they brought him out into the real world.

Another recent case offered still bigger difficulties to the doctor and nurses concerned.

When the liner *Orcoma* had a 4,000-miles journey to Liverpool before her, across heavy Atlantic seas, a wee little fellow, 11½ in. tall and weighing less than 2½ lb., made his appearance in the world as a passenger.

The ship's carpenter was called into consultation at once. He was just a little dismayed when they forced a piece of light box-wood into his hands and asked him to make an incubator. But make one he did, and a thoroughly good one it proved.

Anyhow, that baby was one of the most energetic and noisy of the passengers they landed from the ship at the completion of its journey at Liverpool.

One husband and wife hung on to the life of their 2 lb. 13 oz. morsel of life in their own home. They are Mr. and Mrs. Standen, of West Green Road, Tottenham. The father made such an effective incubator with his own hands, and the mother showed so practised a hand in the very delicate and tiring work of rearing so small a baby, that their midget daughter was soon of normal size and weight.

Many such tiny babies have, in fact, been reared at home. It is hard to imagine how much loving work it entails.

Husband and wife, in the case where no servant is employed, must take turns doing nightshifts at the bedroom fire. Their weary eyes must watch the thermometer in the knowledge that a tiny life—their own—depends on their loving vigilance. They must stoke up when the temperature falls, damp down when it threatens to get too high. A happy, laughing child is their reward in after-months.

THE smallest baby? Whether a new arrival is or is not a record-holder in this respect is a question that can never be answered with certainty. So many husbands and wives, and so many hospitals, too, are anxious to claim the credit.

"The smallest baby ever born in London," was the description described to Jean Patricia Taylor, born last Armistice Day. She weighed just 1½ lb. Yet a little girl, born five days earlier at Deptford, also turned the scales at just 1½ lb.

At one time there were three babies weighing less than 3 lb. in the famous Queen Charlotte's Hospital. Altogether, these three human lives weighed less than four two-pound loaves.

Medical records do not mention a smaller babe than Vera Gregor, born in Berlin, who weighed 12 oz. But she only lived twenty-eight days.

Britain's smallest was probably Elizabeth Ann, born in the City of London Maternity Hospital, weighing 1 lb. 2 oz. Unfortunately, she died, too.

One tiny baby was born worth £30,000 an ounce (although many must be worth all that to their mothers). He was the less-than-three-pounds son of the late Zachary Smith Reynolds, the American tobacco heir, whose wife was Libby Holman, known in New York as the "Torch Singer."

As the child was heir to £1,500,000 at birth, or more than £500,000 per pound, he must have been one of the richest individuals, per ounce of his weight, in the world.

The world's tiniest babies. Rich or poor, everybody loves them. The saving of their little lives thrills us all. And long may it continue to do so.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

HUCKNALL DISPATCH:—"Happily, the child was INJURED."

LONDON STAR:—"The rival captain asked if his men might continue BETTING, and Jardine readily consented."

SYDENHAM, FOREST HILL AND PENGE GAZETTE:—"He saw Gale carrying a leg of pork, UNWRAPPED in PAPER."

THE CORNISHMAN:—"With kind remembrances and all good WASHES for the New Year."

THE RADIO TIMES:—"After twenty years or so, of complaints from FRIED musicians, a move was made."

BIRMINGHAM EVENING DESPATCH:—"The trawler, badly holed, was beached at Fleetwood in a SINGING condition."

EMPIRE NEWS:—"A suggested three-quarter line for England would be Tanner, Cranmer, Heaton and Booth, these FOUR players being the pick of the THREE."

"JOHN BULL" *offers you the* WORLD!

See Centre Supplement

Palmolive Shaving Cream

now reduced to 1/-

PER LARGE SIZE TUBE

PALMOLIVE
Shaving Cream
was 1/6

SAME SIZE . . .
SAME QUALITY . . .
BUT ONLY 1/-

Ever-increasing demand means lower manufacturing costs . . . Increase in the popularity of Palmolive Shaving Cream enables us to decrease the price.

The same high quality cream . . . the same olive oil content with its pleasant after-effects . . . the same longer-lasting lather . . . nothing is altered but the price!

If you are a regular user of Palmolive you may congratulate yourself that your wisdom in the choice of a shaving cream is rewarded by this reduction in price . . . it is your enthusiasm, and the enthusiasm of millions of men like you, that made this possible.

If you do not already use Palmolive Shaving Cream, take advantage of this big shaving bargain and get started on better and more comfortable shaves today!

was ~~1/6~~

Palmolive Shaving Cream

TO SUFFERERS FROM

PILES!

There is no need for us to tell you of the maddening irritation, the day and night torture caused by pile trouble. We tell you that if you only start using Man Zan at once it will stop maddening irritation, soothe and completely heal blind or bleeding piles. Read just these two from a host of letters.

Mrs. M. A. A., Nuneaton, writes:—"For over a year I suffered with terrible burning piles. Fomentations and ointments gave me only temporary relief. Then I heard of Man Zan, and decided to try it. Now, in less than three weeks, I am completely cured of this dreadful complaint."

Mrs. J. T., Penrith, says:—"Itching and bleeding piles worried me for over two years, and I could not obtain any relief. I was recommended to try Man Zan, and immediately I found relief. Now I am free of the terrible agony."

Don't suffer longer the nerve-destroying, weakening misery of pile trouble. Man Zan will most surely give you instant relief.

Sold in easy, clean-to-use, special tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. For Free Test Supply (sent in plain wrapper) send name and address to E. C. De Witt & Co. Ltd. (Dept. R.34), Croydon.

MANZAN
BRAND PILE REMEDY

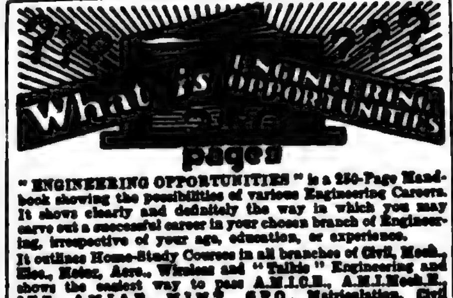
CORNS
INSTANT RELIEF!

THE MEDICALLY SAFE SURE WAY

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

PER PKT. 1/3

Put one on—the pain is gone!



"ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES" is a 250-Page Hand-book showing the possibilities of various Engineering Careers. It shows clearly and definitely the way in which you may carve out a successful career in your chosen branch of Engineering, irrespective of your age, education, or experience.

It outlines Home-Study Courses in all branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Aero., Wireless and "Talkie" Engineering and shows the easiest way to pass A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., I.E.E., A.M.I.A.E., M.I.M.T., G.P.O., Matriculation, Civil Service and other Examinations.

"ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES" is a unique Hand-book that you should most certainly read. Send for your copy to-day—FREE of any cost. BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY, 56, Shakespeare House, 29-31, Oxford Street, London.

TO MEN & WOMEN OF ALL AGES—ESPECIALLY THOSE OVER FORTY

I CAN'T CONCENTRATE
I'VE NO ENERGY
I MUST BE GETTING OLD
MY NERVES ARE ALL TO PIECES

Worrying about yourself wont help you

Overwork and worry—the stress and strain of modern conditions of high-pressure living—are wearing you out. You have no appetite and sleep badly. You can't concentrate. Everything and everybody gets on your nerves. You are wondering if you are "growing old."

Your trouble is *de-vitalization.* Your vital forces are almost exhausted, because you have made extraordinary demands upon them without making any attempt to reinforce them. But worrying about yourself won't do you any good. *You need revitalizing.*

Recharge your Vital Forces!

Thanks to the researches of Dr. E. Buergi, Professor of Medicine at the University of Berne, revitalization of the human organism is now a simple matter of taking two tiny tablets three times a day. But if you take them regularly, the results will astonish you. Go to your chemist to-day and get a 5/- bottle of 'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets. These tablets, which are prepared under Dr. Buergi's direction, *contain the essential substance of all vital energy*—"the most wonderful substance in our world." They will quickly restore your vital forces. Soon you will be sleeping soundly, eating heartily, working harder than ever, and wondering why on earth you didn't start taking 'Phyllosan' tablets months ago. 'Phyllosan' tablets are sold by all chemists, price 3/- and 5/-. Get the 5/- size. It contains double quantity.

SPECIAL OFFER!

Send this Coupon for free book, "*The Most Wonderful Substance in our World,*" which gives an account of Dr. Buergi's researches into the problem of prolonging Youthful Vitality, and the wonderful results obtained with 'Phyllosan' tablets You will also receive a neat pocket container in coloured bakelite in which to carry your midday doses of 'Phyllosan' tablets. Enclose 1½d. stamp to cover postage.

POST THIS COUPON
to Natural Chemicals Ltd. (Dept. 47),
29 St. John's Lane, E.C.1

I enclose 1½d. stamp. Please send me "*The Most Wonderful Substance in our World*" and a new pocket container for 'Phyllosan' tablets.

Name ....

Address ....

Write in BLOCK LETTERS J.B. 27/1/34

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture of 'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets.

Start taking
'PHYLLOSAN'
TABLETS TO-DAY!

Get a
Healthy Appetite
by taking
Sanatogen

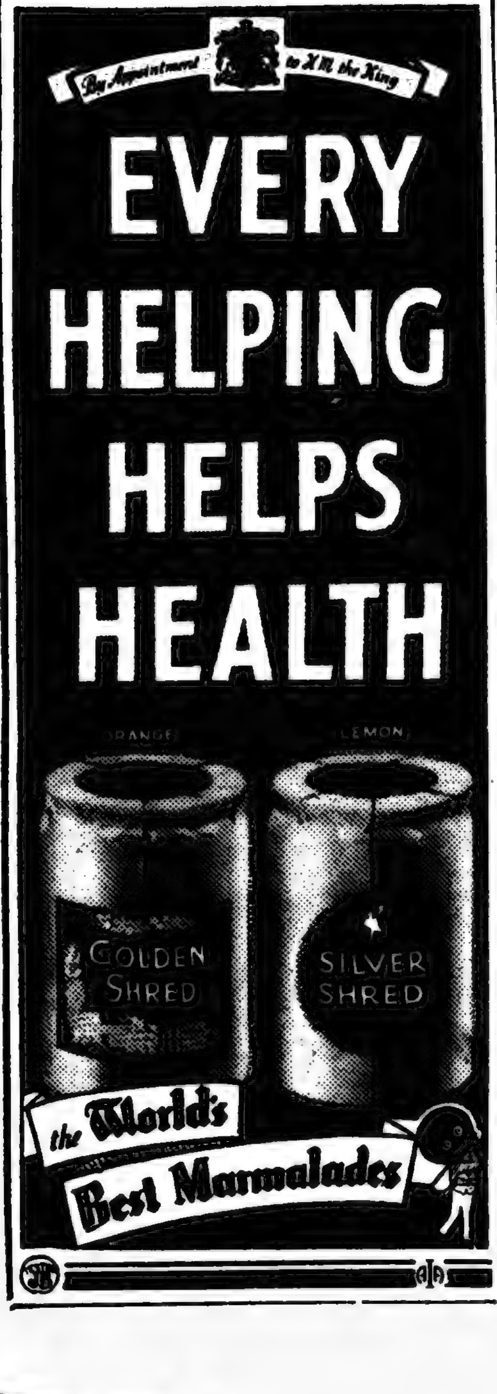
"A noteworthy effect of Sanatogen is a better appetite which is generally perceived within three or four days after beginning this nerve food"
writes a London physician.

Sanatogen goes to the root of impaired digestion — that is the nerves regulating the functioning of the stomach.

By feeding those nerves with proteid and phosphorus — the natural building material of nervous energy — Sanatogen overcomes nerve weakness, the real cause of most cases of lack of appetite and stomach trouble.

Sanatogen restores tone and vigour and brings you back to Health and Strength. Start your course of Sanatogen to-day.

At all Chemists from 2/3 to 19/9.
Manufactured by GENATOSAN LTD., Loughborough.

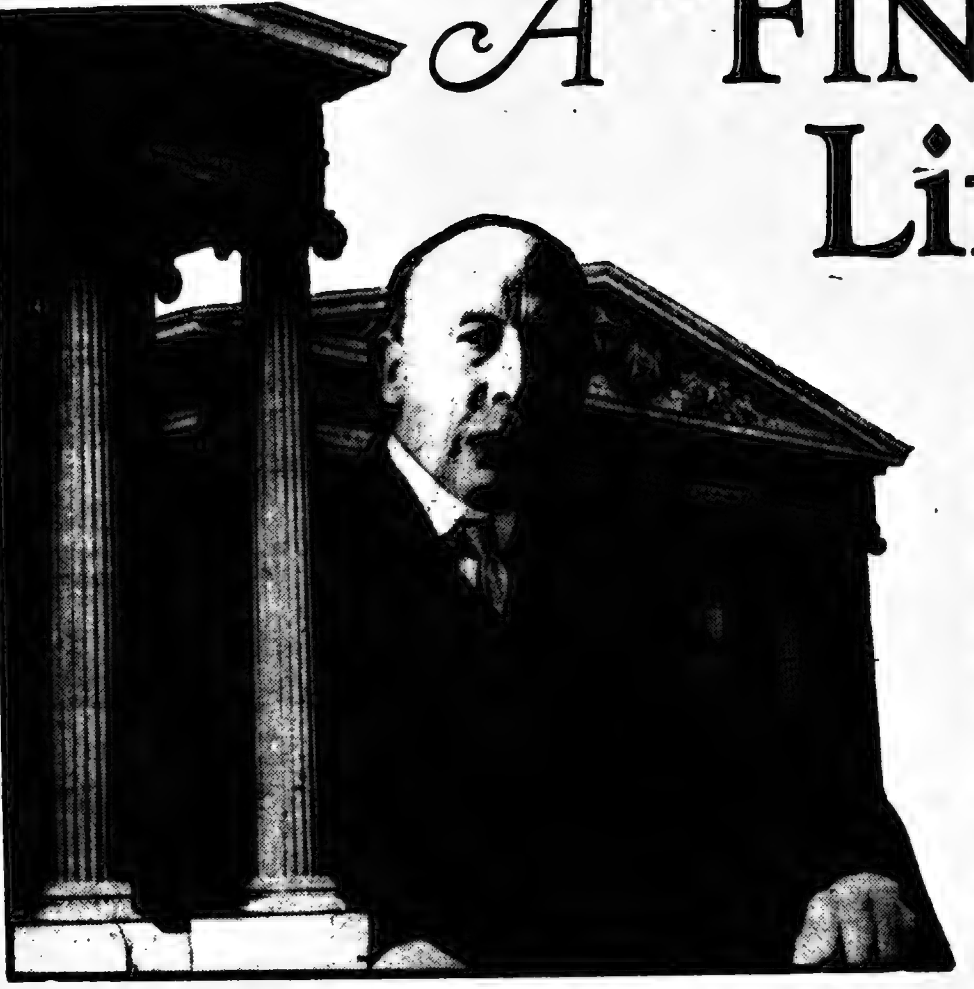

By Appointment to H.M. the King

EVERY HELPING HELPS HEALTH

the World's Best Marmalades

Sir Frederic Kenyon's Greatest Hour

A "FIND" of a Lifetime



Sir Frederic Kenyon was Director and Principal Librarian at the British Museum from 1909 to 1930

A GREAT deal of interest has been centred upon the recent purchase from the Russians of the famous Bible manuscript the Codex Sinaiticus.

Large numbers of people are queueing up daily at the British Museum in order to have a look at this remarkable treasure. Actually they get little more than a glimpse of it, for the rush to see this wonderful work is such that each visitor must pass along quickly in order to make way for the next.

Now, being associated with the purchase of the Codex was not only a great occasion for me, but also a strange coincidence, for it linked the beginning and end of my career at the British Museum in a remarkable way. It recalls a most sensational event at the beginning of my career, which was also associated with a valuable manuscript.

A few weeks ago I might have said that not a large number of people were thrilled by old documents. But the crowds which are now visiting the British Museum to see the Codex prove, I think, otherwise.

Having witnessed their enthusiasm I know they and hosts of others like them will be able to appreciate the joy and thrill I experienced when forty-four years ago I found a lost manuscript in a bundle of papyrus (paper, made from a reed, which the ancients used to write on).

Let me explain how my discovery happened.

Not so dull !

I had been in my position as Assistant at the British Museum just a year, when one morning, in 1890, I was taken into the MSS. room by my chief, Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, to examine a number of rolls of papyrus which had just arrived from Egypt.

From my schooldays I had always been interested in Greek manuscripts, especially those of the Bible, so that a task which might seem dull to some people was full of interest and excitement to me.

In a few moments the rolls were opened.

It was obvious at first sight that they were not merely business documents and contracts, letters and so on, like most of the papyri discovered in Egypt, but that they were a batch of works of literature, which was enough to rouse one's excitement. They were in Greek writing of a kind which was then very unfamiliar.

Anyway, I set to work upon them, endeavouring to find out just what they were, when one attracted my special attention.

It seemed to be a long work of prose. It was obviously written in Greek, but the writing was so unfamiliar that I had to spell it out almost letter by letter.

The lost work

It was slow work, I can assure you, but gradually it became clear, not only that here was a history of ancient Athens, but something hitherto unknown.

Suddenly my heart began to beat more quickly as I recalled an incident from my undergraduate days at Oxford. I remembered how one of my teachers had told me that Aristotle had written a work on the Constitutional History of Athens.

Immediately the thought crossed my mind—this was the lost work.

But that seemed too good to be true. Surely, I thought, I could not have been lucky enough to make such an important discovery.

My next step was to look up all the known quotations, used by later authors, from this work. And after spending a lot of time deciphering the manuscript I made a further discovery when one morning I came across a passage identical with one of the known quotations, which made it fairly certain that I really had found the lost work. After still more translating and patient deciphering the probability became a certainty.

It was indeed the lost work—and the first important discovery of this nature since the days of the Renaissance.

My chief was as keenly interested as I was myself, when I told him my good news. He immediately set me the task of copying out and editing the manuscript.

Strangely enough, this was not the only lost manuscript in that batch of papyri. There were some poems of the almost unknown Herodas, which introduced me to a new type of Greek poetry.

Again, a few years later, another lost papyrus found its way to the Museum, a most beautifully written collection of poems by Bacchylides, a contemporary of Pindar.

But glad as I naturally was to make these other discoveries, I could not compare them with the discovery of that first great "hour," which was such a lucky beginning to my career

That first thrill made me regard ever after every bundle of undeciphered MSS. as full of Romance, which, as a matter of fact, they generally were. It made me keener than ever on work about which I was always enthusiastic.

Now, after all these years, and having in fact retired, I have again been concerned with another wonderful document written in Greek, though this time it is a Bible, and not a History.

Romance is there

Not only has the purchase for the nation of the Codex Sinaiticus made me live, in imagination, my early greatest hour over again, but it has made me realise more than ever how much that first discovery meant to me, for my career would certainly have been different if events had not shaped themselves as they did.

Many who read the story of this greatest hour of mine may smile and think it was not very exciting compared with some they have read about. But I think otherwise. Anyhow, it proved to me that we may find Romance everywhere in Life if we have the patience to search for it. And whether it is of the mental or physical type is just a matter of temperament and taste. At least, that is how I feel about it.

FOR YOU AND YOURS

Your wages may be enough to provide for the needs of to-day—but do they leave enough to make provision for the future?

That question may make you uneasy. Its answer, however, awaits you on page 43.

There you will find a Giant new 2-in-1 prize waiting for a few words. And its winner is to secure a £3,000 cheque *and* a fully-paid Life Policy for £1,000. Let one of those coupons bring you wealth to-day and banish your fears of to-morrow!

Race with "Silver Ring"

Back Ballymoe

THE untimely death of Kilcash Hill puts paid to most of the ante-post doubles on the Lincoln and National.

I had coupled Frank Hartigan's 'chaser with Snooker, Ole King Sole with Alpine Hut and Old Riley with Milk Punch.

I am taking Delaneige as a substitute for Kilcash Hill, and I hope this one turns out the best of George Beeby's half a dozen.

Delaneige finished fourth in the National twelve months ago, and a few months prior to that had run under the name of Sanstrome. He is now at his prime—nine years.

At Kempton Park this week-end I fancy Ballymoe for the Cranford 'Chase. Sir Troops may come up in the Brentford Hurdle and Brown Ball should be noted for the Novices' 'Chase.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, January 25, to Wednesday, January 31.

P U X Z R 98 T F O A Q C 93 B 94 M
V Y 97 L W N 96 G S K H J I 95 E D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

FWKAZ94 would read GRAKLE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

You get more nourishment from a slice of BREAD than from any other food at an equal cost

There is no better breakfast food than Bread - and none nearly so cheap. It is practically all pure nourishment, body-building and energy-producing, yet it costs far less than cereal foods although it has a much higher food value. Start the day right on Bread - order an extra loaf from your baker *now*.

ISSUED BY THE MILLERS' MUTUAL ASSOCIATION

C.F.H. 104

FOR STRENGTH AND FLAVOUR "CAMP" COFFEE

Result of "FITTING PHRASES" COMPETITION

SECTION 1.
200 winners share prize of £20.
SECTION 2.
23 winners share prize of £20.
SECTION 3.
15 winners share prize of £20.
SECTION 4.
183 winners share prize of £20.

Full list of names and addresses of winners can be seen at "John Bull" Offices, and all have been notified and cheques despatched.

NATURE MADE TEETH WHITE - NEGLECT WILL SPOIL THEM

That discoloured look on your teeth is nature's warning. It is Film — a viscous coating, constantly forming, absorbing stains which harden into tartar.

Film must go if teeth are to be white. Ordinary ways of brushing teeth do not remove Film effectively so dentists recommend Pepsodent Tooth Paste which contains a special cleansing and polishing material. It is twice as soft as those in common use and removes every trace of Film stain with perfect safety to enamel.

This scientific way of cleaning teeth reclaims their natural sparkle. Get a tube today.

SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE

TRADE MARK **Pepsodent**

MADE IN ENGLAND

7

PARK DRIVE

THE LEADING QUALITY 4d. CIGARETTE

See Page 14

Throat Sore?

You need

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

Your Chemist stocks them
4d. per oz.
In Tins
2-ozs. 8d. 4-ozs. 1/3

How Disfiguring!

Pimples and blotches will mar the beauty of any complexion, no matter how lovely it may be otherwise. They are so unnecessary, too, when regular daily use of **Cuticura Soap**, assisted by **Cuticura Ointment**, will keep the skin clear and healthy. There is nothing better for all forms of skin troubles.

Sold at all chemists.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s.3d. and 2s.6d.

Consult a qualified Optician every year . .

YOU OWE IT TO YOUR EYES

SIGHT IS MIGHT

Where you see this sign you are safe

None may use it who are not Fellows, qualified by examination, of the British Optical Association or the Worshipful Company of Spectacle Makers

Issued by the

NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR THE PRESERVATION OF EYESIGHT

DISTRESSING COUGHS RELIEVED by 2 or 3 doses

SO miraculous are FAMEL'S curative powers that often two or three doses are enough to bring relief to the most stubborn and distressing cough; while frequently before one bottle is finished the cough is completely gone. And FAMEL brings relief to Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and other throat and chest troubles as well.
FAMEL'S wonderful record is unequalled it contains Nature's vital curative agent in safe, soluble, assimilable form. Previously this could only be inhaled, but in FAMEL SYRUP it is absorbed direct into the bloodstream, where it drives out the infection from the very roots. At the same time the valuable tonics also in FAMEL SYRUP allay the inflammation caused by incessant coughing and build up the entire system.
FAMEL SYRUP is the approved remedy for coughs and similar ailments in hospitals, clinics, surgeries, and nursing homes as well as in millions of households throughout the world. A few of the hosts of grateful letters received daily which are printed below. Read them—then get a bottle yourself.

READ THESE REPORTS
—typical of Thousands

Cough Banished in One Week

"I gave a bottle of Famel to a patient and in three days' time her cough had nearly gone; *and by the end of the week no cough remained.* This lady has coughed incessantly for three months. I have had great pleasure in recommending it to five people who have immediately purchased some, and are loud in their praise of your Famel Syrup."—(*Nurse*) *R. E. A., Coventry.*

Doctors Approve Famel

"I am never without Famel Syrup, I would not be, and I always recommend it to everyone with a cold or bronchial trouble. A Doctor here saw it in my room, took it up and said 'You cannot have anything better.' It worked wonders—I was astonished."—*R. S., Bexhill.*

" . . . Doctor asked me if I was taking cough mixture for chest troubles, and I told him Famel. He said: 'Excellent, go on taking it.' So you see doctors think highly of it."—(*Mrs.*) *E. H., Eastbourne.*

FAMEL
Brand
[1/6 & 3/- (triple quantity)] SYRUP
Sold by all Chemists.
Distributors: Wilcox Jozeau & Co., Ltd., 15, Gt. St. Andrew Street, London, W.C.2, and 19, Temple Bar, Dublin.

FOG!

—*the* AIRMAN'S LAST FOE

"We see a sea of rolling cloud beneath us with a pylon pushing through it like an islet . . ."

THE fog grows thicker and thicker as the giant air liner gropes its way to its home port at a slow speed that is yet half as fast again as an express train. Landmarks fade until the earth itself is seen with difficulty.

The pilot feels his way down, down, down, slowly and cautiously, determined to keep the smudge of earth in view. Then, startled by a shadow, he rises steeply in a tumultuous roar of engine.

And so, to the despair of the passengers looking anxiously through the sliding windows of the cabin, the world is lost to view. To seek it again, they feel, will be to run the risk of hitting a hillside, a pylon, a cliff.

What is the pilot thinking? That is the thought in the mind of every one of them. Each feels he would like to see that pilot's face, to see whether hope or despair is written on his features. . . .

Fog! Without a doubt it is the last remaining real enemy of the flying man.

Science, which is just beginning to find how to combat it, has been helpless against it until lately. It has been responsible for most of the recent aerial tragedies that have appalled us.

Only a few months ago the private pilot of the Duchess of Bedford, a man of superlative judgment, was killed when his machine hit a pylon Only the other day every life on board a British air liner was lost when the machine hit the aerial tower of a Belgian wireless station. And since then the proudest machine in French civil aviation blew up with the loss of its crew and passengers—after, it is believed, hitting a high-tension wire.

And in all three cases fog abounded at the time.

Hence people may well wonder what advances we have made in fighting the fog peril in the air.

Skyways

Ten years ago we had thought of nothing except the searchlight, flares in the middle of an aerodrome, perhaps a chain of bonfires along a railway line, as a means of combating the dread menace. So ineffective were they, so small the chances of a pilot seeing them, that aerodrome ground staffs were sick at heart when they realised that fog had fallen with a machine still "out."

Thank heaven we have progressed a long way since then. And the time is not far distant when fog will cease to be regarded even as a handicap to regular air services.

We have mapped out wireless "lanes" for our passenger machines. Incoming machines use entirely different paths from outgoing. And military, privately owned, and any other aircraft not directly under the wireless control of the port those "lanes" serve, have to keep away from them.

We have signed international agreements that all high obstructions within 500 yards of an aerodrome must be lighted—and a move is in progress to ensure that there will be lights visible through the densest fog.

At Rugby we are fitting a neon beacon that will be visible fifty miles away at the top of one of the 820 feet high steel wireless masts. No fog could possibly obliterate it And similar lights, often urged on the authorities in JOHN BULL, will be fitted to more and more such obstructions in the near future, no matter their distance from aerodromes.

We are experimenting with altimeters that will tell a pilot his height over sea-level to five feet or so. In the past these dashboard instruments have given very rough and ready readings at low altitudes, so that a low-flying pilot unable to see earth has always been more or less blind.

We have made it necessary for all machines bearing radio to put themselves under the orders of Croydon control tower when flying anywhere in the vicinity of our great Continental air routes on foggy days.

The trump card

We have invented the artificial horizon that enables a pilot to know whether his machine is on an even keel even when he can see nothing of earth, sky, or the line that separates them. We have evolved the gyroscopic turn indicator, which makes it possible to guide a machine by compass fairly accurately even when the ground is invisible.

And now, in what is called the wireless beacon, we have the trump card of all. Its use, in a series of experiments, has just been decided on at a conference of European air authorities called by our own Air Ministry.

It will, it is claimed, enable a giant air liner to take off in a dense fog, fly across Europe without anybody on it catching sight of ground, dive through the fog on reaching the aerodrome, and touch the landing-path of the aerodrome as gently as if on the sunniest of days.

Come on a foggy flight from Paris to London and see what happens.

The engines of our machine are ticking over as we enter it. The fog is so thick that we cannot see the confines of Le Bourget aerodrome. A roar, a quick turn, and we plunge upward through the murk.

Suddenly we burst into dazzling sunshine—for fog rarely extends to any great height, and it is amazing how often there is beautiful weather above a fog blanket. We see a sea of rolling cloud beneath us—with here and there a pylon, tower, or other eminence pushing through it like an islet to tell us that these clouds are hugging the earth and that the people beneath them call them fog.

But now bad visibility extends to a height above which our pilot does not wish to go. Once upon a time it would have meant blind flying and, worst terror of all, a blind landing.

A few months ago it would have meant a continual request to Croydon for bearings, an anxious waiting for instructions from the control officer at Croydon, furtive swoops in an effort to peer down through the fog and see the earth, usually abandoned because of the danger involved, perhaps a message that a landing at Croydon is impossible and instructions to try a landing at some other place

But now. . . .

"Beacon . . . beacon . . . beacon . . ." he calls through his wireless mouthpiece until his message is heard and acknowledged. Then his eyes, seeking a small panel before him, see miraculous things happening.

In effect he is flying his machine up a radio beam extending from the control tower at Croydon—now being reduced to a very stubby affair to obviate the danger of a machine hitting it—and crossing the line at Dungeness.

If he flies a few yards to the left away from the beam, the left-hand line of two vertical bars on his panel thickens to warn him.

If, in correcting, he should wander out of the beam on the other side, the other line thickens.

We below may be worrying about the fog around us, but not this pilot with his human cargo.

There is a look of calm assurance on his face as he asks for bearings—for the reception of the beam of the wireless beacon will not affect the working of his ordinary wireless instruments. And so, until a signal tells him that he has crossed the boundary line at Croydon, he knows exactly where he is all the time.

School-teacher . . .

As he feels his way down slowly through the fog the whole organisation of Croydon helps him. He talks all the time to the man in the control tower.

A light makes things difficult for him. It is put out, at his request, in less than a second. He asks for a particular light signal. It flashes up at once.

For a moment the lay-out of the ground below puzzles him. The control officer, who catches sight of his machine at times through the fog, explains it to him as carefully as a school-teacher explaining a diagram to a scholar.

At last a smile of understanding on the pilot's face. The nose of the machine goes down. Gently it touches earth . . . bumps once, twice . skims on solid concrete. . . .

And that fog? Well, he won't get excited about that in his report.

NOW OR NEVER!

That JOHN BULL's Great offer of handsome writing sets definitely closes on Wednesday next, January 31, is announced on page 4. Readers must post their applications to arrive not later than first post Thursday, February 1, otherwise they will be too late. Cash the gift voucher which you will find on page 4, at once. This is absolutely your final opportunity.

20 YEARS OF ILL HEALTH

Then Kellogg's ALL-BRAN Brought Relief

Of her own accord, this user sat down and wrote us a glowing tribute to Kellogg's ALL-BRAN :—

"I have been constipated all my life, which has been about 20 years, until last year when I started eating your ALL-BRAN. Since I have been eating it, people tell me I am looking better, and I am sure that I feel a great deal better."—Mrs. L. W. D.

Constipation is usually caused by lack of two things in the diet: "Bulk" to exercise the intestines: Vitamin B to help give them tone. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN provides both of these dietary necessities, as well as iron for the blood.

Within the body, the "Bulk" in ALL-BRAN forms a soft mass which gently clears the intestines of wastes.

How much more natural it is to enjoy this delicious cereal than to risk taking pills and drugs—so often harmful.

Just eat two tablespoonfuls daily—serious cases with every meal—for most types of constipation. ALL-BRAN is not habit-forming. If your intestinal trouble is not relieved this way, see your doctor.

Look for the name Kellogg on every packet. Made by Kellogg in London, Canada.

RI.

The convenience of a modern invention is wasted when you dip your fountain pen in the inkpot, because you forget to fill it ● But you are doing more than waste modern invention—you are wasting money as well—when you go on using coal by old-fashioned methods

THERE IS not a home in the country, not a factory, where modern coal-burning methods do not save money and time ● Keep abreast of progress and learn what modern coal can do ● It costs nothing to find out. Use the coupon to-day to get really practical information on how to save money in your home by using coal the right way ● For industrial users the coupon will bring a Combustion Engineer for free and impartial advice

BRITISH COAL

It pays to use
BRITISH COAL

COUPON (FOR GREAT BRITAIN ONLY)

HOME Please send me my copy of '*How to use Coal wisely in your Home*'

NAME____________________

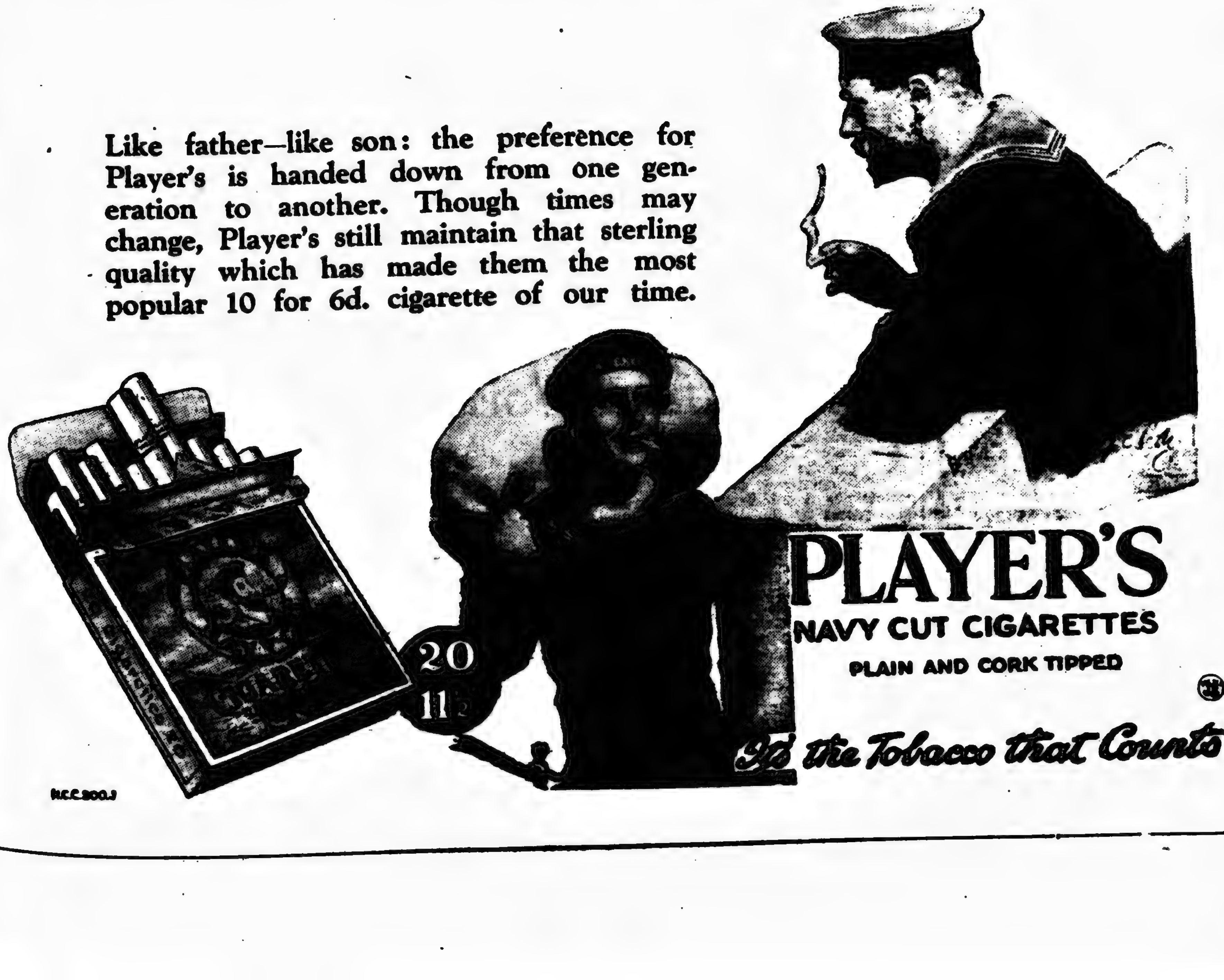
ADDRESS____________________

Send in an envelope with a ½d stamp to your coal supplier or to *John Bull*, Room C, 57 Long Acre, W.C.2 ● You will not be bothered to buy anything

INDUSTRIAL I should like to arrange a free inspection by an impartial engineer
I attach a short description of my installation (*sign above*)

J.B.I.

Like father—like son: the preference for Player's is handed down from one generation to another. Though times may change, Player's still maintain that sterling quality which has made them the most popular 10 for 6d. cigarette of our time.



Watch this wonderful waterfall at Hammam, Maskutin, in Eastren Algeria—but don't go too close—for the water is boiling

Giving You the World!

ONE of the most important centenaries in the history of the world is approaching.

Just a hundred years ago Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre, a French painter, discovered a five-process method of fixing images on plates that led him, four years later, in 1838, to the discovery of photography.

It was an invention that burst on the world as something almost miraculous. But what would Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre think of the child of his mind if he could return to earth and see it now?

The camera he would see has risen above the mere taking of "likenesses."

It has become the ever-watchful eye—unseen but ever seeing—that is probing out the closely-guarded secrets of Mother Earth and bringing to the eyes of millions strange and wonderful things that would otherwise be denied to all except the favoured few.

It goes with man into hitherto untrodden parts of the world—the representative of all who cannot go for themselves. Adapted for infra-red plates, the newest development of all, it seeks out and portrays even the smallest details in a pitch-black cave or crater.

Fitted with telescopic lenses it transports you to the tribal dance that a white man must not look upon, or takes you to the edge of the pool at which wild animals drink without disturbing the most timorous of them.

How many the wonderful things you have heard about that you will regard as little more than fairy stories until you can see for yourself!

Forbidden sight

The ubiquitous camera, thanks to the courage and zeal of men who often risk their lives in using it, has now reached the stage at which it can permit you to see all these wonders of the world for yourself.

Witch doctors of the East have never seemed real people to you because you have never been able to picture what they are like and what they do. But the camera has now seen them for you, and can show you the pallid youth, thin with suffering, laid outstretched on the ground with the witch doctor himself, a lean, gaunt and fantastically caparisoned figure, plying his inert figure with a brush to sweep out disease!

Mirages, too. You might spend your holidays in the Sahara and never see one. Yet, thanks to the camera, you can see for yourself, with a long draught of refreshing drink at your right hand, the cool and tantalising pool far away over the desert that is but a trick to lure men into a burning waste in which is nothing but death and a resting-place for their mouldering bones.

And mirages are not the only strange and wonderful "sights" that the modern camera has "caught."

Did you know that the "Fuzzy-wuzzy," the native with a mop of frizzy hair made famous by Kipling, plays cards? Or that the people of certain tribes advertise themselves as marriageable? Or that in Papua there are houses in which only married men may live?

The modern camera brings you proof of all this.

Earliest fashions

Out in the most uncivilised parts of the world are native craftsmen carving sculptures bearing an uncanny resemblance to the works of Jacob Epstein—works that obviously they can never have seen.

Somewhere else a whole tribe decorates itself with scars hacked about the body in decorative fashion to serve instead of clothes.

In Africa there are white natives. And these are not the strangest humans by any means in this world of ours.

Locusts black out the noonday sun, a thing you have heard about and probably never believed. Huge waterfalls of really boiling water tumble over great precipices. The photographic lens brings all these, too, before your eyes.

In Madras there are huge water-lily leaves so big that two fat children could use one of them as a boat. And Lhassa, the Forbidden City of Tibet, has secrets that are secrets no longer when the camera-man has wrested them away on your behalf.

Elsewhere there are schools in the desert at which children scratch their sums in the sand—and, yes, actually a school in the middle of the traffic on a road!

You would be staggered if you knew the different forms of amusement that take the place of "the movies" in different parts of the world. It is amazing enough to see the variety of homes.

Living in ice

There are homes of ice—and very warm and snug they are, too; homes with one wall only; caves in which civilised Frenchmen live; and houses which you can only reach by climbing a rope.

There are floating houses—in Canton—laid out in floating towns in which even the shops, theatres and jails are on water, to free the precious land for cultivation.

If you could have a thousand such pictures, telling the whole story of the world you live in, what a treat it would be: what a delight for your family: what a fund of entertainment and education in one! You would realise then what a boon Daguerre conferred upon the world.

But if you had more than a thousand enclosed in beautiful covers, collated and assembled to tell you all the wonderful things about the people, customs, habits, loves and hates, advances and decays of the world you live in, what an unsurpassable work that would be!

It's yours!

Well, there is such a book. Photography has reached the stage, a hundred years after Daguerre made his epoch-making discovery, that has made it possible. And JOHN BULL is offering it to you—is giving you a most fascinating pictorial record of the world and its wonders.

In the centre supplement you are told how you can get your copy.

If Daguerre could be with us for his centenary, this wonderful work, more than anything else, would bring home to him what his invention has done for mankind, would show him that to-day it has laid more knowledge of the world at the disposal of its peoples than all the explorers have ever done.

A SHARK SOLICITOR

THERE are always people willing to believe that they are related to wealthy men, and this fact is being turned to very profitable account by a middle-aged adventurer who passes by the name of Thomas Coles.

Coles was himself once connected with a family well known in society circles, but his desire to enjoy every luxury without honest toil prompted him to adopt a life of crime.

Despite his dissolute appearance, he still speaks and dresses impressively, and finds it a simple task to assume the rôle of a solicitor making enquiries concerning the present whereabouts of "lost relatives."

* * *

At Salisbury the other day he called at the house of an elderly widow about whom he had made a few judicious enquiries.

Producing to her a copy of an old newspaper containing the names of people who had left considerable sums of money, he said that the firm he represented believed her to be one of the principal beneficiaries under one of the wills concerned.

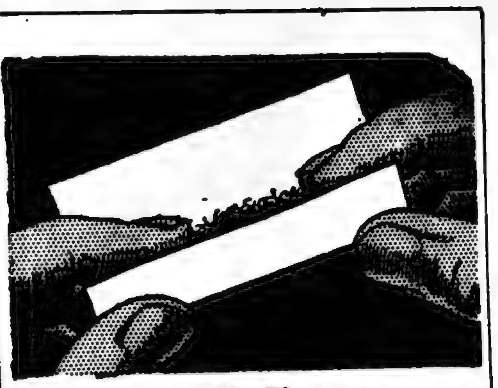
The woman, whose name was identical, accepted the story and handed Coles a cheque for £35 to cover certain legal "preliminaries." Then Coles left her to return to London, and promised to write to her in a few days.

* * *

Before he left he handed her a card bearing the alleged name and address of the solicitors for whom he was supposed to be acting, but by diverting her attention elsewhere for a moment cunningly regained possession of it before he left.

Though the victim cannot give much help in tracing him, therefore, the police have since had no trouble in establishing his identity.

For Mr. Thomas Coles is an old rogue who, with something like twenty aliases, has been swindling people in the guise of an "investigating solicitor" for years.



Save Money
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With gift-coupons ending, smokers want better cigarettes and better value. Get both by "rolling your own" with A.G. Paper. This gives you a "freshly made" smoke to your own taste in the superfine paper and a *money saving* more than coupons were ever worth.
Insist on AG *The paper of 50 years' reputation for quality.*
FITS ALL MACHINES AND GIVES THE BEST RESULTS

Tickling Throats
Quickly and pleasantly relieved with VICK BRAND LOZENGES 6d
DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

WRITE DIRECT THE BIG TWO NO AGENTS
LINCOLN AND NATIONAL
SEND FOR LIST OF OFFICIAL ENTRIES
Long odds quoted for every horse.
LETTER COMMISSIONS FROM 1/-
up to any amount accepted
in accordance with rules.
Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.
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Send for particulars of the "Big Two"
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FOUNTAIN PEN and PENCIL
to match in presentation case.
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& ALFRED H. MAURICE, LTD.,
227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

BE AS FIT TO-DAY AS ON YOUR 21st!

KEEP YOUNG!

– avoid

CONSTIPATION

Do you remember the day when you became of age and looked out on the world brimful of hope and confidence with youth and health on your side? Are you **still** in that frame of mind and is your frame **still** as strong and as fit? Or are you another victim of constipation caused by unsuitable food and insufficient hard out-door exercise? Thousands of people unsuspectingly suffer from constipation; and their numerous headaches, stomach pains, bad skin and indigestion all arise out of its clogging effect on the system.

Here is the easy and right way to prevent constipation and every-day ills. Take Beecham's Pills regularly. They will do wonders for you. Their gentle cleansing action will clear the blood stream of all noxious impurities . . . you will feel the glow of health and energy in your veins once more. Beecham's Pills never fail, because they banish the **cause** of your ills. Impure blood becomes pure blood; every part of the system receives proper nourishment. Start taking Beecham's to-day and be as fit as you were on your 21st birthday!

CONSTIPATION is the cause of over 90% of ills including—

HEADACHE
from organisms being polluted by the effect of constipation.

INDIGESTION
due to the lining of the stomach becoming inflamed by harmful impurities.

LISTLESSNESS
through impure blood not nourishing the system.

SLUGGISHNESS
from constipation preventing the proper working of organisms.

LIVERISHNESS
brought about by the liver being 'blocked up' by unexpelled poisons.

STOMACH PAINS
due to poisons stopping the proper digestion of food.

BAD SKIN
arising out of internal impurities breaking out externally.

TAKE Beecham's PILLS

Worth a Guinea a Box

"It's just as fresh in the East as at home"

RICHARD LLOYD & SONS LONDON
LLOYDS
BONDMAN

..each ounce of Bondman is in Vacuum Tins . . .

Out East in the hottest of climates, or in those parts where it is dampest, Bondman Tobacco is always in first rate condition. The secret of its freshness is that *every* ounce is protected from heat and moisture in Vacuum Sealed Tins — the only satisfactory method of retaining its fine full flavour. Buy Bondman to be sure!

11½d PER OZ.
RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA

10d PER OZ.
A BLEND OF COLONIAL & VIRGINIAN TOBACCOS

LLOYDS
BONDMAN TOBACCO
PACKED IN VACUUM SEALED TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.) 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

Why suffer with Backache?

" Every Picture tells a Story "

KEEP THE KIDNEYS WELL and they will keep you well. This is a golden rule which has saved much needless suffering with backache, urinary disorders, getting up at night, dizzy attacks, headaches, rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago. Thousands of grateful users have written to explain how Doans Backache Kidney Pills help to flush the kidneys and remove the poisons which would otherwise upset the system.

"Working days seemed at an end"

On 6th July, 1926, Mr. J. W. Williamson, 24, Kirkgate Street, Old Walsoken, Nr. Wisbech, said:—

" Kidney trouble forced me to lie up for four months. The pains in my back and loins were terrible, and I could hardly move. Then my legs became swollen to twice their normal size with dropsy. Urinary troubles added to my plight.

" I thought my working days were ended, but Doans Backache Kidney Pills put me on my feet. I have been back at work for nine months now."

On 28th August, 1933, Mr. Williamson said:—" I am still keeping well. Doans Pills absolutely rid me of kidney trouble.

(*Signed*) J. W. Williamson."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. **Insist upon**

Doans
BRAND
Backache Kidney Pills

HOW TO AVOID INFLUENZA.

Influenza's victims are nearly always those who have let themselves get run down.

So, now, when influenza is about, you want to be very careful if you have been working hard or going through a lot of worry. And the simplest, nicest, surest way is a way doctors have been recommending for nearly fifty years—the Wincarnis way.

Just take a glass of Wincarnis three times a day, and soon, very soon, you'll be safe against the 'flu. In fact, the very first glass will do you good. You will actually feel new life and new vigour stealing through your veins. You will sleep better and wake up refreshed and reinvigorated. You will grow brighter, tire less easily.

Try Wincarnis to-day. You will find its delicate flavour delicious, and remember we have actually over 20000 recommendations from medical men for neurasthenia, anæmia, debility, and all sorts of run-down conditions.

I Wish I Were—

A Woman

A Man

ONE Sunday afternoon I wandered into a strange village church, where a little group had gathered round the font.

Seating myself in a pew, I watched the priest's moistened finger trace the sign of the Cross on the babe's brow and perform the rest of the initiatory rite.

The little baptismal party wended its way back, and I saw a mother's radiant smile.

A smile — passing description — of womanly sweetness in her proudest hour —triumph over travail—and the possession of this precious armful.

I wished I were her—living that wonderful moment.—*R. W. L., Exmouth.*

Ingratitude

During recent years my mother has been suffering from ill-health, and, as I am an only son, I have naturally done all within my power to ease her sufferings.

I was quite happy doing everything for her until recently, when some very old and valued friends visited us. During the course of conversation, my mother happened to remark that, since her illness, she had often wished that she had a daughter.

This remark cut me to the quick, and no one will realise just how much I wished that I was a woman at that moment.—" *Patience," Bristol.*

Not so Gentle

A stout woman was carrying a basket of newly dried linen across a farmyard where a young airedale was chained to his kennel. As she passed, he leaped out in delight, but in his frolicking managed to plant a muddy fore paw on the clean linen.

The furious woman dropped her basket and grabbed a hay-fork. The puppy slunk into his kennel, but time and again the woman jabbed blindly with her sharp-pronged weapon.

As the agonised yelpings of the wretched animal reached me I wished heartily that I had been a woman, for a man cannot very well lay a fork handle across the shoulders of one of the " gentler " sex.—*C. H. L., Dewsbury.*

Dread Burden

Except for the sobs of women, the crowd was hushed. I saw the helmeted rescue party take their place in the cage.

Minutes, hours passed. A bell rang, and the cage came to rest with its dread burden. Every man there was ready, yes, willing to go down, but I, no miner, could do nothing.

It was then that I wished I were a woman, for only woman can rightly comfort those stricken sisters—yesterday happy wives, to-day—widows.—*R. W., Nottingham.*

No Seats

Although I had a machine-gun bullet through my knee during the war, the wound only troubles me unduly when I have to stand in a railway carriage; then the swaying of the train causes me pain.

I try to get to my train in good time of an evening; but sometimes I am late and have to stand for the twenty minutes' journey.

Then it is that I wish I were a woman, so that I could take advantage of some gentleman's offer of his seat.—*H. L., Croydon.*

Hard Hit

Quite accidentally, I stumbled over a woman's foot whilst making my way out of a tramcar. I expressed my sorrow for being so clumsy, and sincerely hoped that she was not hurt.

Her reply was a blow on the face with her clenched hand, so severe that I felt it for months. I had no idea that any woman could hit so hard.

For a moment I saw red. The savage somewhere within me wanted to strike back—and I wished she were a man, or that I were a woman!—*A. D. E., Preston.*

* * *

I intended taking a young lady to the pictures, but on arrival at the kinema, found I had only enough money to admit one!—*Mr. G., Edinburgh.*

When I saw my employer take his shorthand-typist home in his new car, while I had two miles to walk after a hard day's work.—*A. J., Birmingham.*

BITING my lips with vexation, I watched the fleet of fishing boats leave the harbour for an all-night fishing, leaving me standing on the quay, wishing I were a man.

Having a very strong love for the sea, I had tried hard to get them to take me, but the " old salts " shook their heads, saying, " If you were a man, we would take you." I smuggled on board, but was discovered, so I got left behind.

How I wished I could have been a man for that night!—*C. E. M., Cheltenham.*

Left Behind

We had enjoyed three years of blissfully happy married life when war broke out. Having no child was a small cloud on our horizon, but we were extremely happy, being all in all to each other.

Then my husband " joined up." When he left me for the training camp it was bad enough, but when he came home on " draft leave " a week before his battalion sailed for France, I realised he was leaving me—perhaps for ever.

I wished from my heart that I were a man, so that I might sail with him.—*Mrs. B., Brighton.*

Tragic Return

For years I exerted every ounce of strength in assisting my husband to build up a flourishing business.

Then, at the height of achievement, my son and I grasped the opportunity of a seaside holiday.

For four joyous weeks we revelled, and then, on the eve of our return, my solicitor informed me that my husband had sold everything and decamped with another woman.

At that moment I longed to meet him as man to man.—" *Josephine," Leigh.*

Unkind Hilarity

The girls, dismounting, approached a man who could not speak. They sniggered, joined hands, danced round him, laughing and singing hilariously.

They could not know he was a gibbering wreck following injuries received whilst trying to save a child from a runaway horse. Nevertheless, their conduct was deplorable, not typical of my sex I'm sure.

I'd have gone for them had I been a man, but what can an invalid, unable to move from her garden seat, do but pray that thoughtless sisters be made wiser?—" *Radio Maid," Notts.*

Card Trickster

I was having a holiday at the races and during an interval I was walking quite unconcernedly among the crowd when a man suddenly opened a small table and produced three cards, shouting, " Who will find the lady?"

Having heard a little about this trick, I stood watching a youth, who soon lost five pounds. I was longing to pull him away, but I was afraid.

He soon lost another five, and it was then I wished I were a man.—*Mrs. H.*

* * *

I found I had left my purse at home. It was then that I wished I was a man with those handy trouser pockets they dip in.—*L. A., Southampton.*

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches played on January 27

ENGLISH CUP—ROUND 4.

**(1) ARSENAL v. C. Palace.
(2) Aston Villa v. Sunderland.
(3) Milwall v. LEICESTER.
(4) Oldham v. WEDNESDAY.
*(5) HOTSPUR v. West Ham.
(6) Tranmere v. LIVERPOOL.
(7) Workington v. PRESTON.
(8) Hull v. MANCHESTER CITY.
(9) PORTSMOUTH v. Grimsby.
**(10) BIRMINGHAM v. Charlton.
(11) DERBY v. Wolverhampton.
(12) BURY v. Swansea.
**(13) HUDDERSFIELD v. Northampton.
(14) CHELSEA v. Forest.
(15) STOKE v. Blackpool.
(16) Brighton v. Bolton.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION I.

(1) NEWCASTLE v. W.B. Albion.

SECOND DIVISION.

*(1) BRADFORD C. v. Port Vale.
(2) Manchester U. v. BRENTFORD.
(3) PLYMOUTH v. Burnley.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

*(1) COVENTRY v. Southend.
(2) Newport v. Luton.
(3) BOSCOMBE v. Exeter.
*(4) ORIENT v. Swindon.
**(5) NORWICH v. Aldershot.
(6) READING v. Bristol R.
(7) TORQUAY v. Cardiff.

NORTHERN SECTION.

*(1) CARLISLE v. Rotherham.
(2) Rochdale v. CHESTERFIELD.
**(3) STOCKPORT v. N. Brighton.
**(4) BARNSLEY v. Gateshead.
(5) Barrow v. Walsall.
(6) Chester v. WREXHAM.
(7) DONCASTER v. York.
(8) HALIFAX v. Crewe.
*(9) HARTLEPOOLS v. Southport.
(10) MANSFIELD v. Darlington.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) Dundee v. RANGERS.
(2) PARTICK v. Queen of South.
(3) Third Lanark v. HAMILTON.
(4) Airdrie v. KILMARNOCK.
(5) AYR v. Falkirk.
(6) CELTIC v. St. Johnstone.
(7) Cowdenbeath v. Hearts.
(8) HIBERNIANS v. Aberdeen.
**(9) MOTHERWELL v. Queen's Park.
(10) ST. MIRREN v. Clyde.

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

Example Code.—English Cup 10 (*H*); Div. II. 1 (*H*); Southern Section 5 (*H*); Northern Section 3 (*A*); Scottish League 9 (*H*) would indicate Birmingham, Bradford C., Norwich Chesterfield and Motherwell.

Every Monday the *Sporting Life* publishes an authentic list of the dividends paid by leading Football Pool firms, together with an analysis of the week-end games and forecasts for the week. On Thursdays there appears the famous Pool Chart, giving at a glance matches played, results, form points and forecasts. If you would like a specimen copy of the Chart, write to *Sporting Life* (Dept. J.B.), 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, January 30.

The Person I'd Like to Meet Most—and Why.

EMINENT CHEMIST DISCOVERS AN ENTIRELY *NEW TREATMENT* FOR

RHEUMATISM

THIS MIRACLE-WORKING PACKAGE BRINGS RELIEF TO ALL SUFFERERS FROM RHEUMATISM LUMBAGO, SCIATICA NEURITIS AND ALLIED COMPLAINTS

THIS BOX CONTAINS COMPLETE TREATMENT
PANAWAH OINTMENT

The new Three-in-One "PANAWAH" Treatment attacks the dreaded scourge of Rheumatism. and all its kindred complaints, *from a new angle.* The discoverer realised that merely to ease the pain by powerful drugs was unsatisfactory, and that to bring about permanent relief the RHEUMATIC GERM in the blood stream must be annihilated. Step by step the treatment was built up and the very first trial brought outstanding relief. Since then hundreds of sufferers have found renewed health and strength, and with them Rheumatism has become a thing of the past.

Send the coupon to-day for Free Trial supply of the "PANAWAH" (Brand) Tablets, Ointment and Herbal Tea, together with two explanatory booklets.

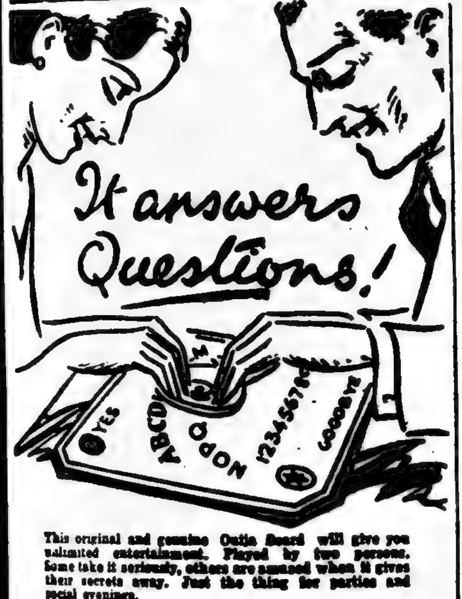
DOCTORS ASTONISHED AT RECOVERY OF PATIENTS AFTER YEARS OF TORTURE

FREE TRIAL

Mr. C. H. E. (Case No. A478) was able to walk after four days, although previous to the "Panawah" Treatment he had not walked for six weeks.

CUT OUT & POST NOW

To PANAWAH COMPANY, 55, Berners St., London, W.1.
Please send me Free Trial Supply of the 3-in-1 "Panawah" Treatment, with explanatory booklets. I enclose 4½d. stamps to cover packing and postage.
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
J.B.1. ....
Block letters, please.



This original and genuine Ouija Board will give you unlimited entertainment. Played by two persons. Some take it seriously, others are amused when it gives their secrets away. Just the thing for parties and social evenings.

PRICE 6/9 POST FREE.

OUIJA

WONDER TALKING BOARD.

Obtainable only from :
OUIJA BOARD DISTRIBUTORS, 539, First Avenue House, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Sole European Agents.

CATARRH and Headnoises

FAMOUS AURIST'S PRESCRIPTION

This treatment is entirely different from any other Catarrh remedy. It is a remedy of the very highest medical standard, based on a prescription of a very well known HarleyStreet Aurist.

Redunol Tablets Kill Catarrh.

START NOW ! 3/- or (Double Quantity) 5/- post free.
D. & J. HILL LTD. (B. Dept.), 265, Oxford Street, London, W.1

Blackheads! Enlarged Pores!

Watch Them Fall Away

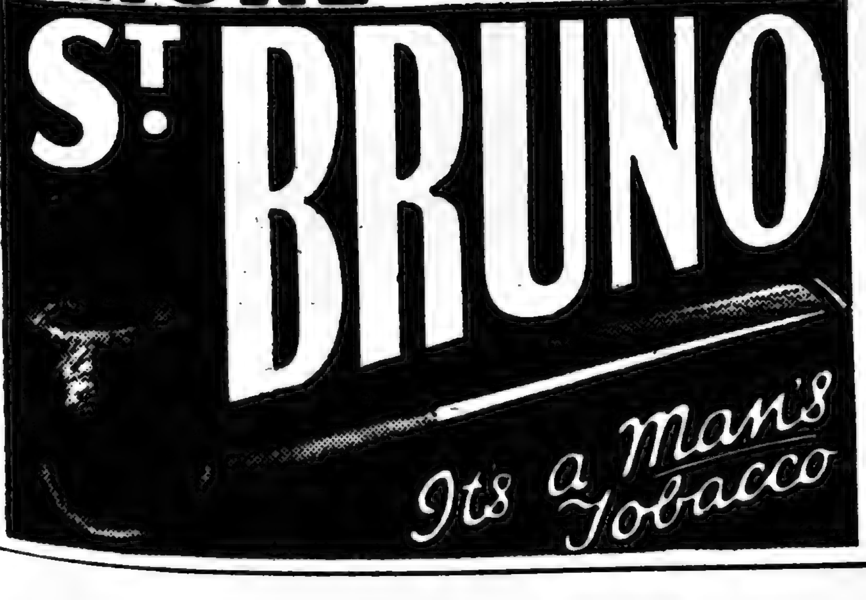
Get a Clear New Skin in 3 days

This New Easy Way!

No person need have such ugly blemishes now. This new skin-making discovery in Crème Tokalon Skinfood (White Colour) penetrates, dissolves deep pore dirt and blackheads so that they fall away. It soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores; whitens and beautifies the darkest, roughest skin and gives an indescribable youth-like skin and complexion obtained no other way, in only three days' time! Any good pharmacist will tell you so.

Never miss reading
"SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING."
See pages 2 & 3.

SMOKE



To PROVE

Beyond A Shadow Of Doubt that

Germolene

Brand

the amazing ASEPTIC Ointment is the World's FASTEST SKIN HEALER . . .

The most amazing of the many unique properties of Germolene Ointment is the unparalleled *speed* with which it heals agonising skin trouble.

The three unsolicited letters published below provide final convincing PROOF. Each is a modern miracle of skin healing. Each is a typical example of what Germolene has already done for others . . . and what Germolene can do for YOU !

BAD LEG Healed in 1 WEEK	RASH Vanishes in 2 DAYS	ULCERS Healed in 2 DAYS
"For five weeks I had a dreadful bad leg. Nobody could give me anything to touch it—until I discovered Germolene Ointment. IT DID MORE GOOD THAN ALL OTHER TREATMENTS PUT TOGETHER; it ended my suffering and got me back to work in a week."—Mr. R. Bedford, West Norwood.	*"For weeks I have treated the most unsightly and irritating RASH, but without the slightest improvement. Then a friend suggested Germolene Ointment. WITHIN TWO DAYS THE RASH HAD COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED."—Miss H. Smith, Southall.*	*"Having scalded my leg rather badly I was obliged to take special treatment for close on three months, as large ulcers developed. I was recommended all kinds of remedies, but all of no avail, until I tried Germolene. After TWO DAYS the ulcers entirely healed." — Mrs. Emily Hale, Clapham.*

We PROMISE—and we PROVE that

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

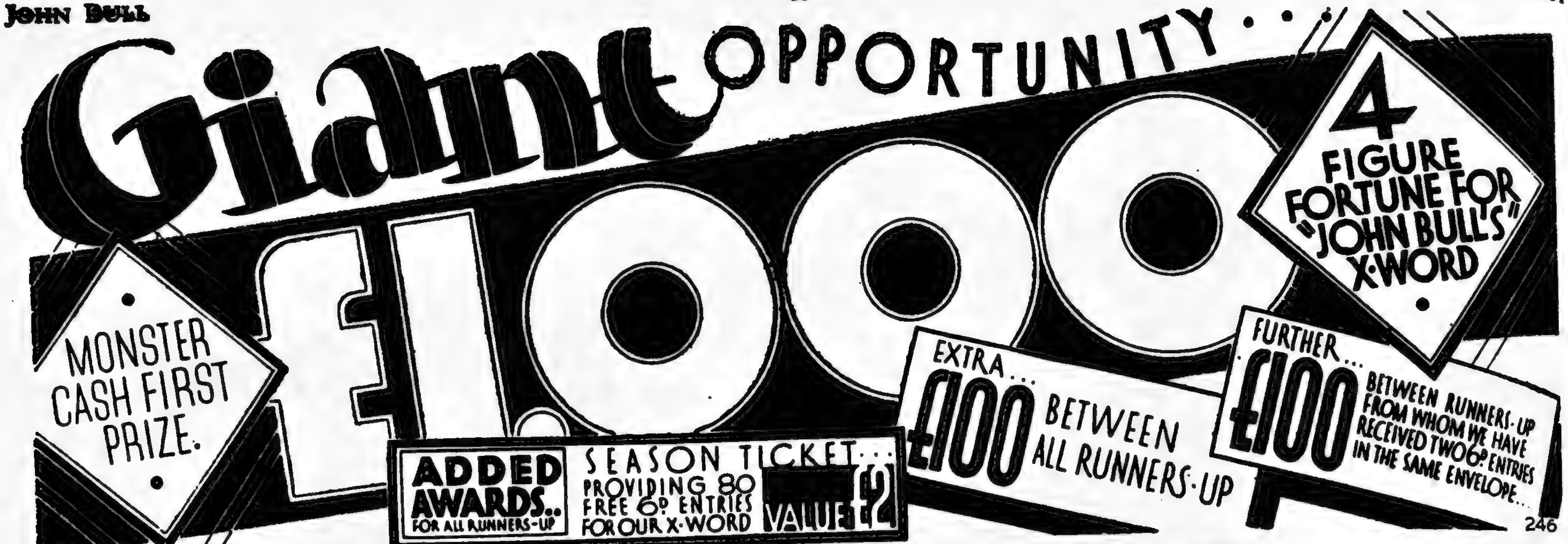
will heal YOUR Skin Trouble

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!
Germolene

Why deny yourself for a moment longer the amazing relief that only Germolene can bring? Why go on suffering, when hundreds of other skin victims have already proved beyond the slightest doubt that Germolene Ointment cannot fail to heal your skin complaint? Get a tin AT ONCE,

For ECZEMA, CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, PILES, SORES, IMPETIGO, ULCERS, BAD LEGS, RASH, CHILBLAINS, RINGWORM, Etc., Etc

All Chemists
1/3 AND 3/-


Giant OPPORTUNITY . . .
£1,000
MONSTER CASH FIRST PRIZE.
4 FIGURE FORTUNE FOR "JOHN BULL'S" X-WORD
EXTRA . . . £100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP
FURTHER . . . £100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE HAVE RECEIVED TWO 6D. ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE . . .
ADDED AWARDS . . FOR ALL RUNNERS-UP
SEASON TICKET . . . PROVIDING 80 FREE 6D. ENTRIES FOR OUR X-WORD VALUE £2
246

SOLVING the bright little Puzzle below is an entertainment in itself. And if you do so correctly, your huge reward for thus amusing yourself may be a four-figure fortune of £1,000 cash!

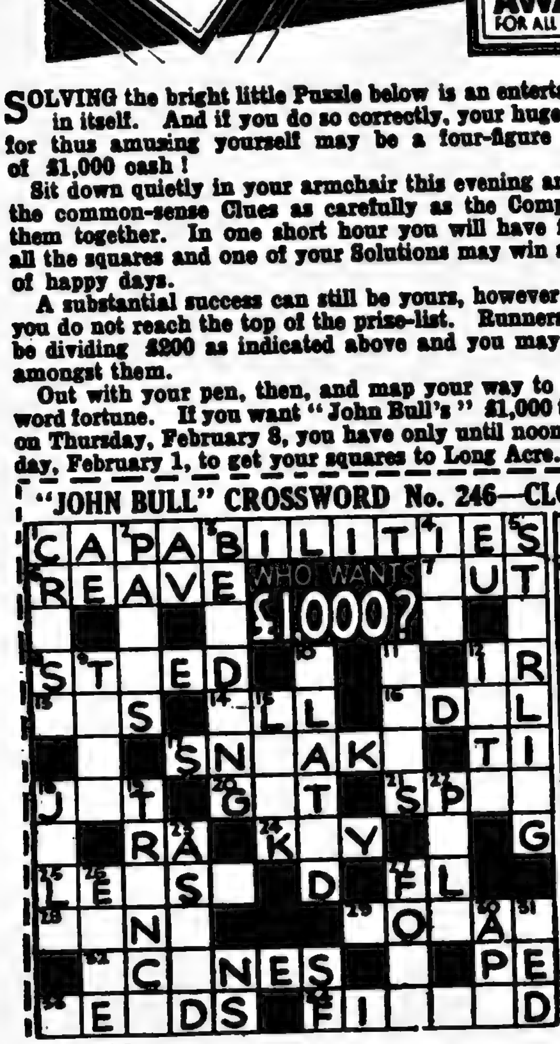
Sit down quietly in your armchair this evening and study the common-sense Clues as carefully as the Compiler fits them together. In one short hour you will have filled up all the squares and one of your Solutions may win a wealth of happy days.

A substantial success can still be yours, however, even if you do not reach the top of the prize-list. Runners-up will be dividing £200 as indicated above and you may well be amongst them.

Out with your pen, then, and map your way to a Crossword fortune. If you want "John Bull's" £1,000 telegram on Thursday, February 8, you have only until noon, Thursday, February 1, to get your squares to Long Acre.

JOHN BULL will pay £1,000 for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. A Season Ticket providing 80 Free entries to our Crossword Contest will be added to every Runners-up prize. Solution of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, February 8, and winner in JOHN BULL on sale, Thursday, February 15.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 246—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 1, 1934



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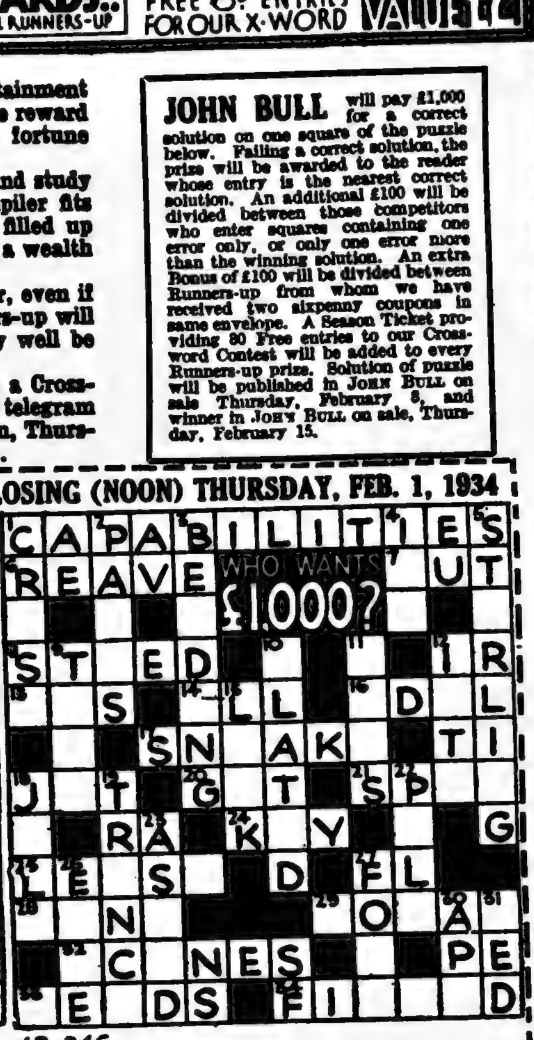


JB-246

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value...... No..............
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

SIGNED ....

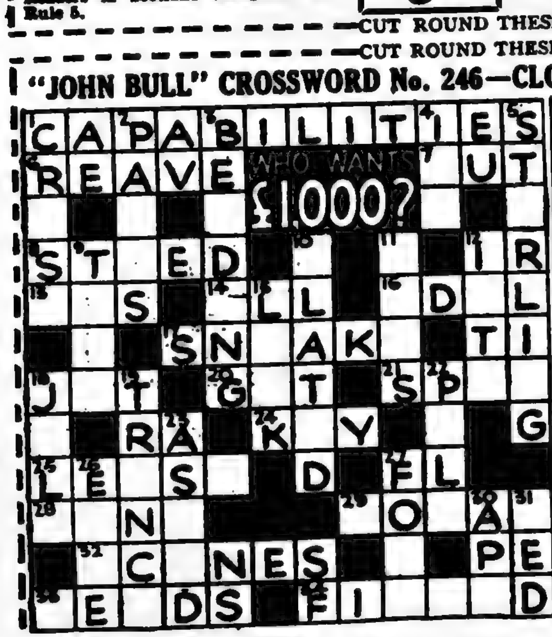
ADDRESS ....

....

—CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES—

—CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES—

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 246—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 1, 1934



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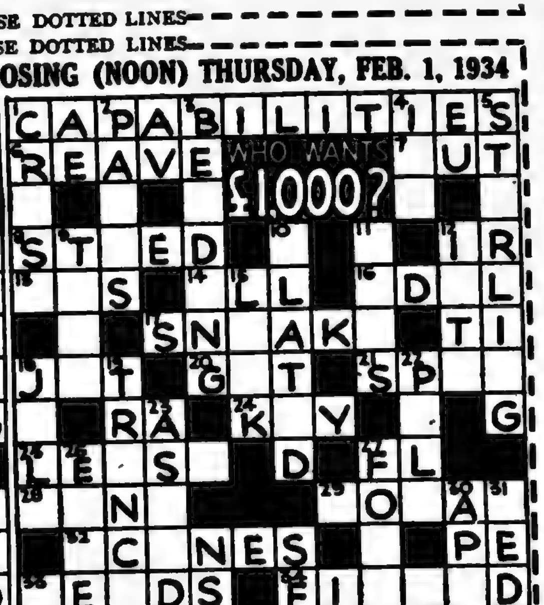


JB-246

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value...... No..............
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED..............................

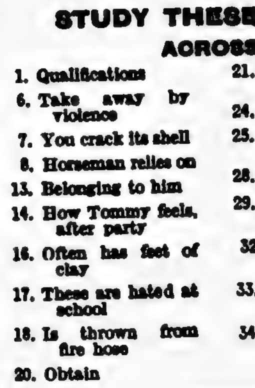
ADDRESS ....

....

COLOSSAL X-WORD OFFER COMING

FREE HELP with "John Bull's" puzzles awaits you in the **Crossword Gazette**. Register on **Bulletin** coupon in "Bullets" page.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 244.



JB.244

Winners in X-Word No. 243 appear on Page 4. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 244 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Qualifications
6. Take away by violence
7. You crack its shell
8. Horseman relies on
13. Belonging to him
14. How Tommy feels, after party
16. Often has feet of clay
17. These are hated at school
18. Is thrown from fire hose
20. Obtain
21. Width of a stretched hand
24. Opens a lock
25. Poor keep house on this
28. Mobile fort
29. Scientists study these regions
32. Pantomime contains many
33. These grow where land is neglected
34. Stadium is, on Cup Final day

DOWN

1. Ruin
2. You can look through these and see the world
3. Is necessary when making a bed
4. Letters are sometimes written in
5. Security is provided by
9. High wind may play tricks with this
10. Dad gets, after a few drinks
11. Heard from engine
12. A jot
15. Emblem of Wales
18. May upset a steady man
19. Spiritualistic medium goes into
22. Popular candidate has a big one
23. Inquired
26. Hard worker deserves his
27. One on the field annoys football spectators
30. Largest monkey
31. It signals danger

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, February 1.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 15. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, February 27, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

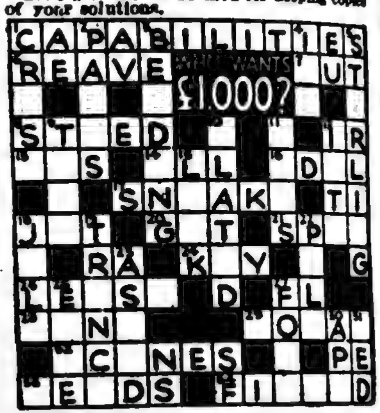
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



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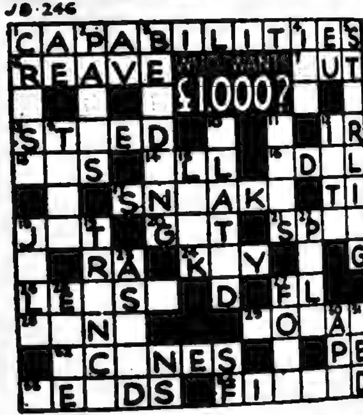

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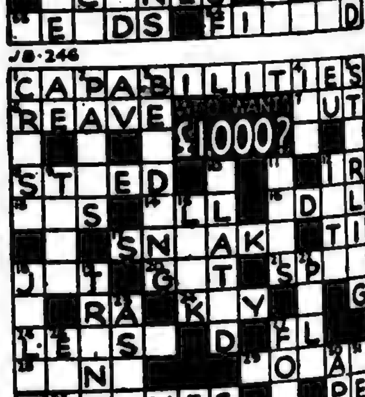


JB-246

WHO WANTS £1,000?

JB-246

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to th Newsagent from whom this contest's first pri winner usually purchases his copy of "Jo Bull." Should the first prize be shared the will be divided between sharers' Newsagen

ENTRY FEE
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING
See Rule 1.

Address Entr
"JOHN BULL"
CROSSWORDS N
246, 57, Long Acr
London, W.C.
(Comp.)

The EDITOR *Laughs Last*

THOMAS (Clacton).—"They refused to serve me with oysters at the hotel." Perhaps it wasn't opening time.

Farmer (Dorset).—"The old type of farmhand is slow moving." That is why he is fast going.

M. D. (Edinburgh).—"A cough is not always a bad sign." Though sometimes an effective signal.

Veronica (Bath).—"I love a nice tramp". But can he support you in the way to which you have been accustomed?

Nature (Warlingham).—"I eat wild berries because birds do, and therefore they must be good." Do you eat worms?

Kitty (Glasgow).—"I like the tone of my sweetheart's voice." Do you think there's a ring in it?

R. O (Coventry).—"Crazy paving is best done on a fine day." When the weather is balmy, too.

A. M. (Bath).—"I stared him straight in the face, but he did not flinch." He took his punishment like a man?

A. N. L (Liscard).—"Why are there so many people in prison?" Because they lock the gates.

D. M. (Manchester).—"An American gangster is an expert billiard player." He knows how to put the ball on the spot.

Traveller (Basingstoke).—"The old-time gold prospectors always got drunk after a lucky strike." Quarts after quartz.

H. H. (Bedford Park).—"He always wears a bowler hat that is too large for him." Don't his ears get tired?

B. S. (New Barnet).—"There is nothing like scouting for boys." That is the opinion of many girls.

S P. (Streatham).—"I don't mind paying a fair retail price." What you do object to is a fairy tale price?

Home Decorator (Wells).—"We have crazy paving, so why not crazy floors?" We tried to lay our own linoleum too.

Mary (Totnes).—"I'll never go fishing with a boy again." Did he concentrate on fishing?

F. D. L. (Leeds).—"Where are the home-made delicacies of forty years ago?" Eaten.

D. N. (Goole).—"Congratulate me—I have not touched a cocktail this year." Shake!

D Y. (Southwark).—"People are apt to suspect a man who holds too many of the good things." Five aces for instance.

B. V. (Hendon).—"With my very first blow, I sent my opponent flying through the ropes." You must have very strong lungs.

Factor (Lewes).—"When I demanded the rent he became quarrelsome and threatened me with violence." But you kept calm and collected?

E. N. (Bungay).—"I heard a bang on the front door at midnight, and whom do you think I found there?" The person who banged

H. M. (Diss).—"Anyone who persists in taking dangerous corners on two wheels ought to be barred from using the road." That would be rather hard on cyclists.

Bert (Llandudno).—"Although I'm a plumber by trade, I've had to take a job as gardener." You're now able to handle leeks as well as leaks.

W. S. (Montgomery).—"You have a lot to say about quack remedies, but we see plenty of testimonials." But you don't see the epitaphs.

Enthusiast (Kensington). — "Dances give employment to dressmakers, hairdressers, and beauty specialists." And chiropodists.

J. L. (Kirkheaton).—"What do you mean by a profitable business?" One you can bank on.

R. M. W. (Chelsea).—"I have always found good in everything." You must have been very lucky with eggs.

G. M. (Tooting).—"He married a little woman who is full of fun." A short wife and a gay one.

T. N. (Colchester).—"Carnera has forced his way into the news again." Personally we shouldn't think of stopping him.

B. N. (Lanark).—"You must admit that there is something in my letters which you don't find in anybody else's." Yes; your address!

C. M. (Southampton).—"When President Roosevelt took office the United States was dying by inches." So he immediately took measures.

Mother (Hanley).—"I want to call my daughter Pearl, my hubby wants to call her Ruby, while mother wants her to be Beryl." What a little gem she must be.

Mrs. R. A. (Hendon).—"I brought my husband to book for not securing seats for a pantomime first night." You should have brought him to book beforehand.

Newly Wed (Lewes).—"My husband complains because my desserts are not like his mother's." It is a poor husband who worries over trifles.

Amazing Gift for Every Reader

See Centre Supplement

Botanist (Northampton).—"Some vegetables have highly sensitive nerve centres." That explains why they often get into a stew.

M. J. (Manchester).—"Burglars broke into my shop and stole the whole of my stock of plus-fours." More male bag robberies.

Musician (Dudley).—"Though I say it myself, as a pianist I take a bit of beating." We note you can also blow your own trumpet.

Grocer (Lowestoft).—"What would you say if I told you that in my cellar there have been found mice nearly a foot in length?" Rats!

Daisy (Greenock).—"He is the nicest boy-friend I have ever had." And is he aware that he is being had?

Tim (Bristol).—"I am advised that the best thing I can do is to become reconciled to my wife." And the next best?

Mother (Battle).—"I asked my daughter's young man his intentions." Does he keep her in the dark?

R. T. (Carlisle).—"I've gone through a great deal for my husband." See letter below.

. . . . S. T. (Carlisle). — "After my wife had gone through my bank account she started going through my pockets." See letter above.

H. M. (London, S.).—"The bullet grazed my scalp." A parting shot.

A. V. E. (Aston). — "Is suicide a disease?" If so, it is incurable.

Corporal (Salisbury).—"There has been an outbreak of colds in my regiment." The hoarse guards.

Health (Hamble).—"My face is rosier than that of any modern girl's." You've got a blooming cheek.

F. M. (Bath).—"A bell-ringer's job leaves him plenty of time for leisure." He is always at a loose end.

J. S. (Chester).—"I was appointed her guardian, but she ignored me completely." A casual ward.

D S. (Darlington).—"My schoolboy son declares that to him a caning is as enjoyable as going to the theatre." And on both occasions, no doubt, he books his seat.

William (Lincoln).—"Men are often blamed for their conservatism in dress, but can you suggest anything we could discard?" The bottom button of the waistcoat.

F. T. (Cocking).—"I absent-mindedly wandered into a sheep-pen and was arrested on suspicion." While you were merely wool-gathering.

Furrier (Glasgow).—"Rabbit skins can be put to a variety of uses." Most important of which is that of holding the rabbit together.

Brunette (Sevenoaks).—"I applied for a position in the chorus, but the producer said he wanted blondes." We suppose you are dyeing to go on the stage.

Miss J. (Reading).—"Can't someone think of a nicer name for an unmarried woman than 'spinster'?" Lady in waiting?

D. O. (Dawlish).—"When my son left public school he didn't owe a penny." He must have chosen the time of his departure badly.

F. M. (Surbiton).—"All those who play for money in night clubs are inveterate gamblers." Unless they are in the orchestra.

G. R. H. (Bedford).—"What could I do? There was nobody within a mile, and there was I, at the bottom of the well with a broken leg." You were in a hole.

C. H. (Stalybridge).—"I doubt if there is anything new under the sun." Take a look at page 43—you may change your mind and your circumstances as well.

Cuthbert (Heston).—"My intended wife excels in skating, swimming, rowing, hockey, cricket, fencing, dancing and car-racing." So you are learning cookery and housework?

R. N. (Soho).—"I was astounded when the police suddenly entered the night club and started to take names and addresses." Had you mislaid your surprise-raids fixture card?

Miss D. (Leeds).—"I have just bought a bright red costume, with hat, shoes and stockings to match." You will have to be careful not to yawn in the street in case some short-sighted person is on his way to post a letter.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

ERNIE : *by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey*

IF you are troubled by any matter except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

INDIGESTION

SHEER AGONY AFTER EATING

Be Warned of Your Serious Danger!

How long is it since you enjoyed a really good meal? When did you last say, "I enjoyed that, it has done me a world of good"? How long have you just hated the mere sight of food, knowing the after-misery it will cause you?

One more question before we leave the matter to your common sense. How much longer are you going to neglect slight or serious symptoms of indigestion, waiting until you are gripped in the chronic pain caused by acid stomach, gastritis or ulceration? We tell you, and can prove, that the

New-Principle Remedy for Indigestion— De Witt's Antacid Powder

will most surely end your trouble. Here is just one of the splendid letters we daily receive stating that this quick-action remedy does restore perfect digestion and good appetite, when, as the sufferer says, all else has failed.

Mr. John Harris, of 2, Dale View, Dale Road, Buxton, Derbyshire, says :—"Some time ago I was troubled with nasty, bitter fluid arising from my stomach, and disliked my food. I could get no relief. I was in continual pain and soon had to cease my work and take to my bed. I was sent to hospital and an operation for gastric ulcers was performed. Later, all my troubles returned. At last I heard of your Antacid Powder, but had no hopes that it would be any different to anything else. I got a sample, and this seemed to stop the sickness, so I decided to persevere. After three days I was able to leave my bed and get out of doors. Before the first tin was emptied, I was able to enjoy my meals. I am now feeling better every day."

De Witt's Antacid Powder is strongly recommended in all cases of sour acid stomach, palpitation, flatulence, burning, griping pains, heartburn. Why will you allow neglected indigestion to lead you to a state of chronic stomach ulceration or gastritis? Let this entirely new-principle remedy end your trouble for good.

Where operation has been advised, where sufferers have been laid aside in hospital, and everything has been tried without results, this remedy has ended awful pain and built sound digestion, so that the former digestive martyr can again enjoy food and know that it is building health and strength. Ask for

I eat what I like!

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

FOR INDIGESTION 1/6

Sold in handsome canisters containing average month's supply. Be sure you get the genuine remedy, prepared by the well-known house, "De Witt's," which has supplied medicinal remedies to the public for 50 years.

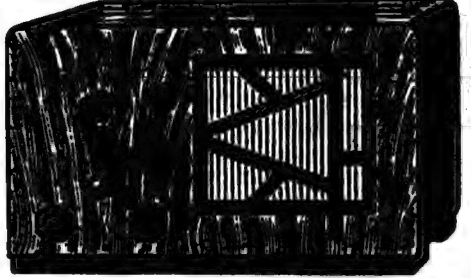
Why *My* Skin NEVER SHINES

Let the rain fall, let the wind blow, I never worry. I know that the Mousse of Cream in Poudre Tokalon makes it stay on in all kinds of weather. My own skin is greasy, yet Poudre Tokalon clings four times as long as ordinary powder. It is not affected by perspiration. Prevents enlarged pores.

No matter what you do, Poudre Tokalon is the one-face powder that will give you a marvellously beautiful natural complexion, day or night, absolutely without shine. 6d. and 1/- a box.

FREE: By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de Luxe Beauty Outfit containing six shades of Tokalon 'Mousse of Cream' Powder so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 222 A), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Make sure of having the best by installing GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-Valve Battery-driven self-contained Set. It is a triumph of Radio skill and enterprise, and gives you countless hours of pleasurable entertainment.

Every component the best of its class. Steel Chassis, British Valves, Illuminated Tuning Dial. Figured Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 9in. IT HAS A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT USING IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS, AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN.

8/- NOW

H.T. Battery, Accumulator & Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid £6.16.0 or 8/- monthly. Fullest Approval. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

Mr. J. S. of Millom, 7.1.34, writes:—'I am well satisfied with the National Wireless Set. It exceeded my expectations in every way. Of course I know the name of J. G. Graves Ltd. is in itself a guarantee, but I never dreamt that the set would be as good as it turned out to be.'

Mr. G. O. of Blakemere, 8.1.34, writes:—'I am pleased to say I am perfectly satisfied with the Set. It has a beautiful tone, and I am able to get a variety of stations.

GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE SET FOR A.C. MAINS fitted with finest components, including Iron-cored Radio Frequency Coils, latest pattern Moving Coil Loud Speaker. Beautifully figured Walnut Cabinet. Complete in all respects, Carriage Paid £9:0:0 or 12/- monthly. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of these and other self-contained Radio Sets of latest design for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Het Sets, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

Nature Conquers Constipation

A HEALTH Discovery which affects 9 out of 10 men and women, has just been made, and readers of "John Bull" are privileged to be amongst the first to benefit—by a trial at half-price—from a wonderful new natural Remedy.

Indigestion, Liverishness, Headaches, Depression, Skin Defects, Rheumatism, Giddiness, Boils and numerous other troubles are known to be caused and aggravated by Constipation and Delayed Bowel Action.

Instead of irritating the delicate lining of stomach and intestines, like ordinary purges, this simple herbal combination—known as Dr. Gilley's Herbal Laxative—strengthens and tones up the intestines so that they can act without assistance.

DR. GILLEY'S HERBAL LAXATIVE is pleasant to take, and a salt-spoonful of the small aromatic herbs seldom fails, although it is particularly gentle. You feel brighter and happier almost immediately. Your brain is clearer. Worry, fatigue and depression fade away, and you feel "fit" and full of energy.

You get quick relief from Sick Headaches, Indigestion and Stomach Pains, Flatulence, Bad Breath, "Liver," Backache and Lost Appetite, also from Boils, Blotches, Pimples and Rheumatic Pains. In suspected "Blood Pressure" or Kidney Troubles it often works wonders.

HALF-PRICE OFFER

Every reader of "John Bull" is to-day invited to prove this personally. By a special arrangement they will receive a full 1/3 packet (about 50 average daily doses) for Half-Price by posting the form below.

Chemists, including Boots', Timothy White's, Taylor's, Heppell's, Needham's, Squire's, etc., are now selling "Dr. Gilley's Herbal Laxative."

POST THIS FORM

To Gilley's Laboratories, Ltd.
5, New Quebec St., London, W.1.

Please send me a full size 1/3 packet of Dr. Gilley's Herbal Laxative for half price as per special offer to "John Bull" readers. I enclose 7½d. in P.O. or stamps.

IT IS WORTH 7½D. TO YOU

Name..............................

Address ....

....

"John Bull," 27/1/34.

ASTHMA

Is sleep impossible? Do you wake half-strangled by Asthma? End this torture—take RAZ-MAH Capsules. RAZ-MAH quickly breaks up suffocating mucus gatherings. You breathe freely; sleep restfully. No smokes, sprays, snuff. No dangerous or habit-forming drugs. Stocked by Boots, Timothy Whites, and all Chemists and Stores at 3/- and 5/- the box. **Relief guaranteed or money refunded on two 3/- boxes or one 5/- box.**

FREE TRIAL sent on request to Gilmour Templeton Co., Ltd. (Dept. F 21), 80, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

FRIGHTENED TO EAT FOR STOMACH PAINS

There is no need for you to suffer the agonies of gastric and stomach trouble, of indigestion, wind or sick stomach. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder gives certain relief when all other treatments have failed. We receive hundreds of letters from grateful sufferers, and the following from Mr. Robert Simpson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, is typical of them:—

"I have been troubled with my stomach for about ten years. The doctor said I had acute gastric ulcers—I was frightened to eat for pain and suffered day in, day out until I noticed Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. I am pleased to say I am now a new man. I have recommended your wonderful powder to all my friends—they all call it 'Macleans Magic Powder.' They know how I suffered. I wish your powder every success—I would not be without it for worlds."

Put an end to your suffering; start taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to-day. Your relief will be immediate and in a few days you will be able to eat anything you like without fear of agonising pain. But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

HEAD COLDS INSTANT RELIEF

"Nostroline" acts in 30 seconds. Clears head, opens breathing passages. Ends congestion in nose, throat or chest. Get "Nostroline" to-day and banish all terrors of winter. 1/3, at all chemists. Safe for youngest child. *Free Sample from "Nostroline," J. 61, Clifton, Bristol.*

CATARRH
INFLUENZA
HEAD NOISES
DEAFNESS

IT MUST BE 'NOSTROL

TRANSFORM YOUR LIFE

WEALTH

UNIQUE 'BULLETS' OPPORTUNITY

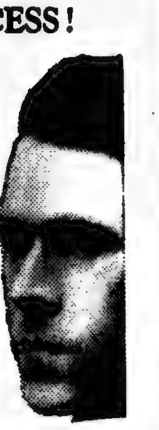
Yours only until Sat. Feb. 10

WEALTH for the Present *plus* Provision for the Future! What finer reward for a few words could you wish for than this colossal 2-in-1 First Prize which is placed within your reach to-day?

Think of the thousands of blessings which would be showered upon you by that mighty fortune of £3,000. To be rich and to know that your dependants will be provided for by the added prize of a fully-paid £1,000 Life Assurance Policy—this means comfort and contentment indeed!

On Friday, February 23, JOHN BULL'S congratulations will be wired to the winner of this Wonder First—and there is no reason why that thrill of thrills should not be yours.

FOLLOW HIM TO A HUGE SUCCESS!



Mr. W. T. Humphreys

Before you begin juggling words into good *Bullets* for our Giant 1934 Contest, dwell a moment on the splendid success just scored in this way by a young Birmingham accountant.

After his day's work with figures, the adding of words to *Examples* gave just the relaxation he needed to Mr. W. T. Humphreys, 21, Whitehead Road, Aston. But the actual making of his £500 and Radio Gramophone *Bullet* which headed our 920th prize-list was the work of thirty seconds only.

Here is his successful effort: REDEEMING FEATURE—"SEARCH" CRIMINAL FOR *That!* And as you study its neat simplicity, achieved in only half a minute, think what you could do with an inviting *Example* in half an hour this evening!

There are your coupons on the opposite page, waiting for good *Bullets* from your pen. And below are winners which will show you the way to the prize-list.

Keep your eye on that Giant First which means for the winner both prosperity and peace of mind and put your very best into those *Bullets* you enter by Saturday, February 10.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 921

FIRST PRIZE OF £500 AND 100 CIGARETTES OR 5/- PAIR OF STOCKINGS MONTHLY FOR LIFE, OR £525 CASH.

Mr. T. F. GARNETT, 19, David Street, Liverpool.
Example:—THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM
Bullet:—MAY CONFETTI "HIT" HARDEST!
(Entered on "Season Ticket" Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. W. L. HOOLE, 3, Sandhurst Place, Crookes, Sheffield.
Example:—Pampered Child
Bullet:—I Feel, Counting Blessings.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. S. C. BAILEY, 114, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.
Example:—Battle Of Wits
Bullet:—Keeping Grandpa Off Crimea!
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: Miss D. AMBRIDGE, c/o H.A.S., Ltd., 15, Wimbledon Broadway, S.W.
Far Away—Kin—Link In Ink.

£19: J. V. HARDY, 137, Cheadle Old Road, Stockport.
The Bully—Unemployment, But "Climbing Down."

£18: T. RADFORD, White House, Milton, Derby.
Bigger—Bigger—Bigger—Problems, While Bicker—Bicker—.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

£17: A. ASHTON, 27, Hafren Road, Shrewsbury.
Our Dog—Jealous—Later, Guards Pram.

£16: F. V. MONTGOMERY, 92, Gainsborough Drive, Belfast.
Pampered Child—"Orchid" In Life's "Snowstorm."

£15: G. CHALDER, 13a, King George's Road, Newbiggin-by-Sea.
Bigger—Bigger—Bigger—Cruisers Guarding—Derelict Tramps!

£14: W. FERN, 36, Silver Street, Whitwick, Leicester.
The Bride And Bridegroom—"Shepherd" Binds—Later, "Lamb."

£13: G. H. SIMS, c/o 61, Wellington Street, New Whittington, Chesterfield.
Youth Of To-day — Misunderstood—Through *Plain* Talking.

£12: J. E. KENT, 8, Pearson Street, Stockport.
Far Away—Prosperity? "Away With You"!
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

£11: Miss M. BROWN, 6, Coleridge Avenue, West Hartlepool.
Menace To The Country—Mars' "Gauntlet"—Dora's "Mittens."
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

£10: G. BRAZENDALE, High Street, Hale, Nr. Liverpool.
Youth Of To-day—Missed War—War's Hitting.

£9: Miss E. CLOW, 93, Brierley Street, Chadderton, Lancs.
Our Dog—"Paid Price"—We Couldn't.

£8: L. GITTLEMAN, 18, New Road, Chatham, Kent.
Reason He Left — School — Chancellor "Caned" Parents.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

£7: E. EVETTS, 246, Orme Road, Newcastle, Staffs.
With An Icy Glare—"Henry, You Said 'Hell'!"
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

£6: G. W. DUMBRELL, 38, Brampton Road, Eastbourne.
Pampered Child—"Pots" Sent To Pot.

TWO PRIZES OF £5 EACH.

A. V. BLANCHARD, 7, Holcombe Terrace, Bathampton, Bath.
Working Together—"Common Ground"—Rich Yield.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

H. E. POOK, 99, Days Road, Barton Hill, Bristol.
Year Ahead—Better Than "One Behind."

A list of 30 £1, 200 10s., 250 5s., and 1,000 2s. 6d. prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

PLEASE TEAR OUT THIS SUPPLEMENT

The most amazing Book ever published

WHAT IS HE DOING?
One of many intriguing full size photographs contained in this amazing Book

'JOHN BULL'S'

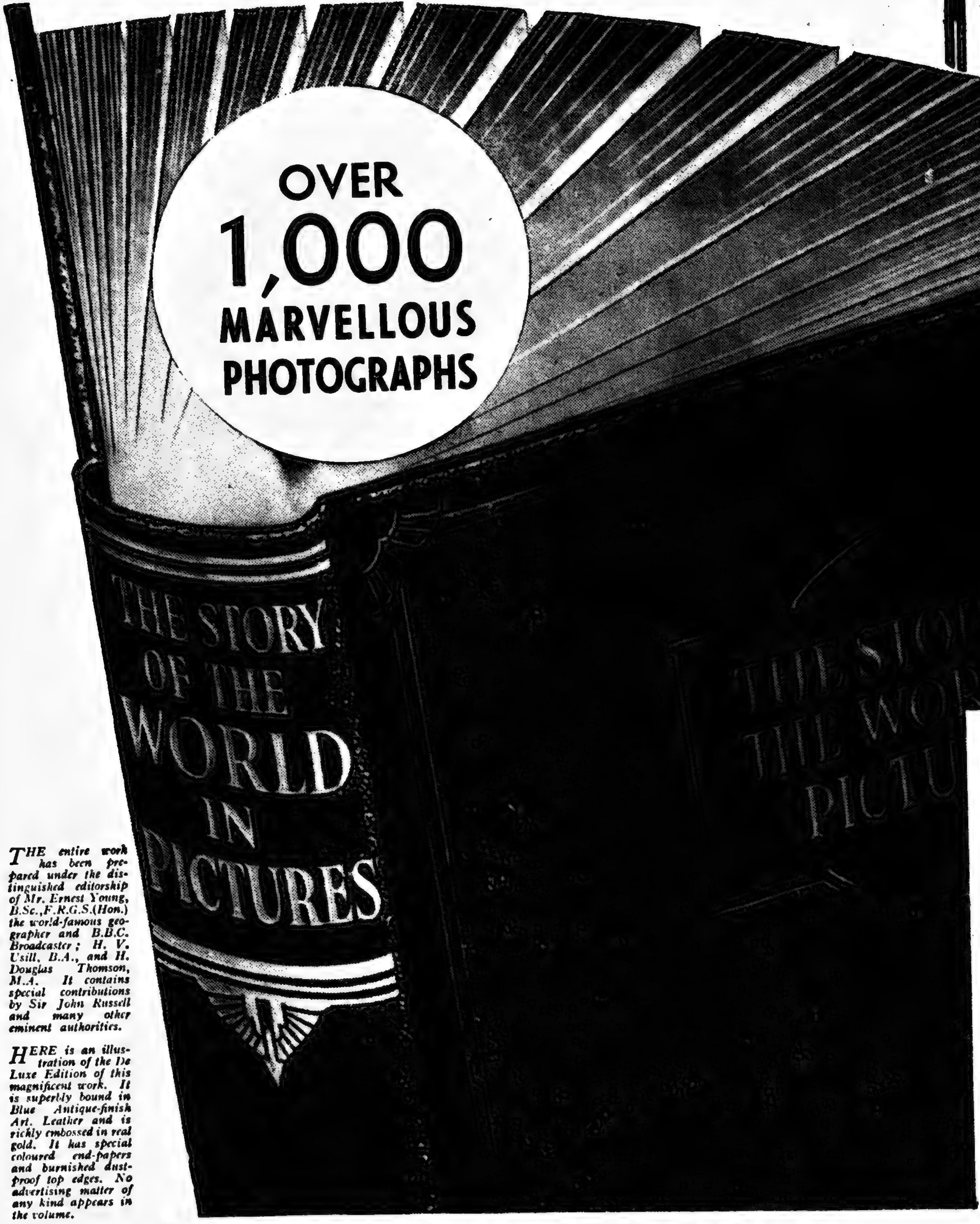
SENSATIONAL GIFT

to every Reader

SEE NEXT PAGE

PLEASE TEAR OUT

THE STOR


OVER
1,000
MARVELLOUS
PHOTOGRAPHS
THE STORY OF THE WORLD IN PICTURES
THE STORY OF THE WORLD IN PICTU

THE entire work has been prepared under the distinguished editorship of Mr. Ernest Young, B.Sc., F.R.G.S.(Hon.) the world-famous geographer and B.B.C. Broadcaster; H. V. Usill, B.A., and H. Douglas Thomson, M.A. It contains special contributions by Sir John Russell and many other eminent authorities.

HERE is an illustration of the De Luxe Edition of this magnificent work. It is superbly bound in Blue Antique-finish Art. Leather and is richly embossed in real gold. It has special coloured end-papers and burnished dust-proof top edges. No advertising matter of any kind appears in the volume.

☛ POST FORMS BELOW TO-DAY! ☚

OUT AROUND DOTTED LINE

Halfpenny Stamp must be firmly affixed here by YOU.

NAME ....

Full Postal ADDRESS..

....

....

POST AT ONCE

☛ Send no money with this Form ☚

"The Story of the World in Pictures."

RESERVATION FORM

NOT AVAILABLE unless received by NOT later than first post on THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1st.

N.B.—You must complete Address Form on left. Affix halfpenny stamp firmly to space provided—send in with Reservation Form—give *your* name and full postal address in Block Letters.

To Dept. ("J.B." 1), "John Bull," 3, Arne Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I apply, in accordance with the conditions of your special offer, for a Presentation Volume "The Story of the World in Pictures," to be reserved in my name. The newsagent (whose name and address are below for verification purposes) holds my written order for the regular delivery of "John Bull." Please send me by return a special GIFT CARD, acknowledging my Reservation and guaranteeing a volume in my name on the special terms of this Gift Presentation.

Indicate here the Edition you wish reserved :—

ORDINARY EDITION
DE LUXE EDITION } **Cross out Edition NOT required.**

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

READER'S NAME ....
State Mr., Mrs. or Miss.
ADDRESS ....
....
NAME OF NEWSAGENT..
ADDRESS ....
DATE.................................. ....

LEAVE BLANK.
Checked.
....
District Supervisor.

IMPORTANT.—You may send this Form with Address Form in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp, and, if you are NOT already a Registered Reader, you may also enclose with it the Registration Form for "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance which you will find on page 4 of this issue of "John Bull." DO NOT enclose any cash or correspondence. "John Bull," 27/1/34.

OF THE WORLD IN PICTURES

An Astounding £1 - 1 - 0 Work for every reader

THIS week "John Bull" announces the most sensational surprise ever planned for its readers. For its first great 1934 Presentation, "John Bull" is producing a stupendous new £1 1s. 0d. Work—something so unusual, amazing and beautiful that it is of vital interest to every man, woman and child in the land.

This is not only an entirely new Work—it is an entirely new idea and is absolutely exclusive to this great offer.

Realising the immense pleasure and fascination this thrilling book holds for all, and the importance of bringing it within easy reach of every family, "John Bull" has decided, on this occasion, to depart from the usual Presentation terms and is making a gigantic Gift to its readers of this unprecedented Guinea Work for 1/-—plus 1/- to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc.—a concession absolutely unheard of! **You send no money now**—simply reserve your volume at once on the Forms on the opposite page!

Moreover, in order to make it easier than ever to qualify, "John Bull" places your Gift Voucher in your hands **now—it is actually printed overleaf.**

What is "John Bull's" mighty new Book? It is the most romantic and enthralling story of **the world to day** ever compiled—"**The Story of the World in Pictures.**" Never before have you seen the like of this vast and colourful panorama of our earth and its inhabitants. Here are the marvels of distant lands and strange peoples, the wonders of man's achievements, nature's awe-inspiring glories, and the secrets of bird and animal life. Here are the races of every land and isle, their homes and cities, their clothes and customs, the foods they produce and eat, the things they make and do. You watch them at work and play, and at their religious devotions. You see how they travel, their methods of communication, their trades and industries. You are shown Nature's relentless attacks on man, and man's methods of defence. This great Work is, in fact, a modern **magic carpet** that whisks you round the world on a startlingly original and unforgettable voyage of adventure and discovery. No more enthralling book has ever been published—from it everyone will learn more of our wonderful World in half an hour than they would learn in years in the ordinary way.

This wonderful Art Production is lavishly illustrated with the **most astounding collection of photographs ever assembled in one volume**—over 1,000 striking pictures in all. Many of these, obtained at great risk to life in little known corners of the earth, are here published for the first time. Here, for example, are just a few of the hundreds of incredible things that this remarkable Work portrays . . . **women with tattooed moustaches; virgins who live in trees; exclusive photograph of mirage; spectres in the sky; scars that take the place of clothes, brushing out evil spirits . . . etc., etc.**

With each illustration is a graphic story—not just a description, but a vivid pen picture. The illustrations and text in this volume together form a true narrative far stranger than any fiction.

The book itself is a large size volume. It contains over 600 pages and measures 10 in. deep by 7¼ in. wide. Its weight is nearly 3 lb. Because it is a work of such lifelong interest and value, it is not only being printed throughout in rich photogravure on special opaque esparto ivory-finish paper, but is also offered to you in either of two magnificent bindings—the Ordinary and the De Luxe.

The Ordinary Edition has handsome covers of rich Maroon Cloth with deeply embossed title in full gilt on the spine. It has superb blind decorations on the spine and the front cover. The De Luxe Edition is a veritable triumph of the bookbinder's art. Lavishly bound in costly Blue Antique-finish Art. Leather, and richly embossed in **real** gold, it has special coloured end-papers with burnished dust-proof top edges to match the binding. It also has a blind decoration at foot of spine and on the front of the cover. If you prefer the De Luxe Edition, "John Bull" has made this available for the nominal sum of one shilling extra—so that all who want it can have the better binding.

WHAT YOU MUST DO NOW

First fill in the Reservation Form and Address Form on the opposite page. **Be sure to indicate in which Edition you desire your volume—Ordinary** or **De Luxe.** This Form reserves your volume in your name, in the Edition you specify, and **must** be sent in at once. **You send no money with the Reservation Form.** You should also indicate on your Gift Voucher overleaf the Edition you have chosen.

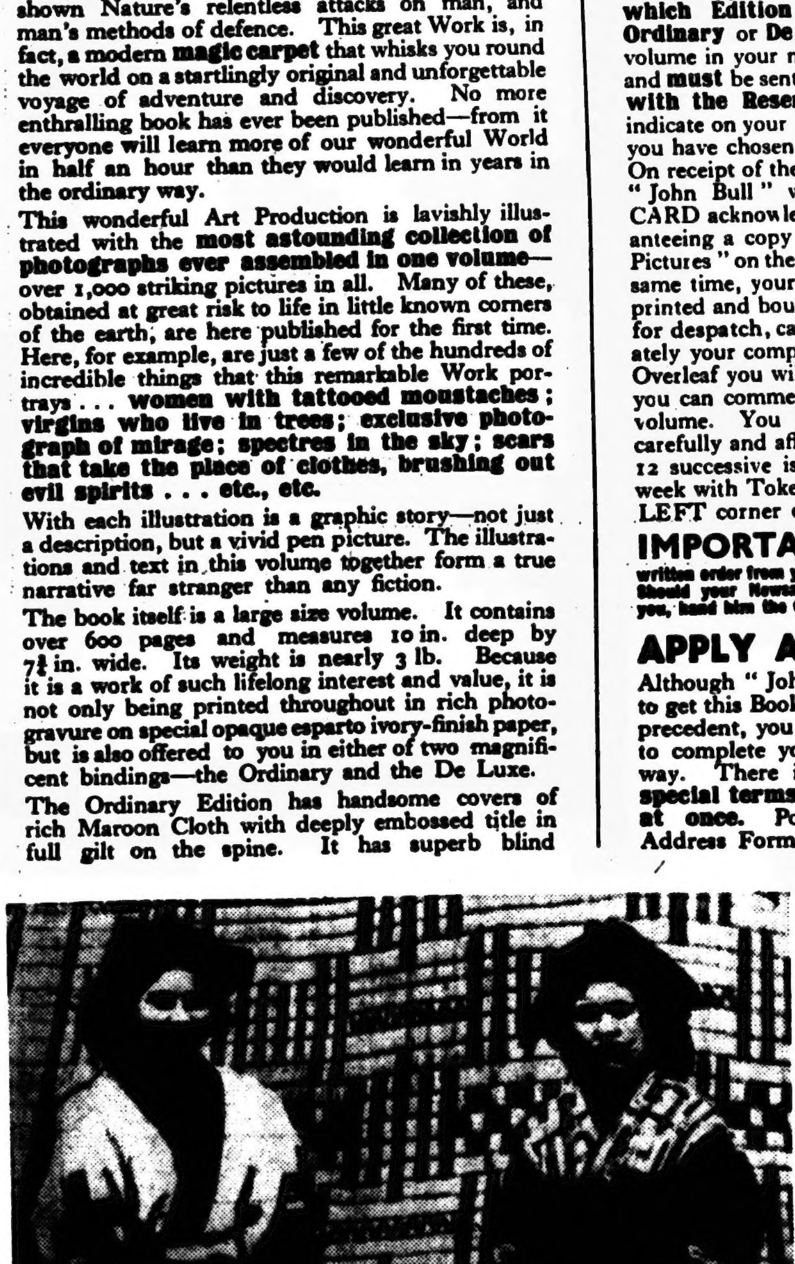
On receipt of the Reservation and Address Forms, "John Bull" will send you an Official GIFT CARD acknowledging your Reservation and guaranteeing a copy of "The Story of the World in Pictures" on these Gift Presentation terms. At the same time, your volume will be put in hand to be printed and bound in the Edition you specify, ready for despatch, carriage paid to your door, immediately your completed Gift Voucher is received.

Overleaf you will find your Gift Voucher on which you can commence right away to qualify for your volume. You are asked to keep this Voucher carefully and affix to it 12 consecutive tokens from 12 successive issues of "John Bull." Begin this week with Token No. 88 from the bottom extreme LEFT corner of the back cover of this issue.

IMPORTANT: **It is a condition of this offer that your Newsagent must receive a written order from you for the regular delivery of "John Bull." Should your Newsagent NOT already hold such an Order from you, hand him the Order Form to be found on page 4.**

APPLY AT ONCE!

Although "John Bull" makes it possible for you to get this Book on privilege terms that are without precedent, you are asked to do nothing other than to complete your Gift Voucher in the ordinary way. There is, however, one condition—**these special terms are available only if you apply at once.** Post your Reservation Form and Address Form now!



YOUR GIFT VOUCHER IS OVERLEAF

The top picture shows a fascinating Hawaiian maiden wearing the skirt of grass—nowadays used only for the "Hula" dance. Each photograph in this work is accompanied by a vivid descriptive story.

The centre picture shows the savage Veddas, forest dwellers who live in rock shelters and whose only weapons are the bow and arrow. There are many full-size photographs in this great book.

The small reproduction on the left shows women with tattooed moustaches—an intriguing and original photograph from the astounding vista of peoples and races contained in this work.

THE STORY OF THE WORLD IN PICTURES

"John Bull's" Amazing New £1-1-0 Work for every Reader

INSIDE this Announcement "John Bull" invites every one of its readers to accept —on terms that make it practically a Free Gift—the most fascinating work ever produced—" The Story of the World in Pictures "—a mighty £1 1s. 0d. book that is entirely new and different from anything you have ever seen—a work that portrays, in over 1,000 photographic illustrations, man and the world he lives in as they actually are to-day.

Your Reservation Forms for this invaluable new work are inside this Announcement. Post them at once. Your Gift Voucher on which you qualify is actually printed below—in your hands now, without waiting.

IMPORTANT.—Keep the Voucher and Address Form below very carefully. Send in when completed with your Twelve Tokens.

Cut Around Dotted Rule

JOHN BULL'S

Gift Voucher

A GUINEA WORK FOR 1/-

Plus 1/- for carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

Plus 1/- extra for De Luxe Edition

THE STORY OF THE WORLD IN PICTURES

To: Gift Dept. 11, "John Bull," Neal St. Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

88

IMPORTANT. Here is an illustration showing a specimen Token similar to those you are asked to cut out from the extreme bottom left corner of the back cover of Twelve Consecutive issues of "John Bull" and to affix to the spaces provided below. Use gum or paste—NOT pins

1	7
2	8
3	9
4	10
5	11
6	12

I certify that the Twelve Tokens affixed to this Voucher have been cut from Twelve Consecutive issues of "John Bull" purchased from the Newsagent whose name and address are given below for verification purposes, and that I am NOT qualifying for another volume under this Scheme.

I enclose Postal Order for amount, as stated below, which includes carriage, packing in carton, insurance, etc. Please send my copy of "The Story of the World in Pictures" in Edition specified.

ORDINARY EDITION	1/- Plus 1/- to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc., making a total of 2/- in all.
DE LUXE EDITION	2/- Plus 1/- to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc., making a total of 3/- in all.

VERY IMPORTANT

Indicate below the Edition you require —Ordinary or De Luxe (as specified by you on your Reservation Form).

CROSS OUT Edition NOT required

No. of P.O.................Value (2/- or 3/-)...............DATE.............................

Cross P.O. /& Co./. Make payable to "John Bull." Write your name and address on back of Postal Order. Do not send loose stamps.

Signature...

Write clearly below in Block Letters.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Give your Newsagent's Name and Address below.

NEWSAGENT ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Fill in your name and full postal address on Address Form below and send in with this Voucher. WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS.

LEAVE BLANK

Certified and checked by

....

District Supervisor.

BOOKS WITH CARE

CARRIAGE PAID HOME

NAME______________________________________

ADDRESS____________________________________

TOWN______________________________________

COUNTY____________________________________

"WP." **If undelivered please return to Depot, John Bull, 46, Castle Street, London, W.C.2.**

HOW TO RESERVE

YOUR Reservation Form and Address Form (see inside pages of this announcement) MUST BE POSTED AT ONCE. These reserve your volume in your name in the Edition you specify—Ordinary OR De Luxe—and will bring you an official Gift Card acknowledging your Reservation.

If your Newsagent does NOT already hold a written order from you for the regular delivery of " John Bull," fill in, cut out and hand him the Order Form which you will find in connection with the Insurance Announcement on page 4. Remember, it is a condition of this Scheme that your newsagent holds a written order from you.

HOW TO QUALIFY

On the left is the Gift Voucher on which you qualify for your volume. To qualify for your volume, cut out the plain series token from the extreme LEFT bottom corner of the back cover of " John Bull." Do this for **twelve** consecutive issues. Affix each token to the Voucher with paste or gum—NOT pins. Tokens eligible are the plain series commencing from No. 88 (or subsequently). NO OTHER SERIES OF TOKENS OR TOKENS PRIOR TO No. 88 WILL BE ACCEPTED IN CONNECTION WITH THIS OFFER.

Having collected twelve consecutive tokens from twelve successive issues of " John Bull," complete the Gift Voucher by writing on it your name and address and the other details requested.

Write your name and full postal address on the Address Form in BLOCK LETTERS, then send your Voucher in to:—

Gift Dept. 11, "John Bull,"
Neal Street, Shaftesbury Avenue,
London, W.C.2,

with your Address Form and Postal Order for **1/- (one shilling), plus 1/- (one shilling) for Carriage, Packing, Insurance, etc., MAKING 2/- (Two Shillings) in all** if you require the ORDINARY EDITION. If you require a DE LUXE EDITION include the nominal amount of 1/- (one shilling) extra for this Edition and send a Postal Order for **2/-, Plus 1/- Carriage, Packing, Insurance, etc., making 3/- (Three Shillings) in all.**

Only Postal Orders or Cheques will be accepted. **Do not send loose stamps.** Write your name and address on the back of your Postal Order, make it payable to " John Bull " and cross /& Co./.

Upon receipt of your properly completed Gift Voucher and Address Form, together with your Postal Order for the correct amount, your volume, in the Edition specified, will be immediately despatched to your home.

SPECIAL NOTE

It is not the wish of " John Bull " that readers who mislay one or two tokens should be disqualified from this scheme. " John Bull " extends a concession to those who mislay one or two tokens, by accepting twelve tokens from not more than fifteen consecutive issues. It is understood that this concession is only made for those who genuinely mislay their tokens.

GENERAL NOTES.—After a completed Voucher is sent in, allow a few days for your volume to reach you.

No person may qualify for more than one volume and no volume will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Irish Free State.

N.B.—Applicants from Irish Free State are required to pay any duty that may be chargeable.

Why not do two things at the same time? If you are not already registered under " John Bull's " Great Free Family Insurance, fill in a Registration Form from page 4 of this issue and save postage by sending it in now with the Reservation Form.

THIS

shows you exactly where to find your tokens **88** (plain series) each week in the extreme LEFT HAND bottom corner of the back cover of " John Bull."

RESERVE YOUR COPY AT ONCE ON FORMS INSIDE

BY WINNING THIS MONSTER NEW 2-IN-1 PRIZE!

£3,000 CASH and SECURITY FOR YOU AND YOUR DEPENDANTS! £1000 LIFE ASSURANCE POLICY....

fully paid and issued by a leading Insurance Company. It will provide definite payment of capital sum of £1,000 at winner's death to ensure security of dependants.

OTHER AWARDS £150·£50 10 OF £5 10 OF £2·10 25 OF £1, 500 OF 2/6 2,000 RED SEAL 'TARGETS' 10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES..

1934 [illegible] NEW SURPRISE AWARDS

HOW TO WIN THIS HUGE PRIZE

WHEN you take a pencil and settle down with the *Examples*, your paper need not be blank for more than a few moments.

Take each *Example* in turn and consider what rough comment you can add to it, remembering that any opinion you hold or have heard or any little incident you have read about may give you the foundation for a prize-worthy effort.

Now, since a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words, your next course is to go back to each of your rough ideas, seeking to compress those first thoughts of yours into apt and original comments. Polish up the phrasing, so that without sacrificing the meaning of the words your thought is expressed in crisp and telling fashion.

For instance, your rough note on the *Example*, PROSPEROUS LAND, might well be *With Fewer Taxes And More Farming*. This you could readily compress and improve; resulting in the finished *Bullet*, PROSPEROUS LAND—ONLY TAXES "GROWING LESS."

Before starting on your prize *Bullets*, however, you will be wise to note carefully a few of the numerous styles of efforts which appeal to the judges. Study closely, therefore, the good points of the winning efforts in Competition No. 921 which appear on the opposite page, noting how ingenious wording has transformed everyday ideas into prize-worthy *Bullets*.

Once you have thoroughly grasped the meaning of each of these winners and appreciated the wise choice of words employed, you are well on the way to the prize-list yourself.

Now set off and complete your journey, putting your very best into those *Bullets* you enter by Saturday, February 10.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

PROSPEROUS LAND
ONE OF THESE DAYS
WHEN PEACE REIGNS
WONDERFUL WORLD
FOR THOSE COMING AFTER
TOWER OF STRENGTH
IF I WERE NEVILLE
CHANGE FOR THE BETTER
THE SLUMP'S OVER, BUT
WHAT THEY SAY
TAXPAYERS HOPE
TO SOFTEN THE BLOW
THRILLING MOMENT
ON LIFE'S CHESS-BOARD
MAKING PROGRESS
FROM START TO FINISH
BIG BUSINESS
HIS MATE
TO BRITAIN
EXTRAVAGANCE
HAUNTS ME
TAKES LONGER
KEPT UNDER
A CRIME
RACK AND RUIN
"BAH!"
SHABBY TRICK
MADE HER GASP
FOR THE BEST
ROCKY ROAD
AHEAD OF US
STOPPING
WHY WORRY WHEN
COOKED HER GOOSE
WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE
GOOD DAY'S WORK
LETTING THINGS SLIDE
THROWING MONEY AWAY
AFTER TH EXPLOSION
TO KILL THE MONSTER
SHOT IN THE DARK
THE MODERN WAY
LIKE A HURRICANE
TO HELP THE CHURCH
LITTLE BY LITTLE
FAMILY QUARREL
MADE THE HOUSE ROCK
MAN'S MISTAKE

8 PAGES OF FREE HELP!

"I owe my prize to the help of *Bullets Bulletin*." These are no empty words that come in letter after letter acknowledging big *Bullets* prizes. You will realise that as soon as you see a copy of JOHN BULL's free weekly budget of *Bullets* hints and encouragement.

Comments on efforts that missed the mark and ideas to avoid are amongst its absorbing regular features, to which a thrilling new £25 "*Bullets Football*" Contest has now been added.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £[illegible] awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 920 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Rowe, 47, Whitehead Road, Aston, Birmingham.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £15, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 925 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

If the coupons on this page are insufficient for your requirements, you may submit further "Bullets" on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 925, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(925) Closing SAT., Feb. 10
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ....
Address ....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(925) Closing SAT., Feb. 10
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ....
Address ....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(925) Closing SAT., Feb. 10
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ....
Address ....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(925) Closing SAT., Feb. 10
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ....
Address ....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(925) Closing SAT., Feb. 10
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.
Signed ....
Address ....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(925) Closing SAT., Feb. 10
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 6 Coupons send P.O. for 3s.
Signed ....
Address ....

FREE TO LADIES

FREE TO MEN

3 Free Gifts

FOR ALL WHO DESIRE

Beautiful Hair

SPECIAL OFFER TO TEST THE WONDERFUL

Hair Growing—Hair Restoring —Hair Beautifying

"Harlene-Hair-Drill"

"I am always being complimented on my beautiful hair," **writes Miss Rosalind Snow, the beautiful model of the Famous Hairdressing Expert, Renato.** ***"My secret is 'Harlene' and the regular practice of 'Harlene-Hair-Drill.'"***

Every lady reader of this paper to-day is fortunate in learning the Hair Beauty Secret of Miss Rosalind Snow. They are ***doubly*** fortunate in being invited to test the wonderful powers of "Harlene-Hair-Drill" Free of Charge. Just choose which 3 "Harlene" Preparations you would like from the list below and send the Coupon without delay. Then you can test how, in just 2 minutes a day, your hair can be made Thickly Luxuriant and of a Beautiful Texture. As your mirror reflects, morning after morning, the wonderful transformation you will be amazed and delighted beyond measure.

(1) 'HARLENE' HAIR GROWER AND TONIC

For nearly 50 years "Harlene" has held pride of place as the greatest Hair Grower and Hair Beauty Promoter. To-day it is more popular than ever.

"Harlene" is the true liquid food for the hair—the "champagne-like" reviver of every hair shaft. Every hair root, every tiny hair follicle, comes under its restoring, revivifying power.

Lank, Lifeless, Lustreless Hair becomes Virile and Lustrous.

Brittle, Splitting, "Rough" Hair takes on a glorious soft and silken texture.

Hair stops Falling; and Thin, Straggly Locks grow thickly luxuriant and unbelievably attractive.

Commence to use "Harlene" AT ONCE and end all your hair worries.

TO MEN

Baldness, Thinning at the Temples, Impoverished Hair, etc., make you look Old and Careworn. Massage "Harlene" into your scalp for TWO MINUTES a day—the difference in seven days will amaze you! All Chemists, price 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/9 per bottle.

(2) 'CREMEX' SHAMPOO

Your first shampoo with "CREMEX" is an experience to be remembered. Its generous dainty perfumed creamy lather is delightfully refreshing and super-cleansing. It frees the hair from every trace of Scurf and Dandruff and is most beneficial to the scalp. A FREE Burnishing Rinse is included with each sachet. Price 1/6 per box of 7 shampoos. (Single sachets 3d. each.)

(3) 'UZON' BRILLIANTINE

"Uzon" gives just that final touch of distinction to the coiffure. Its dainty and discreet perfume is subtly alluring. This highly refined brilliantine gives a glossy appearance to the hair, and is equally suitable for both ladies and gentlemen. Invaluable to those with over-dry scalp. In Liquid or Solidified form, 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle, or 1/3 per tin.

(4) 'HARLENE' WAVE-SETTING LOTION

Keeps the Hair in wave for long periods, and makes the waves deep and entrancingly beautiful. Saves £££'s on Hair Waving Bills! Price 1/3 per bottle. POPULAR SIZE 7½d.

42, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.

Dear Sirs,—No style of hairdressing can be a success without superbly healthy hair. Especially is this so with regard to a prize winning hairdressing style such as is shown. I always advise ladies to use the so wonderful "Harlene." If men, too, would only use "Harlene" they would not be worried by baldness and thinning hair. T. Renato.

(5) 'HARLENE' Camomile Golden Hair Wash

Every lady with fair hair should try the Beautifying power of "HARLENE" Camomile Golden Hair Wash. It develops and revives the beauty of Blonde Hair and imparts a Glorious Light-Gold "Sunshine" Touch to Hair that has become dull and lost its tone. Price 1/3, 3/-, and 5/- per bottle.

(6) 'ASTOL' HAIR COLOUR RESTORER

If your Hair is Grey, going Grey, or discoloured, you should use "Astol," which will quickly restore it to a Youthful Colour—making you look years younger. Price 3/- and 5/- per bottle. **POPULAR SIZE 1/9.**

(7) 'HARLENE' HAIR CREAM

Something new for MEN. A combined Dressing and Tonic. Improves the condition and appearance of the hair, keeps it well groomed and in position all day. Every man should try it at once. 1/1½ and 2/- per bottle.

"Harlene" Preparations are obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct on receipt of price, Post Free within the British Isles.

SAMPLE COUPON

On receipt of this Coupon (Postage 1½d.) and fourpence in stamps to cover postage and packing a set of any 3 "Harlene-Hair-Drill" Samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. ***Attach Coupon to a plain sheet of paper bearing your name and address and state which numbers required.***

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